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THE
TOWER LIGHT
OCTOBER
1937



PUBLISHED *by the* STUDENTS
of the
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
TOWSON, MARYLAND

THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

OCTOBER, 1937

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

OCTOBER, 1937

No. 1

The Outdoor Life

Poets have from time to time extolled the beauties of hills and valleys, and groves and gardens: "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!"; "Oh to be in England, now that April's here!"; "And then my heart with pleasure thrills and dances with the daffodils"; "So hillmen love their hills". You can repeat fifty such dynamic tributes you have found in literature.

I have rejoiced myself over these September moonlit nights on the campus at our college, and have reveled in the magic warmth and tang of the past ten sunlit days. Oh to be in Maryland in September and October!

Let us begin to sense and feel deeply the beauties of our campus. Let us live in the open, together. There are the athletic games to call us forth on the field; the tennis courts, archery, the glen, and hikes. Do books alone lead us in glorious living? Oh no! Man's body and his soul must be fed as well. Have you a special nook to which you go with some kindred spirit to share the beauty with you? Is there a vine covered wall that serves to calm your spirit in the midst of a turbulent day? Is there a glorious tree, age old, which makes you vibrate to its beauty, its unknown secrets and associations?

Do you really find the beauty that lies around you? Seek and ye *shall* find. My best wishes are with you all for the year 1937-38. Come, let us live together!

LIDA LEE TALL.

The Habit of Adjustment

IN HER initial address to the women freshmen on the past September ninth, Dr. Lida Lee Tall stressed, among other things, the importance of the new students adjusting and acclimating themselves as soon as possible to their new surroundings. In connection with this, she mentioned as necessary not only the habit of making habits, but also the habit of breaking habits. Each individual has a separate and distinct problem, she pointed out, in fitting himself to his new environment. The rapidity with which he does this will be in equal ratio to the favorable and beneficial existence he will lead in the several years ahead of him.

It is at once obvious that in advice like this there is pointed logic and wisdom. For the value of such an opinion as that given by Dr. Tall lies, not alone in its intrinsic importance, but in the startling pertinence which is contained in the heart of the thing. When Dr. Tall touches upon the matter of adjustment, even as applied to a handful of new students, she touches upon a subject that is, in every sense of the word, vital and alive. Its ramifications stretch out, with no exception, to everything that is contemporary, and the meaning it bears becomes something significantly personal.

One may understand how true this is by examining the writings of leading scientific, literary, and political authorities. Mr. H. G. Wells has put it nicely. In his booklet, "The New America, The New World", he says,

"The whole present spectacle of mankind, broadly conceived, is the uneasy and mainly unintelligent response of this misfitted human mind to the stresses of its ever increasing maladjustment. Few of us as yet apprehend the reality of our situation and none of us can claim to know with any completeness or lucidity the methods by which our race may be able to adapt itself to the vast and fundamental changes going on."

Thus, as Mr. Wells would have it, the root of all our present-day troubles lies in the fact that the human race, as a whole, has not yet learned to adjust itself to the world in which it lives. We have not yet learned to fit the right shoe to the right foot and until we do, we shall experience much pain and worry.

In sum, this is what most leading writers will tell you: Adjustment—it is the only cure for the solecistic disease nowadays affecting humanity; on his own planet man is a stranger; his habits, as he practices them, alienate him from his environment; there is a consequent maladjustment; on ground that should be familiar to him he is lost, and so he

fits no place; he is gawky and lanky and out of tune and out of all proportion; he can understand neither himself nor conditions surrounding him; typically, he is never at peace. Such a trend of thought may be found in the works of almost any modern influential student of human affairs: Alduous Huxley, Mann, ReMarque, Maxwell Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Romain Rolland, Elliot. There are many others.

It is a sad and regrettable thing that the greater percentage of the world's peoples are totally unaware of this definite maladjustment at present festering on the human race. But it is even sadder and still more regrettable that they are without knowledge of their own personal maladjustment. Of such individuals there are many, in every imaginable place, in all walks of life, and theirs is a sad lot. Psychiatrists will tell you that they are people without a purpose in life; that they can offer no meaningful explanation for any ultimate aim in existing. In fact, meaning itself is above them; few things, to them, have either explanation or meaning. Prehension of self-satisfying solution is, as far as they are concerned, a rare accomplishment, and more than often they are left utterly baffled and crushed. It is, indeed, a black state of mind they are in.

Exactly what percentage of people, young or old, are thus affected, is not known. It is to be hoped that there are not too many, though it is to be feared that they are numerous enough. The gaging of that particular group among the populations of the world today would be, for obvious reasons, almost impossible. But there are such persons among us. That fact it is well to understand and grasp.

It can be seen, then, why the references of Dr. Tall to adjustment carry with them overtones of tremendous importance. It can be seen how directly such references touch the very core of the modern world's troubles. That she should at once advise a class of new students along the line that she did is highly commendable, for advice of such a nature to them is fraught with profound significance.

No doubt, most of the new students have, by this time, taken full stock of their surroundings. Their separate reactions to what they have seen and what they have till now experienced are surely manifold. But it is well, in the present instance, not to consider that body as a whole. As a singular entity, the new classmen will soon enough find ways and means of adjustment to their environment. In a short time they will have learned how to fit in with the other several groups of students in the school. Past experiences definitively indicate that.

More important, and demanding more attention, are some few individual students. They, because of their distinctive nature and make-up, will find the matter of adjustment difficult and complex. They will be beset by many questions, the answers to which, apparently, will not be easy to find; their responses and reactions to puzzling conditions will

make them seem, in the company of their class-mates, strange creatures, if not eccentric ones. Situations will confront them in which they will find themselves at an utter loss, not having one inkling of an idea of what to meet or how to meet it. In short, they will find the going tough — all because, it must be remembered, they have not yet mastered the habit of adjustment. In no manner are they any less intelligent than their companions, and to maintain that they are, would be distinctly in bad taste and wrong.

It is to be hoped that in time these individuals will fall in with the rest. At any rate, it will take time. With themselves they must be, if nothing else, patient and understanding, allowing as little rashness and youthful impetuosity as is possible to govern their thinking and doing. In the end they will win out and they will find their reward a generous one.

LEON L. LERNER, Fr. 4.



Cinquains

A friend
Is one we love —
With whom to laugh and cry —
Whose love for us will stand unmoved
Always.

Teacher —
Leader of youth —
Stimulator and guide —
What joy and help a kind one brings
To us.

"Shoot it!"
"I am on side line"
Familiar echoes of
Basket-ball's happy, exciting
Ventures.

Letters
What do they mean?
A.M.; B.A.; M.A.
These things for which we try and try
Again.

BETTY STRAINING, '37.

Baltimore County Tournaments

THERE originated in Europe, during the Middle Ages, a game or pastime that was destined to carry on into this modern world of today. During the Middle Ages, lords and nobles always kept knights to do their bidding. Their bidding consisted mainly of fighting the lord's battles. During peace time, however, the knights often grew restless and desired some means of physical exercise. There was, too, a need for the knights to practice their art of combat. Both of these necessities were realized and fulfilled with the introduction of "jousting."

"Jousting" was a very simple game as far as rules and regulations were concerned. The sole object of the contest was to win. The knights, mounted on magnificent chargers, entered an inclosure that was especially built for the game; the contestants lined up at either end of the field and at the bugle call charged upon one another with set spears. The results of these games were often fatal to the losers but the winner was acclaimed as a hero. As years went by the game was modified by giving the knights blunted spears. With these spears they were able to unseat their opponents without causing fatal injury. This modification changed the aspect of the game because it eliminated almost entirely the possibility of fatal injury to either of the participants.

In modern times the game of "jousting" has been modified still further. Today's conception of the game is based on the same principles as those of yesteryear. However, our method of determining the winner is entirely free of any possibility of fatal injury. I shall try to explain our conception of the game but only actual observation will show you the skill, training and sportsmanship that is required of all who participate.

First, three arches are erected in a straight line, twenty-five yards apart. These arches consist of two uprights with a cross piece at the top. Hanging downward from the center of the cross piece is an iron rod with a clamp in the end of it. A ring, ranging in size from one inch to three eighths of an inch, is inserted in that clamp. First, the one inch rings are hung in each of the three arches. Each rider, mounted on a horse that has been especially trained for this work, gallops through the three arches. His object is to secure all the rings on a lance which he carries under his arm. He is given only a limited time to get through the arches, usually about eight seconds to cover seventy yards. The riders who are skillful enough to get all of their one inch rings are then forced to ride at smaller rings. Those who miss are eliminated. The rings are diminished in size until all but one has missed. That man is adjudged winner because he has taken more consecutive rings than any other knight.

The riding is only a part of the game. The best part is yet to come.

The winners of the first four places in the contest are given cash prizes totaling at times as high as one hundred dollars. In addition to that they are privileged to crown a girl who is their choice as the "queen of love and beauty." The winner crowns the queen, the runner-up the first maid and so on down the list.

"Jousting", or tournament riding, as it is sometimes called, is to me one of the finest contests or exhibitions of skill that has ever been introduced to this continent. To become a good rider one must first secure a fine horse and work hours and hours to train him. It makes for a finer understanding between humans and animals. Secondly, it gives a man the feeling that he is a part, a vital factor, in the progress of time. Jousting has been handed down to us and we are passing it on, keeping alive in the memories of the ages past, present and future, a very interesting part of the life of the Middle Ages. Certainly the characteristics of the knights of Chivalry; namely, honesty, courage, sportsmanship and kindness, would be an attribute to any of us today. Participating in the game of jousting is a means of accomplishing those ideals. Men like Lancelot, Sir Galahad, and Richard the Lion Hearted exemplified men to be emulated by a rising generation. Finally, but no means least, tournament riding tends to provide for a wiser use of our leisure time. To be a success one must practice at least an hour and a half daily. This practice gives one an opportunity to develop mental alertness, physical capability, and a deeper understanding of the fact that history is a series of steps marking the progress of mankind.

MELVIN COLE, '36.



Return to Life

In the past when one was offered green vegetables in mid-winter, he could be fairly certain that they had come from that great American tradition, the tin can. The frosted peas, beans and corn served to the students in the dormitory gave the first hint that civilization had ridded itself of tin shackles. These vegetables look and taste as though they had just been plucked from the vines.

A scientist on a vacation in the Far North, by making a hole in the ice, caught a fish which froze very quickly when it reached the below zero atmosphere. Stiff and hard it was dumped into warm water to thaw out before it could possibly be fit for the frying pan. Several hours later the scientist was amazed to see his catch swimming serenely in the tub. This return to life puzzled him until, by experimentation, he found that not only fish, but all kinds of flesh, vegetables and fruits could be kept fresh for an indefinite period of time by a similar quick freezing process.

M. T. AND H. D.

"On Wings of Time"

IT would be difficult to discover a more unusual celebration than that which was held in and around Hagerstown, Md. this fall. This "Little World's Fair", with its unique standing, marked not one anniversary, but six.

From September 4th to September 17th, Hagerstown bade welcome, to help observe this astonishing coincidence of dates:

The 75th anniversary of the Battle of Antietam

The 200th anniversary of the settling of Washington County

The 175th anniversary of the founding of Hagerstown

The 150th anniversary of the cruise on the Potomac River of the first Steamboat invented by James Rumsey

The 100th anniversary of the first railroad in that section.

A quarter of a million people crowded into Hagerstown in those two weeks, and their visit was rewarded by parades, commercial displays, a sham battle on the field of Antietam, an address by the President of the United States, athletic games, balls and dances, and numerous other public festivities. In such a mixture of solemnity and gaiety were the six events commemorated. Special emphasis throughout was placed on the anniversary of the Battle of Antietam, partly because the funds appropriated by city, county and nation were for that specific purpose, and partly because of all divisions of the joint celebration, Antietam offered the most unusual opportunity.

Activity in Hagerstown centered at the Fair Grounds, where corps of workmen labored to prepare various buildings, displays, attractions and settings for the big pageant. Some 10,000 trees were shipped to the grounds by the State Department of Forestry to lend additional atmosphere to the fifty-two acre Fair Grounds. Every conceivable type of object of historical importance or interest was displayed in a Historic Objects Museum.

Flanking the approach of this building there was erected an amphitheatre, sponsored by Baltimore City, seating 2,500 people and presenting daily vocal and instrumental concerts together with two Little-Theatre productions per week. Farther down the midway there was plenty of excitement to be found in the Wild Life Exhibit. From the east came the constant puffing and noise of whistles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's priceless relics, the same which drew people from every section of the nation to the Fair of The Iron Horse in Baltimore some years ago. Rich in museum pieces, the railroad ran special tracks to the Fair Ground and into the pageant path for its use in that connection, and opened for inspection their proudest possessions in modern railroad equipment.

The principal event of every day was the pageant, for which selected

persons rehearsed under the directions of John B. Rogers Producing Company. It was chiefly through the pageant, "On Wings of Time", that the anniversaries other than the Antietam Commemoration were observed and their importance depicted. In keeping with every phase of the joint event, the pageant sounded the keynote of toleration in religion, toleration and impartiality in the stand of Maryland in the Civil War and the toleration of today that still keeps dear to Maryland its title of the "Free State."

The theme adopted for the pageant was the "Spirit of Toleration" and it was around this that the pageant was built. As planned, the program opened with a prologue of assembled flags of nations, a guard of honor, the spirits of Peace, Liberty, Brotherhood, Faith, Charity, Sincerity, Industry and Progress. A massed choir of 500 voices sang "Land of Hope and Glory" to complete the prologue. Thirty-two definite scenes intervened between the prologue and finale, comprising the body of the pageant noting constantly changing decades. The finale, against a background of skyscrapers, planes, and modern engineering feats, consummated the idea of the Spirit of Progress. The cast formed into a gigantic wheel of Progress; turned, holding at its hub, the Spirit of Toleration; and in turn, each spoke an achievement, till the "Wings of Time" spread over the entire nation.

DORIS ELDRIDGE, Sr. 7.



A Faculty Suggestion

"Poor Dr. W. D. Funkhauser, professor of zoology at the University of Kentucky, exhausted all his resources, but to no avail. After weeding out all ineligibles in his course on heredity the enrollment was still over one hundred. Something had to be done, so Dr. Funkhauser made this announcement at the first session:

"I'll warn you students at the beginning that I'm a boring lecturer. This class is made up of lectures entirely. The first half of the course is very dry and technical—with many scientific names. The seating arrangements are very unsatisfactory. Most of you won't be able to see the board, and diagrams on the board are an important part of all my lectures. If you are nearsighted there is little hope for you."

Interpreting creaking of seats as weakening, the professor continued much encouraged "The grades are based entirely upon the hard examination at the end of the course. And you sink or swim. I have no mercy. Now do I see any volunteers who would be willing to drop the course?"

No one stirred from his seat.

The Misunderstood Sailor

The life of the sailor is the greatest contradiction in the world. Throughout a trip he talks of how he wants to get ashore and once ashore he pines away till he is once more at sea. Although woefully underpaid, and although he will strike for an icebox, he refuses to strike for more money. Reason—more money, more drunk, more sick. Although generally possessed of a minimum of education, he is better read and better versed in the articles of today than most people ashore. The sailor learns complicated knots to secure his A. B. ticket but never ties them again. His swearing is continuous and monotonous, consisting mostly of "Blank the blanking ship, blank it!" Loudly he complains of the horrible gyping the captain is committing through the Slop Chest, but in port he is in such a hurry to get ashore that he never tries for satisfaction.

He lives in a foc'sl twelve feet by twenty feet with nine other sailors, and keeps it neater than the average living room. Off watch, he takes a bath and goes to sleep in a bunk overrun with bugs. With the very lowest grade of food, poor sanitary conditions, continually surrounded by filth, the seaman still manages to be the healthiest of humans. He boasts throughout the voyage of his conquests of women, but is embarrassed among girls until he has had several drinks. He is absolutely certain that the money to run his seaman's union comes from Moscow, but he is no Communist. Invariably he is tattooed and just as invariably he wishes he had not been. The Sword Line is a good line to ship on, he declares; the decks are so thin that rust can't be chipped without putting holes in the metal. The sailor is absolutely the laziest man in the world, averaging twelve hours of sleep a day, but in times of emergency he can go a week without even a nap. The sailor reads the Sea Scout Manual and has to turn to the Glossary to understand the salty terms used.

Gentlemen, hats off to the misunderstood sailor; with all his faults, he is the friend to his friends in the world.

E. MERTON FISHEL, Sr. 7



Evening

The saddest part of the day had come: the time when the sun reluctantly, caressingly withdrew. A bronze cross atop the red brick church offered consolation to the bereaved valley, and yellow corn shocks seemed to have absorbed some of the splendor of their departing monarch. Scarlet clouds formed a royal pathway for His Majesty's flaming farewell.

MARJORIE MCBRIDE, '37.

Enthusiastic Babble

EACH fall on returning to school, it seems that everyone except me is enthusiastically bubbling over with interesting conversation, but this year I, too, am joining the ranks of the enthusiastic, for I have chosen a somewhat different means of conveying my experiences to my friends and others who appear to be curious about three months of my life. The TOWER LIGHT enables me to tell my story to all my friends at once, and it keeps the story from becoming "more vivid" each time it is told.

Summer came. With no prospects of a vacation in view, a desire to work possessed me. However, lack of experience was a handicap, so I called for the aid of influential friends. Almost before I was aware of what had happened, I had become inveigled into directing a group of children, seven to ten years of age, in a rhythm orchestra.

I became panicky. What was a rhythm orchestra? How did one begin? How did one continue after having once begun? My eight years of musical training seemed meager for the task, but thanks to Diller and Page my problems were soon solved and a happy summer amid the clamor of drums, tom-toms, cymbals, tambourines, triangles and sand-blocks ensued.

Almost too soon we found ourselves preparing for an exhibition. From fifty children on one day to seven on another, we finally emerged with a group of twenty in a final performance. The children marched to their seats which were placed in typical orchestral arrangement. At a given piano signal from me, a jitter in the balcony, the conductor's baton came down, and — amazing — all instruments began their parts together. The children carried on nobly throughout their two selections, and soon all was over. Still excited to the core, I went to congratulate them on their accomplishment. And I completed a happy experience amid such exclamations as "Oh, Miss Kovitz, how were we?" "Did we play all right?" "I tried so hard not to look at the balcony," and "It was so hard to keep from laughing."

F. KOVITZ, Jr. 3.



War

Great scourge!
Hell on this earth
Looking e'er for new birth,
I pray that you will come no more,
Damned war!

BOSLEY ROYSTON, '37.

What Will You Do About It?

WORKING each school day with a group of tuberculous youngsters makes me feel more and more strongly the inadequacy of our present laws. We, who are supposed to have reached a high standard of civilization, have really only begun. It is true, money is given yearly from the pockets of the rich and poor alike for the care of the unfortunates. Proud donors of large sums to the Community Fund and Tuberculosis Association lean back in satisfaction and say, "Oh yes, I contributed to that just cause". But, if after they had given this money, they would only think how they could prevent the cause which calls for the money, then they could heave a sigh of complete satisfaction.

Tuberculosis is a dreadful disease. Those who do not come in daily contact with it are fortunate. They whisper in grave and lamenting tones about their friends who are so unfortunately doomed. It is indeed fitting to be grave, but the whisper should become a shout—a shout of protest.

Daily, hundreds of people are admitted to institutions for the medication and hospitalization necessary for the cure of tuberculosis. Through the unflinching care and study of these people by doctors and nurses the Tuberculosis Association and Medical science have learned much about the disease. What good is all their untiring work if laws do not force the use of this knowledge? Millions of dollars have been spent to help hundreds who should never have had the disease. Then why do they have it? The answer to this, in a great many cases, is again, inadequate laws.

Returning to the children in whom I am particularly interested, I believe I am justified in saying that in nearly all cases judicial neglect has caused these bedridden, crippled children to be in the hospital. Dr. Brailey, from Johns Hopkins' Harriet Lane Clinic, pointed out in a lecture to some teachers recently that tuberculosis is not an hereditary disease. Children who contract the disease have gotten it because they have been closely associated with parents or relatives who have the disease. Of course, many mothers little know they are bestowing a lifetime of pain upon a baby when giving it a kiss. But even if they do know, many parents are unwilling to part with their children and at present there is no law to make them.

It may seem strange that parents, who have even been in sanatoriums and realize their condition would give birth to children who might suffer as they do, but it is true. Not long ago I had as a pupil a little girl six years old. She had tuberculosis of the hip and was in the hospital for over a year. For many months she was strapped to a frame with a cast from her waist to her toes. She is now walking with crutches and in all probability will do so for years to come.

In the hospital at the same time was her three year old brother whom I saw die with tuberculous meningitis. A few months later, after his death, his mother gave birth to another child also destined to contract the disease unless something could be done to take the child away from her.

We have no law requiring that a mother give up her child. We have no law preventing that woman from marrying a man whom she had met in a tuberculosis sanatorium. This is a pathetic state of affairs.

We as teachers, are interested in children of our nation. We are an intelligent, well informed group and should turn all our efforts toward the channels by which such laws can be introduced. It is for us to arouse public sentiment; for it is the public who pass the laws. It is not an easy job. What natural mother would want her child taken from her? How many of you would want to submit to a clinical test before marrying the partner of your choice, who would also submit to a similar test? It is, therefore, a challenge. Let us spend our money for prevention which will make cure no longer necessary and so develop a healthier citizenship.

DOROTHY FARMER, '34.



A Freshman's Opinion of Freshman Week

The name, Freshman Week, put somewhat of a feeling of fear into my mind as to what each freshman was expected to do, and when I approached the entrance to the Campus and beheld the towering halls of masonry before me my pulse quickened perceptibly.

Everything seemed so strangely large—the buildings, study halls, dormitories, and dining hall. I seemed lost in a maze of bewilderment, but this was quickly thrust aside when I was met by my “big sister” and several other very congenial students who seemed to take special delight in showing me about and helping when and wherever needed.

Finally, I was located in my dormitory room and was kept from becoming homesick by the many activities planned for us during our first week.

Again, I saw huge sinister shapes in the form of “tests” rise before me which for a time turned joy and pleasure into almost a nightmare. When the “tests” were no longer a thing of worry and apprehension everything seemed to take on a rosy hue once more. After meeting many of our instructors for the coming year I was ready to settle down to the general routine of the school, feeling that my worries and fears were gone and forgotten in the pleasant and social atmosphere of the various departments, and I look for a happy and instructive year before me.

BETTY L. WOODFALL, Freshman 5.

The Educational Camp

JUST as the field of education is ever changing to meet the demands of a changing civilization, so is the camp changing its function and activities to meet the demands of society. When we speak of education today, we mean the continued growth of the individual through experiences in which he acquires habits, skills, appreciation and knowledge which lead to the greatest enrichment of his personality and life. We can see from this new interpretation of education that the camp has an opportunity for becoming a recognized institution, just as the home, the school and the church. When we speak of camp today we no longer think of just a place where children are sent to exercise, play and have a "good time". The educational camp includes all of these, certainly, but it goes farther. It assumes the responsibility for the physical, social, mental, emotional and spiritual development of the child.

The educational camp is an organized society. The chief administrator is the camp director who is essentially an educator. Under his direct leadership is the staff: program directors, counselors, camp doctor, kitchen help, etc. However, the majority of the citizens are the campers themselves.

The child is the center of the camp life and from him we should work. Let us take a camp in which the chronological ages range from eight to eighteen. If we divide this group into three age sections: from eight to twelve, twelve to fifteen and fifteen to eighteen, we may possibly work most advantageously. Each group is led by a program director. This means that program directors and counselors are selected according to their ability to handle programs for the age group they are to lead. It means that a boy or girl of twelve years is not competing with one of sixteen. It also means that each unit can be set up according to the physiological and psychological interests and needs of the camper.

How is a camper adjusted to the activities of the camp? When the child arrives, he is taken on a tour of inspection to become acquainted with the natural landscape as well as the equipment that the camp provides. He may participate in boating, fishing, swimming, canoeing, hiking, baseball, tennis, volleyball, trips, group games, campfire programs, horse-back riding, brass tapping, leatherwork, basketry, nature lore, dramatics, music, stunts, etc. He selects those that are of interest and from these the program is arranged. The activity does not stop here, however. It is the duty of each counselor to develop a wide range of interests for each individual camper and to inter-relate them. A group may decide to go on a hike and they may see a beautiful sunset, a strange tree, or a bird track. They are then encouraged to come back and either draw a picture of the

sunset, make a leaf print of a leaf from the strange tree, find out the type of tree they saw, or make a cast of the bird track in order to recognize the nature and type of bird that had inhabited the area. These are just a few of the activities and pleasures of a camper. There are many more.

From this leadership and these activities, the camper, when he leaves to go home, should be a changed individual. The child has been stimulated by his own interest, the counselor has picked out the things that would further these interests and he has learned by experience a wide variety of activities. Dewey says, "We learn by doing," and many parents find when their child returns that *we* sometimes, "Do by learning."

PAUL O. MASSICOT, Soph. 4.



To the Seniors

Awed and timid did we enter State Teachers College in September, 1934. We were just freshmen then with little understanding of our profession, immature in mind and body.

Three years have swiftly passed and behold we are seniors. Many things have happened; we have made many friends; we have met new situations; we have solved difficult problems; we have learned to work together; we have enjoyed pleasant experiences of college life.

Stop — think a moment then, for we have but one short year left in which to enjoy such advantages as we find here. Therefore, make the most of it, Seniors!

CHARLES HASLUP, Sr. 7.



A City Mood

The room is dark save for the glow
of an amber radio dial.
Music fills each corner —
lilting, swaying music . . .
The swaying of pecan trees
in Southern evening breezes;
Profuse garden scents and
birds chirping sleepily;
A palm frond as a pattern
against a yellow moon . . .
Outside a trolley crashes by;
Harsh gas lights glare on cold hard streets.

EAF

It's Town Hall Tonight!

"This way folks, first elevator to the right for the Town Hall Broadcast." We pushed our way through a throng of people all going in the same direction as we—that is, to the eighth floor of the R.C.A. Building in New York City, where Walter O'Keefe was master of ceremonies.

As we alighted at the eighth floor a formidable array of scarlet-costumed page boys were there to greet us and show us to our places.

So this was a national studio! Comfortable leather chairs filled the center of the auditorium, and along the side of the room red leather couches had been placed. The stage was a small platform raised about a foot from the floor. The room looked like a huge theatre without all of the elaborate trappings.

Walter O'Keefe came out upon the stage. The first thing he said was, "Who would like to earn ten dollars?"

Thanks to some reticent strain in our blood we did not volunteer, and afterwards we mentally cursed that which held us back. All one had to do was to read a piece of script in a play that was broadcasted that night. Such an easy way to earn ten dollars!

The average radio listener thinks that the clapping, cheering, and booing heard on the radio broadcast is spontaneous. It isn't. At this broadcast the announcer held up pieces of cardboard which said "Boo", "Laugh", "Clap", etc. Of course the audience complied.

Another popular notion of big broadcasts is that during the broadcast absolute silence is required of the audience, as well as the performers. This is erroneous, for during the entire show the orchestra members as well as the performers were talking and jabbering.

The show went on. The orchestra played, the comedy team went through its paces, and the cast of amateur actors gave its performance. Then all too soon it was over.

We left the studio well pleased with our experience and disappointed only on one account. If we hadn't been so backward, perhaps one of those crisp new ten dollar bills would have been resting in our pockets instead of in the pockets of some of our more adventurous brethren!

PATRICIA CALLAHAN, Senior 6

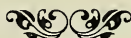


A teacher asked a wayward pupil to name three kinds of sentences. He replied, "Five year, ten year, and life sentence."

The Proper Sneeze

The proper social sneeze is an art rarely accomplished. The general procedure is a long and involved one requiring infinite skill to execute. You must first prepare yourself for the ordeal. The necessary equipment is a handkerchief and a brace for the head. The brace may be used if there is any danger of the head striking against an object in its downward movement. However, if the coast is clear, it is better not to use it because a free movement of the head, neck, and shoulders is highly desirable. Place the handkerchief where you can get it quickly. Grasp the arms of your chair and press on them with all your might. The time that you must remain in this position varies. The climax is reached, however, when you begin to feel a slight, suggestive tickling in the region of the nostrils. As this slowly becomes more unbearable, slyly move the right hand from the chair arm toward the nose. While you are doing this make shadow pictures with the other in order to attract the attention of the sneeze from your right hand. There now ensues a race between your hand and the sneeze—each of them gathering more speed as they near the end. Finally with a lightning-like flash, place one finger right between your upper lip and your nose. If the hand is quicker than the sneeze, your social position is assured. If, however, the sneeze is the faster, a horrible explosion will result. You will grab for your hankerchief, but it will be too late. Your social position will have been ruined. And once again Nature will have caused the downfall of man.

ADELE MITZEL, Soph. 2.



Have You Met — ?

The editors of *Scholastic*, the High School Weekly, have just launched a companion magazine, the *Junior Scholastic*, for use in the upper elementary grades and junior high schools.

Its contents are similar to those of *Scholastic*; there are articles on "world-at-work", comment on literature, the movies, radio, sports, jokes and puzzles.

(EAF)

Some Call It Camp Life

A. M.

- 7:00—Bugle call — I didn't need it though. The children had decided at 6:03 that I had had enough sleep. Children rise and dress.
- 7:45—First call for breakfast — Counsellor arises physically.
- 8:00—Last call for breakfast — "1-2-3-4-5-6- where's Sonny? Why should he be changing his clothes, he just finished dressing fifteen minutes ago. Oh, I see, he threw a stone into the stream and forgot to let go of it. I hope he never decides to pour oil on troubled water."
- 8:45—Bed making — "You've made your beds. May you alone lie in them."
- 9:30—Line up — Problem: How to make a straight line from an irregular one. But, I can't be bothered. The morning mail just came in, and she still loves me.
- 9:45—Morning activities begin: Johnny just brought me a very pretty leaf. He thinks it's an oak leaf. He's right—Poison Oak. "Don't cry, Elmer. Somebody in my bunk just threw three stones at you? Did all of them hit you? Only two did? It wasn't anyone from my bunk."
- 12:00—Lunch: I'll have to change my shirt. There was many a slip twixt knife, fork, spoon, cup and mouth.

P.M.

- 12:45—Rest period: Misrepresentation!
- 2:00—Afternoon activities: Now for a chance to rest! Arthur's in a fight again. "What's wrong, Arthur?" "Somebody wanted to start a fight." "I think it was me."
- 4:15—Freetime: Oh, boy, nothing-to-do but write letters for all the children in my bunk, see that they all take soap showers, find George's arch supporters, check the outgoing laundry, chop wood for the campfire, etc. Oh well, why go on.
- 6:00—Supper: Hash again!
- 7:00—Campfire: Monotones vs non-singers. Who can yell the loudest?
- 8:00—Taps: And so to bed with many a taps among them.
- 11:00—"Uncle—, etc., etc." "All right, Arthur, let's hurry, I'm sleepy."
- 12:00—"Uncle—, etc., etc." What, again!
And so on, on into the night.

HUMED.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

Editor

MARY E. McCLEAN

Assistant Editors

SARAH STRUMSKY

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

Circulation Managers

GENEVA LEE WILSON

RUTH DUDDERAR

EVELYN SCARFF

Business Managers

BERNARD GAMERMAN

HELENE DAVIS

Advertising Managers

DOROTHY VOGEL

ELAINE WARD

NANCY DOLAN

VIOLETTE HODDINOTT

ADELE MITZEL

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Assembly

RUTH BRUENING

NORRIS WEIS

R. CUNNINGHAM

Library

KATHERINE FEASER

VIRGINIA ARNEAL

RUTH SPERLEIN

SAVILLA COGSWELL

Social

DOROTHY ANTHONY

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Athletics

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DAVID JETT

Music

SIDNEY BAKER

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Humor

HERBERT STERN

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Art

EVELYN ROBE

DOROTHY SNOOPS

Science

SARA HEPBURN

SECRETARIAL STAFF

ANN STIDMAN

BLANCHE STARK

BELLE VODENOS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

"The hills are reared, the valleys scooped in vain
If learning's altars vanish from the plain."

We Believe

On the opposite page we read: "The Tower Light — Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson." We do not read: "Published by some of the students" or "Published by the following."

The students, therefore, implies that *all* of us have a part in this publication.

That leads us to the consideration of what the students' journalistic interests are. Perhaps a weekly newspaper would delight many. But there come weeks when worthwhile material is scarce, as is not uncommon in smaller colleges, and it becomes necessary to fill the pages with trivialities. Many such a newspaper with good intentions has, because of circumstance, become a mere "gossip sheet".

Suppose the student body were to prefer the risk of a weekly publication. Which of the busy prospective teachers would have the time each week to edit a newspaper, or to set it up and print it, as would have to be the case if a timely issue were desired? And how many of the students would willingly subscribe to an increase in their Student Activities Fee to finance such an undertaking?

Therefore, as the only desirable alternative, we have a monthly magazine. Its function consequently becomes that of recording material of more permanent interest, rather than commenting on daily incidents. But to prevent it from being only a literary magazine indefinitely related to this institution, the College Events element has been given an important place.

So here we have the TOWER LIGHT, a general college magazine. It is an organ of self-expression: it is the voice of the students as individuals; but what is more important, it expresses the problems, the activities, the ideals of Maryland State Teachers College. As a man is judged largely by the manner and content of his speech, so we, collectively, are judged by the TOWER LIGHT, our spokesman.

Shall not we, *the students*, make our spokesman represent all of us in the most effective and attractive way possible?

EAF



The Library—At Your Service

LITTLE changed in general appearance since June, the Library nevertheless offers some sparkingly new details to the observant returning students as well as a totally strange aspect to the entering freshmen.

Among the colorful new items are those bright guide cards in the catalog—a boon in print on gay orange cards for those who face the catalog and discover that they have forgotten what makes it easy to use the file. The cards will surely be a cheerful aid to the new student who is learning how to become the most efficient finder of call numbers. And those two placards of useful information atop the catalog files, although on a more subdued background, are welcome new sights, offering complete explanation and example of the catalog arrangement in a remarkably concise fashion.

Other new “faces” are printed ones also. There is the large multi-colored cover with a pattern of precisely arranged ships’ funnels on the September number of *FORTUNE*, an issue devoted to the subject of United States shipping, with many illustrations, including one of Baltimore among the paintings of eight United States ports. Another colorful but decidedly smaller magazine new to the shelves of the periodical department is *CORONET*; the September number has interesting color plates illustrating the work of the jewelers of the Renaissance—“the age of jewelry”. With only a bit of color on the cover, and its few illustrations in black and white, the new *COMMENTATOR’S* spirit appears in its many short articles on topics of current interest. Its size and attractive photographs on the cover make *LIFE* a conspicuous magazine on the shelf, where it will appear weekly during this year, offering Library readers opportunity “to be informed by pictures”. Less striking cover designs by no means imply complete conservatism in other new magazines. Those college students who want to be alertly and thoughtfully aware of contemporary trends and events will welcome *ART FRONT*, *MONTHLY LABOR REVIEW*, *NEW MASSES*, *NEWS-WEEK*, *NINETEENTH CENTURY*, and *VITAL SPEECHES OF THE DAY*. All of these new periodicals add a lively freshness to the Library collection. Subscriptions to them have been provided by the Day Student Council of the College. If you have not yet become aware of the presence of the new magazines, arrange an early appointment in the periodical department for introductions!

MARGARET BARKLEY.

The Library Bids You Welcome !

Freshmen, which part of the "Ad" building would win a popularity contest? The library, of course — for does the catalogue not say "Practice in the use of the library is assured by assignments from all departments"?

There one may find familiar faces, and tried and true books along with the many new faces and new books. Probably just as strange as everyone else to the freshmen, but an old friend to many of the upper classmen is Miss Stitzel. She has returned from a year's study at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, where she obtained her B. S. degree last June. Everyone is glad to have Miss Stitzel back again. We hope she will renew many old friendships and make a number of new ones.

Freshmen and upperclassmen, the library bids you welcome. Give it your whole hearted support and it will serve you well.

KATHERINE FEASER, Soph. 9.



1937 *Essay Annual*—D. Appleton Century Company, N. Y., 1937

Are you too busy to read a long story? If so, improve yourself and your time by becoming acquainted with the new 1937 "Essay Annual". This book is truly an annual as its name implies. The first edition was published in 1933. A cross section of the outstanding American essays of each year and a record of what America is saying is provided.

Among the contributors of this year's book are: H. L. Mencken, famous iconoclast of our own Baltimore Sun; James Thurker, the humorist of "The New Yorker"; Pearl S. Buck; Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago; and many prominent writers of daily papers, books and magazines.

H. L. Mencken in his essay on "The American Language" judges the various "Americanisms" which having been sneered at when first heard are now accepted so completely that they are found in every modern dictionary. The English people are the ones who object most strenuously to the American slang expressions and are slow to adopt them. yet Shakespeare coined many new words and put them into circulation. Many of these slang expressions are now thought to express the feelings of the average American better than any English word. The Americans say "movie"; the English, "cinema"; Americans say "radio"; the English, "wireless"; Americans used "job holder"; the English, "public servant"; "chain store" instead of "multiple shop"; "high ball" instead of "whiskey and soda". Indeed these and many other words are so generally used that they are accepted by all as correct.

Does Hollywood influence our national life? Ruth Socolo has contributed an amusing essay on "Hollywood Gods and Goddesses," answering these questions. Gable's appeal, Astaire's dancing feet, Garbo's eccentricities, Clara Bow's "It", Chaplin's fading popularity, and Valentino's reputation as the "Sheik" all are discussed at length. A distinctive and interesting style of writing is embodied in the essay.

What and where will you be twenty-five years after you have left college? Read what John R. Tunis has to say in an interesting and informative manner of the twenty-fifth reunion of his class at Harvard. The different members of the class of 614 members are discussed — what they had hoped to be, what they had become, their average salaries, their families et cetera. Some have proved to be very successful while others, even with a wonderful college education, are living on relief.

What is considered the greatest human interest story of this year? John Palmer Gavit of the Survey Graphic contributed an essay on this subject. We in Baltimore should be especially interested since one of the main characters is from this city. The author says this love story makes the fairy tale of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" and the story of "Helen of Troy" seem dull and uninteresting.

Entertaining, informative, humorous, unusual, thought provoking essays written by many different pens may be found in the new "1937 Essay Annual."

VIRGINIA ARNEAL, Soph. 5.



CAMPBELL, HEYWORTH — *Camera Around the World* — Robert M. McBride and Company, New York, 1937

In his introduction to this book, the editor states the purpose as "an attempt to assemble beautiful, exciting, original, and dramatic photographs from many parts of the world", and this purpose is unquestionably accomplished. Unique photographic studies of the romantic places in every corner of the globe are presented to delight the reader's eye. The lovely scenic beauty of the Alps, the weirdness of the French Sudan, the excitement of a shark fight off Cape Cod, the quiet dignity of Oxford, the thrills of parachute jumping — all these and many more are revealed through the medium of the camera. Accompanying each page of various sized pictures is a short paragraph of explanation which leads to a better understanding of each photograph. No definite plan of arrangement is followed; so it is possible to see on one page a picture of German peasants in festival costume, while on the very next a soldier of the Spanish Civil War is firing his rifle at an invisible enemy. This informal arrangement, however, only adds to the reader's pleasure since the element of surprise

is injected into the simple act of turning a page. Although only black and white prints are included, these are made fascinating and colorful by the use of unusual angles and the contrasts between light and shadow. Both colored and black and white pictures of different sizes are fitted together to make the book's unusual cover, on the inside of which may be found maps to show the location of the places photographed.

Therefore, if you would like a beautiful but inexpensive world tour, get "Camera Around the World" and take an enjoyable trip without leaving your comfortable chair.

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN, Soph. 6.



The Art of Obtaining Books From M.S.T.C. Library

"My plot is faultless; I can't help but succeed!" This has been my triumphant mood numerous times since I first entered this professional college. From the first freshman assignment to the present day, A. D., I face the rude, uncouth fact that the book supply is extremely limited. Thus the first step in my methodical madness is to carefully look up the call number of the desired volumes—hours before they may pass the stamping pencil and eagle eye of Miss Yoder. During the day I casually question other members of the class who have completed the assignment, so that I may select only the treatises which will give me exact information without much brain exercise. Besides this, I familiarize myself with the exact location of the publication, its appearance, and any convenient cubby-holes that may serve as a textbook hide-out for some other searcher.

The stage is all set. The drama is about to begin. But alas and alack, at three o'clock the curtain refuses to slide on its well oiled pulleys, for the instructor of the last period sweetly requests us to remain a few minutes while the lesson is completed. After making about ten false starts for the door, I reach the library in the exact time of nothing flat, but still retain my upperclassman dignity. Panting like a runner, I wriggle my way through the crowd to my particular destination, open my notebook to look up the call numbers, but frantically search in vain. The paper has evidently departed from all human sight. All this time other students are reaching up on the shelves and snatching books left and right. By the time I decide that it was a gray pamphlet, a small green geography book, and a thick red history that I wanted, I am standing quite alone—gazing at shelves stripped of their raiment, but surmise that maybe it is for the best, and that perhaps Fate is merely in her kindly (?) fashion protecting me from a nervous break-down from too strenuous studying.

RUTH BRUENING, Soph. 2.

(Continued on Page 32)

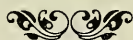
Teachers College Record

Assembly

September 20:—

On September twentieth it was our privilege to hear Dr. Crabtree tell of her summer experiences at the Institute of Social Affairs conducted by the University of Virginia. Dr. Crabtree prefaced her speech by saying that the University was fathered by Thomas Jefferson who chose the site and supervised the entire construction of the University. Jefferson was an architect and inventor as well as a statesman. Wide of lawn (campus to us) and stately of building the University remains to-day as a physical monument to him.

Following this description Dr. Crabtree went into the details of her course there. The timely topics discussed at the Round-table meetings were centered about International cooperation for World Peace, and collective security. Among the noted speakers who lectured were Sir Herbert Ames, who spoke to us last year and Smedley Butler who gave a spirited lecture on "Minding Our Own Business in the Pacific." One of the speeches that aroused considerable discussion was that by a German named Kuhlman entitled, "Why Germany Needs Her Colonies", a topic in direct opposition to the trend of the course. On Thursday evening of each week the Institute broadcasted the discussion over a nation wide hook up. The entire discussion proved picturesque to the audience assembled.



News From the Registrar

The registration for 1937-38 shows a student body of approximately 475 students with the following classification — fifty seniors, ninety-eight juniors, one-hundred and fifty-nine sophomores and one-hundred-sixty-eight freshmen. The freshmen come from twelve counties and from Baltimore City. There are several transfers to the freshman and sophomore classes from various colleges, including Hunter College, Goucher College, Millersville Teachers College, Indiana University, Louisburg Junior College, North Carolina, as well as several graduates of the former two-year course of the Towson Normal School who are returning for further study.

In-service classes are again being given this year. The classes are held on Monday and Tuesday evenings and include courses in English, Art, Music, Geography and Economics. Many former students are attending these courses to earn additional credits toward their degree.

Notes From the Glee Club

"Glee Club rehearsal at 3:15 in this auditorium. Old members please be prompt! Freshmen who have signed up for try-outs are invited to come and listen." With these familiar words the Glee Club began its 1937-1938 career. We are now a group of 128; 74 old members and 54 new ones.

The officers for the year, who are already quite busy performing their various duties connected with important events on the clubs program are:

President — Catherine Schottler

Vice President — Edward Johnson

Secretary—Louise Anderson

Tower Light Representative — Dorothy Vogel

Committee of Librarians — Mary Brashears

Jane Kimble

Frieda Gebhardt

Dorothy Cromwell

Director — Miss Emma E. Weyforth

The first of the important events is the annual Glee Club picnic which was held in the Glen on Thursday, September thirtieth.

The next event, which will be our first concert of the year, is listed for October twenty-ninth at Polytechnic Institute, the occasion being the General Meeting of the State Teachers Association. The program for this concert is:

"The Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation"..... Haydn

"Lost In the Night"..... Finnish Folk song, arranged by Christiansen

"The Lord's Prayer"..... Malotte Deis

Glee Club

"In These Delightful Pleasant Groves"..... Purcell

"Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair"..... Foster

Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song

Semi Chorus

"Dedication" Franz, Enders

Male Double Quartet

"It's Me, O Lord"..... Spiritual, arranged by Noble Cain

"It Cannot Be a Strange Countree"..... Repper

"Wake Thee Now Dearest".... Czcho-Slovakian Folk Song,
arranged by Deems Taylor

Glee Club

20

What About Our Orchestra ?

Student: Do you think our orchestra will be better this year than last?

Student Musician: Unquestionably, our orchestra will be greatly improved. Our wind sections have been augmented by a clarinetist and trumpeter who have given evidence of ability. Then too, our string sections have been strengthened by several proficient violinists and a violist.

S: A violist? They are so rare in school orchestras that I doubt if some of our less musically minded students know what they are.

S.M: You are quite right when you say violists are rare in school orchestras. This is the first time in the history of our orchestra that we have had a viola. The viola will be very greatly appreciated, too. It supplements the work of the violins.

S: Your violin section is considerably stronger in number than any of your other sections.

S.M.: The violin situation is ideal. One usually finds an inadequacy of violins in school orchestras. We, however, have many violins. Because of an inadequacy of harmony instruments, those students desirous of learning to play musical instruments are preparing themselves through the teaching efforts of Miss Prickett for positions in the wind sections. One of the ingenious members of our orchestra is endeavoring to play a musical instrument that has become obsolete.

S: I should imagine that with a larger and better orchestra the trend should be toward performing works of a symphonic nature.

S.M: What we shall perform this year will be higher types of musical compositions but the symphony is out of our category. This is because the symphony arrangements are inadequate. We shall be doing the smaller forms such as the suite and overture whose arrangement is possible for small orchestras.

S: From what you have told me I gather that the orchestra will have many surprises in store for its listeners at its first public performance.

S.M: Yes, they will. Incidentally, the orchestra is giving a concert on October twenty-second. There will be a few soloists, ensemble groups, and the full orchestra.



S. J. B.
M. E.

Questionnaire

Question: "Who's who in 1937?"

Answer: RURAL CLUB MEMBERS!

Question: What will they do in 1937?

Answer: Find pleasure in outdoor activities through picnics, activities, hikes, travel study trips, and social programs.

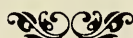
Question: What are they sponsoring?

Answer: The Glen — A beautiful spot.

Question: What's the Big Event of the Year?

Answer: The RURAL CLUB DANCE, January 14, 1938.

YVONNE BELT, Soph. 9.



The League of Young Voters

Do you like to talk? Do you want someone to listen to your thoughts on current world topics? Are you not desirous of widening your scope on such subjects as "Labor Unions, War and Peace, Foreign Affairs and National Problems"?

A good place to satisfy this desire, this urge, this yen, is the League of Young Voters' meetings. Dr. Blumberg, Mr. Walther, Dr. McDougale, student speakers both from our college and other colleges are only a few of the attractions of this organization.

Do you like to dance, to skate, to picnic, to eat, to enter into small chatter?

The League of Young Voters provides opportunity for all of these delightful pastimes. Not only is this club the meeting place for the "smart set" of the college, but there is also at every meeting delicious refreshments.

Come to the League of Young Voters' meetings — you'll get bodily food and what's more — food for thought.

JEANNE KRAVETZ, Soph. 2.



ART CLUB (Former Handicraft Guild)

A change in occupation is relaxation; a few of us have decided to find relaxation by way of making, doing and seeing. We shall find enjoyment in this way, because we shall work at several things, each choosing the thing she wants most to do.

Sometimes we shall go places in and about Baltimore so that we may see how others make things. Now and then we shall ask artists and craftsmen to come to the college and tell us about their work. One need not have talent, but only a desire to do in order to be eligible for membership.

News Flashes

Flash! Y. W. C. A. begins a new year. Plans are in full swing for a big program. Tick-ti-ti-tick-tick. Morning chapel has a large attendance. Even before the service began more seats were needed to seat the crowd. Tick-ti-ti-tick-tick. The Y. W. C. A. picnic in the Glen is soon to be held. This is an annual event of the association and greatly anticipated by the members. Tick-ti-ti-tick-tick. Latest notice from the press: Y. W. C. A. holds popsicle sale every night at 10 o'clock in the dormitory. Various members sell candy in their rooms for the benefit of the club. That is a sure way of making money. Tick-ti-ti-tick-tick. Have you heard of the speakers that the Y. W. has for its monthly vesper services on Sunday nights at 6:30? They are outstanding and of interest to all. Tick-ti-ti-tick-tick. The Y. W. has the best times at its monthly social. There are games, skits, and refreshments. Could they help but have fun?

MARTHA SCHNEBLY, Soph. 7.



Picture the Natural History Group

Do you enjoy nature? Do the birds, the wildflowers and the trees attract you? Come, join the Natural History Group! It is just the organization for you who are interested in the out-of-doors and its wonders. The objects of the Group are two: first, personal, to provide enjoyment and knowledge for its members; second, professional, to help supply an informal background for the teaching of science. In pursuance of these objectives two meetings are held monthly. One of these is devoted to out-of-doors hiking in some region of especial natural interest, and the other, held at the college, is given to the consideration of some nature subject, on which occasions outside speakers frequently address the group.

CATHERINE PAULA, Soph. 9.



Three percent of the country's adult population have graduated from college, and four percent more have attended some college. Fourteen percent of all adult persons have graduated from high school or have continued their education beyond that point. Thirty-three percent of the Nation's adult population have at least entered high school.

Taffy Pull

If you heard any odd noises issuing from the dormitory kitchen Friday night or have seen any strange morsels of — shall we say — food lying around, just blame it on the Taffy Pull. "Ma" Dief gave us all a pleasant surprise Friday morning by posting a notice stating that there was to be held at eight o'clock that evening a Taffy Pull. Therefore, it came about that a group of boys and girls, about fifty strong, trooped down and took possession of the kitchen at eight o'clock, on said evening, intent upon the pursuit of fun and taffy-pulling.

Very detailed recipes were handed out to groups consisting of three and four; pans began to rattle and soon taffy was boiling lustily on the stoves; Mr. Wilde's face kept getting redder and redder. Finally, the grand finale came. The taffy was poured into greased platters and anxious faces peered intently at their product. But lo! Something was wrong!

Doris and Nora suddenly declared that theirs was turning to fudge. And so it was! Good fudge, though, we must admit!

Several pans were immediately returned to the fire to try to improve the concoctions by recooking.

The Firey, Barnes and Cromwell Candy Corporation had to call for the aid of Mr. Fishel to get theirs pried from the platter, while Mrs. Grempler stood by apparently in hysterics.

Top honors go to Kaufman, Mercer, and Gifford who surprised the group by producing twisted ropes of delicious golden taffy.

The Dudderar, Pennington, and Fishel trio received second prize since they had similar luck. Mr. Fishel tried to prove the product's elasticity and durability by proceeding to jump rope.

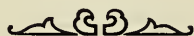
Fate was not as kind to the rest.

Misses Moxley and Drake still declare that their taffy turned out to be seafoam, although Miss MacDonald and Miss Holt appeared to disagree.

Everyone agrees that we had a swell time and hopes that there may be many more like it.

Miss "Dief" expressed the opinion of all when she said that never before had she realized how many different types of candy could be had from one recipe.

D. A., Jr. 6.



(Continued from Page 25)

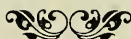
The Story of the Coronation, edited by HAMMERTON, SIR JOHN, London, The Amalgamated Press LFD, 1937; 384 pp.

Of special interest to those who rose at five A. M. on Coronation Day, this book should appeal to everyone. Truly, it is history, but it is history in its most delightful form. The many accurate photographs and the full color plates give one some idea of how the crowning of George VI and Queen Elizabeth must have appeared to the throngs who watched and who shouted, "God save the King!"

Various British writers explain the background necessary to understand the meaning of the coronation and the crown today, give biographical sketches of previous English kings, and describe the ceremony as it actually happened. The chapter which tells of the Empire's preparation for the coronation is amazing and very enlightening. Great Britain, in order to prevent an influx of cheap bunting, flags and coronation novelties, imposed a special duty of one hundred percent on such imports. The expense of decorating a nation is almost incredible.

This is a very fine historic and descriptive record of probably one of the most dramatic ceremonies of our own generation. Why not read at least a part of it for yourself?

KATHERINE FEASER, Soph. 9.



Home

A home can be a haven where we find
A refuge from the numerous blows we get
From all the outside world that will forget
To recognize a new-born and be kind.

Within the walls of home we leave behind
The bumps and scars that were a great asset
Though maybe unseen by us new-born, yet
They form an intimate and happy mind.

A home can be a love nest of your friends
Who love you and defend you from the world
Be it massive or small, it comprehends
Our thoughts. All the troubles found are hurled
In deep and dark ravines to make amends.
A home is where our lives are made and furled.

LARUE KEMP, '37.

Alumni News

Thomas Johnson was a camp counselor at the Fresh Air Farm near Bel Air during the summer.

Donald Schwanbeck, William Podlich, and James E. Tear took the Summer Session Courses at Columbia University in N. Y. C.

Dorothy Fastie has been devoting her "free time" during her first year of teaching to studying music.

Edward Turner has grown a moustache which along with his Toreador cut and sparkling eyes give him the appearance of a Spanish Cavalier.

Dorothy Hicks has recently announced her secret marriage to Jack Skeen.

Ten recent graduates have formed a Campus College Club. It is strictly a social club.

Even if it is the general opinion that school teachers never marry, here are those who have done so during the past summer:

Miss Lois Helm, of the class of 1930, to Mr. Charles A. Kirk.

Miss Nanette Vera Macht, of the class of 1934, to Dr. Nelson Bernard Lasson.

Miss Selma Rea Tyser, of the class of 1934, to Mr. Frank Laskin.

Miss Dorothy Sylvia Gladstone, of the class of 1934, to Mr. Frances Schleunes.

Miss Margery Orem Willis, who received her degree in 1936, to Mr. Robert Harriss.

Marriages are made in heaven, but engagements have their beginning at M. S. T. C.; or so it seems. Under "Marriage License" in the past few months have appeared the following names:

Raymond F. Dugan, who graduated in 1934, and Gretha White, who also graduated in 1934.

Louis Rachanow, who graduated in 1933, and Lillyan Binstock who graduated in 1934.

Other former members of our clan seem to have found their mates elsewhere as in the following cases:

Ethel Melcher, who graduated in 1928, married Kermit Blakeslee.

Ethel Chelf, who graduated in 1932, married Harry Hooker.

Miss Camilla Johnson won first prize for the Maryland Club of Columbia University in the series of Stunt Night Events held at the university on August 5.

Miss Johnson, who graduated from the Towson Normal in '29 and is now a faculty member of the Sparrows Point High School, impersonated the Duchess of Windsor, the former Wallis Warfield of Baltimore. Spot

lights were played on her, while a history of the life of the Duchess was being read.



Baltimore City Alumni News

On May 15, in a Glen that many members found difficulty in recognizing, the Baltimore City Unit of the Alumni Association held its final meeting for the year 1936-1937. The unwillingness of the members to conclude their inspection of the details of the transformation wrought by P. W. A. workers somewhat delayed the opening of the meeting. The assembly that finally responded to President Elizabeth Hartje's call to order was encouragingly large.

The Constitution was presented, discussed, and adopted. Officers for the year 1937-1938 were elected. They are:

President — Mr. William Bader
Vice President — Mrs. William Jolly
Secretary — Miss Catherine McHale
Treasurer — Miss Marguerite Kurrle
Representatives to the Executive Board:

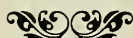
*To serve for
one year*

Mr. Wilson Valentine
Miss Margaret Lotz

*To serve for
two years*

Miss Elizabeth Hartje
Mr. Harris Baer

At the conclusion of the business meeting a picnic supper was served. Plans for the first meeting of the new school year, which will be held in October, are being made. So great was the enthusiasm shown during the first year of this new organization's existence that it does not seem unduly optimistic to expect that its second birthday will find it a prodigious infant indeed.



Towson Teachers College Graduates Get-Together

During the summer term at the University of Maryland, a "get-together" of all former Towson students was held. About sixty out of an enrollment of eighty assembled in the social room of the New Girls Dormitory for an informal evening's entertainment under the direction of Miss Gross, hostess at the Girls' dormitory, who was former Assistant Dormitory Director at Towson. Dinner was served picnic style after which the members introduced themselves, gave the year of their graduation at Towson, and any information about themselves or former students that was of interest to the group. Faculty representatives present were Mrs. Martha Sibley, formerly of the Towson faculty, now connected with

the Department of Education of New York University, and Dr. Joe Young West, a new member of the Towson faculty.

The social was presided over by Mr. Raymond Dugan of the class of 1934. Games were played, a student magician performed, much to the delight of the audience, Towson songs were sung, and bridge playing and dancing were enjoyed during the course of the evening. All honor to the loyalty of Miss Gross who promoted the get-together for the Towson Teachers College.



Officers Named by County Alumni of Teachers' College

The Anne Arundel County Alumni of the Towson State Teachers College held its Spring meeting on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Eason. Mrs. Alexander Andrews presided. There was a large attendance, more than fifty persons being present.

There were greetings from Dr. Lida Lee Tall, president of the college, Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough and Miss M. Clarice Bersch, members of the faculty; also from Mrs. Albert J. Groshans, Mrs. M. Hartley, and Mrs. Clarence E. Eason, officers of the State Association.

The business session included an election of officers, the new ones being as follows: president, Miss Mabel Harrison, of Severn; vice-president, Hammond Cantwell, of Owensville; secretary, Miss Margaret Nowell, of Shady Side; treasurer, Miss Doris Owens, of Hanover.

The speaker was Folger McKinsey, "The Benztown Bard", who was most interesting and entertaining in his description of his recent journeys. Also, he recited some of his delightful original poems, "I Just Opened the Bible", "Most Any Old Place," "The Candy Store," and "A Boy's Imagination."

Then followed a most enjoyable musical program. It included a piano solo by Miss Mary Berwager, and vocal solos by Mrs. E. P. Archibald, of Linthicum Heights, and F. Conrad Stoll.

Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, who has retired, after having given 38 years of valuable services to State Teachers' College, was presented with a silver vase as a token of love and appreciation. Mrs. F. Conrad Stoll made the presentation speech.

Refreshments were served at a late hour.

The Autumn meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Conrad Stoll.

Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

THE OPENING of school is like a rush of wind as it lashes against your body when you turn an unexpected corner. You want to say "hello" all over the place. So many new faces, new ideas, new plans, and new aspirations! We want to say a very special "hello" to the new faculty members. Hellos to: Miss Botsford, Miss Carlton and Dr. West—Goodby to Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Podlich of the elementary school.

In the beginning: The first persons to be seen on the campus, many days before school opened, were Miss Scott, Miss Neunsinger, Miss Barkley, Miss Cook, Patsy and a few others. (Pardon, if I missed you—my reporters were wearing smoked glasses.)

Thanks: An advance of thanks to the girls in the offices. They keep that smile.

Observations: A certain blue dress is *especially* good on Dr. Dowell. Miss Roach wore a worried look during the first week of school. What will be the color of the gym suite of the freshman girls?

Miss Blood and Dr. West are interested in stars. (Telescopically speaking?)

A sister of Miss Woodward moved to "near Washington":—Week-ends ahead.

We like the ribbon Miss Daniels wore during assembly on Monday. Miss Weyforth is living in her new home on Thicket Road. Much luck and happiness!

Miss Scott is now a one arm driver. (All questions answered in strict confidence.)

We like the way Miss Bersch pays attention during assembly:—compare to two others who like to sleep. (Refer to last part of alphabet.)

Example: A faculty member and friend (lady) were in the movies the other night:—Much noise due to conversation on the part of said faculty member who had to be stared quiet by another customer.

Question: Who is going to be the first faculty member to "advise a picnic in the Glen?"

Requests: That Dr. Tall tell *all* about her trip to Paris. That the school invest in two Victor records:—Title A: "Glee Club Rehearsal on Monday at 3:15 P. M.", by Miss Weyforth — Title B. "Orchestra Rehearsal on Monday at 3:15 P. M." by Miss Prickett, and that Dr. Tall at announcement time, choose a sharp needle, wind tightly, and spin. That Stella G. (G for Glen) Brown give a demonstration on how to make a fire in ten easy minutes.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Noise: One, two, three, four, five, six—Miss Brouwer counting out supplies.

Philosophy: Miss Joslin has said fear precedes wrong doing— probably the answer to that certain feeling before and after an examination.

Efficiency: Miss Tansil returned from vacation, jumped into the office, and buried her cute little nose in the college's account:—all within twenty minutes after she had crossed the border of Baltimore Town.

Faculty Hopes: That petty cash, just plain cash, stretches to first pay check.

That Miss Van Bibber in planning faculty speakers skips over one's name by mistake.

That all the spaces for the easy games for play day are not filled.

That play day is scheduled on a "difficult day".

That Dr. West calls for "help" if he loses a ruler, breaks the point of his pencil, or needs "professional advice."

That city students when visiting us during a city holiday return to see the faculty members.

Open letters: To Miss Bader:

Keep on wearing that happy smile; its becoming.

To Miss Owens and Miss Roach:

Both of you know how to arrange your hair.

To Mrs. Stapleton: How about a good comedy by the Mummies?

To Miss Birdsong: Do you always nod in assent when listening to speakers?

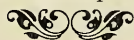
To Dr. Tall: Patsy is a nice dog; please tell us how you trained her (suggestion for assembly talk).

To Dr. Crabtree: Your voice carries well in the auditorium; try a half a tone lower sometime.

To Mr. Moser: How about coming to dances sometime? You don't dance? We bet you look fine in a Tuxedo.

Faculty game: Ask any faculty member how to play it. It's called—"Desk, Desk, who has the desk?"

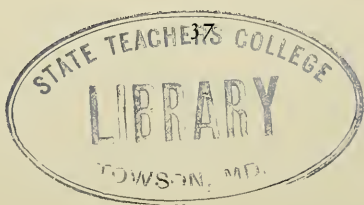
Notice: There has been no mention made of places visited by faculty members during the summer: reason—the places would not be as interesting as the things they did—(The little things they won't discuss)—Wish you luck in finding out— and slip me a note.



Other School Facts

Approximately ninety percent of all persons enrolled in school go to public educational institutions, and ten percent to private schools.

It costs each adult twenty-one years of age and over, only seven cents a day for public education in the United States.



Clothes ===== Line

Hanging around we get a "pin's" eye view of you!

September the eighth was a real "fallish" day with new faces, new togs, and newsiest of all, new fashion plates, the Freshmen.

The ancestral background of these newcomers does not admit dispute—decidedly Scotch! The butterfly skirt that fluttered about last week contradicted that proverbial "Scotch Skimp."—And the tailor-made sun tanned lassie in the dashing blue plaid jacket was decidedly "bonny"—Did we notice a brogue the "dae" a dormitory lad became particularly clannish in his coat of brown plaid?

The humble peasant seems to have become a classic on our green. A certain campus supper was of little consequence when *she* passed your plate. Her frock was a flash here and a dash there of any color you wished. A matching bolero and red shoes brought her feet-first into the limelight!

Two Sophs went European with all over embroidered outfits. Hand-made, too, we understand.

A Junior played "naïve" with a deep rose dress, the skirt gathered full at the waist. Matching bows in her hair were girlish additions.

But enough of the foreign element. Falling leaves brought the U. S. sweater and skirt from the moth balls for their usual service. The same old 'kerchefts, pearls, and clips were still the accessories while pushed up sleeves added a new vote of nochalance. We did notice a necklace of tiny trinkets made of colored ivory that was quite quite? And C. R.'s knitted suit of subtle yellow was a plus double in delicacy of pattern and fit.

Speaking of fit, we'll just about make our box for a crowd-in if we don't bring our manuscript to congratulations to Freshies and Old Timers. Keep up the clothes line—it never fails!

TWO PINS.



College women's clothing costs more than college men's clothing according to a survey of 42 men and 56 women on the Texas Wesleyan College campus. A complete outfit for a woman averages \$78.90 while one for a man averages \$60.40. The only single item for which males pay more than females is hats.

Snoop Box

The dormitory is wild about a "Big Apple". Everybody can do it. Hamilton will show you how to "truck"; Yvonne will show you how to "peck"; Wilde can teach the "shuffle" and anyone can show you the "whoo".

The Freshmen started their tricks by putting shoe polish and Musterole on door knobs.

Miss Daniels ruined a good suit.

We advise E. B., M. H. C. and H. M. to find out where the faculty members of the dormitory live.

Bats in the dormitory during study hour — is it symbolic?

The former Western Maryland graduate seems to be seeking in vain for the dancing and football heroes at S. T. C.

Do the Seniors regret that they no longer take Astronomy?

Is it the stars or that southern accent?

Why does a certain Sophomore with a southern drawl have one boy-friend take her picture to give to another? What's the technique?

Flash! Cupid's Aid-dancing to romance in Newell Hall. So far his arrows have pierced the hearts of two — M. F. and E. P.

Trust to the Seniors to start things going.

Margaret Sevier, Elaine Hopwood, and Margaret Travers are married.

What, haven't you heard *Marie*?

The girls in the dormitory certainly envy the one person who can have a date every night.

Congratulations Miss Dief.

One young man believes that "love certainly goes a long way".

At present, it seems to be the vogue in the dormitory to sleep for seven nights on a piece of wedding cake. Each person is anxiously awaiting the seventh morning at which time she will get a glimpse into the future.

Dot Healey is still advocating the slogan "Run To Reads". What's the catch?

What's the reason for all the secret conferences between Dot Hoopes and Nora Howeth?

Have you seen the pink hair ribbon? "Bugs" said it was paying off a bet. Oh, these freshman! !

What little lassie from Jr. 6 is so pleasantly excited over having a new section adviser?

THE "DOER"

Sport Lights

While major colleges of the country are preparing for their greatest seasonal sport and their respective cheer leaders are getting their "hip, hip hurrahs" down to perfection, we, at the State Teachers College, are embarking in our own little way on a so called major sport season. Although not facing a caliber of competition such as Army, Navy and the Big Three, we find ourselves encountering sufficient opposition from the leading soccer aggregations of the East. Minus periods of spring training and early fall preparation, Coach Don Minnegan is slowly but surely moulding the available material into ship shape condition. Faced with eighteen candidates, the smallest squad in the athletic history of the college, Coach Minnegan's charges will meet powerful competition from nine major inter-collegiate foes. No college roster can ironically boast of a loss comparable to ours which finds ten former letter men lost through graduation, student teaching and withdrawal from school. Those who followed State Teachers College's soccer team last year will miss such outstanding performers as Dave Smith, high scoring man and a spearhead of the attack, Roger Williams, Walter Ubersax, and many other favorites. New material which is scarce, can hardly measure up to the standards of skill exhibited by the above. However, Cernick, fullback; Shock, Calder, and Kolker, lineman, seem to be the most promising freshmen on the pitch.

Coach Don Minnegan has had to fight tooth and nail every season to whip the soccer squads into condition. This season finds him battling some of the greatest obstacles that could possibly face a coach. In spite of the present outlook, it is this commentator's prediction that each member of the soccer team will live up to the greatest possibilities within him. This ability can only be developed by the full-fledged loyalty of each and every student of the college. So, everyone, come out and let's face the battles together. Remember, in union there is strength! The soccer team needs you!

Soccer Schedule

Oct. 1	Frostburg T. C.	Away
Oct. 8	Blue Ridge College	Home
Oct. 14	University of Maryland	Away
Oct. 22	Western Maryland	Away
Oct. 26	Johns Hopkins	Away
Oct. 29	Salisbury T. C.	Home
Nov. 2	Western Maryland	Home
Nov. 5	Johns Hopkins	Home
Nov. 11	University of Maryland	Home

Your Sports Commentator,
S. M.

Sports! Sports! Sports!

Ground, sticks!—Ground, sticks—Ground, Sticks! We're off with the 1937-38 electives. Hockey, per usual, heads the list. Let's take a look at the opening of the grand march of athletics. We see the "Old Faithfuls" lined up ready for action, proudly displaying their emblems on new sweaters. They seem to be inspecting the newer members of the group—the Browns—who look as if they are going to offer plenty of competition. Maybe we had better leave decisions until later since the season has just begun. Basketball will follow, and will reach the height of interest about Thanksgiving time. Until then, the awards are awaiting you, girls. Won't you join us Wednesday or Thursday?

LOUISE FIREY, Junior 5.



Campus School News

First Grade

We are making plans in the first grade. Here are some of the things we wish to do in the first grade during the year: color with crayons, work with clay, build with wood, paint, play, take trips, write and know numbers. At the end of the year we shall see if we have followed our plans.



From Minutes of the Student Council

The Fourth Grade Rock Garden Committee reported that they discovered worms eating the pine trees, and three seventh grade boys volunteered to spray the pines.

The Campus is in fairly good condition and we hope it will be kept that way.

The Milk Bottle Committee reported they have collected the bottles regularly and request that everyone walk to the right of the side walk when going from the cafeteria to the class room.

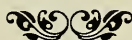
The Safety Committee has been divided into three groups; the play ground, building, and traffic. Cars must not be parked along the drive way or at the south entrance. Park between white lines in the parking space. The space marked "for school cars only" is reserved for state-owned cars.

The Fire Drill Committee has had a conference with Miss Steele to talk over plans for the coming year. Miss Steele suggested they change the name to the "Fire Prevention Committee".

The Milk Fund Committee has not been organized yet because the family they helped last year is able to take care of itself. The school will not decide what to do until they hear from the Executive Board of the Student Council.

The Athletic Committee has checked the equipment and found that most of the soccer balls have to be blown up.

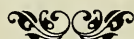
The Boys and Girls Lavatory Committees report they are trying to keep the lavatories in good condition.



Sports

The boys of grades four, five, six and seven of the Campus School have arranged for a series of baseball, soccer, football, and basketball teams. The purpose of this is to get the boys familiar with the sports.

To get these teams, we first choose four captains, then the captains choose their teams. On each team there are sixteen or seventeen players. The teams and their captains are as follows: Navy—captain Fitz Eierman, Foxes—captain Chares Worden, Indians—captain Lek vonKaesborg, and the Giants—captain Buddy Hatfield.



Annoyed at the frequent parking violations, the chief of the Campus Police Force has listed the following penalties:

1st offense—air will be let out of one tire

2nd offense—air will be let out of two tires

3rd offense—air will be let out of all tires.



Courtney Ryley Cooper, a prominent sportsman, newspaper man, is the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Penn Athletic Club today. Because Mr. Cooper specializes in crime stories and statistics, the menu for this occasion is interesting. Here it is:

G-Menu

Split Fee Soup	Gangsters on the Halfshell	Ransommé
	Fingerprints à la Hoover	
	Coddled Yeggs	
Purloin Steak	Pickled Flat Feet	Stool Pigeon Pie
Bank Rolls	Just Deserts	Hot Money
Safe Crackers		T-N-Tea

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What are your views about marriage, Professor?

Well, I figured it all out. Marriage is an institution. Marriage is love. Love is blind. Therefore, marriage is an institution for the blind.

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NOVEMBER
1937

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

NOVEMBER, 1937

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Frontispiece.....DOROTHY SNOOPS

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VOL. XI

NOVEMBER, 1937

No. 2

A Psalm

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God;
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains,
And herbs for the use of men.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.

Psalm One Hundred and Forty-Seuen.

Some Reflections on Armistice Day

THE situation in the world today is tense and alarming. One finds the news reports so disturbing and distasteful that one is inclined to turn from them with loathing. The peoples of the world seem bewildered and helpless before destructive forces which no one seems able to control. War raging in Spain threatens to set all Europe aflame, and in the Orient, to engulf both China and Japan in misery and destruction.

To people who lived through the World War, the present situation brings memories of the horror and fear of two decades ago. The sense of foreboding and terror which hung over the world, however, gave way to a more optimistic outlook as the war drew to a close. The very horrors through which the world had lived brought a realization to many earnest people that humanity must be saved from a recurrence of such useless and wasteful tragedy. Large numbers of people everywhere highly resolved to take immediate steps to prevent future disaster. In every country peace societies sprang up even before the hostilities came to an end, and many of these groups worked out definite plans for achieving a basis for collective security.

For a long time there had been a growing realization that international relationship needed reform. With the growth in the modern age of rival national states, occasions for wars have multiplied, and, with the coming of the mechanical and scientific improvements in transportation and communication and the intensification of world commercial methods, peoples everywhere had found their interests inexorably interwoven. Furthermore the application of science to warfare had made wars and the preparation for war unbearable. These changes had made it perfectly apparent that old methods and old points of view were outmoded.

The necessity for recognized international organization, an international council table, internationally accepted rules and regulations, international courts for the consideration of moot questions, had long been discussed in all lands. When the conflict had ended, to many people everywhere it seemed that this struggle had served as a huge object lesson in the cruel folly and futility of war and that now was a most fitting time to commit the nations of the world to international organization.

Unfortunately other impulses had also been started by the World War. The misery of the years of fighting had left enduring scars on people's souls, for war is a most unwholesome influence. As a result

nations came out much more materialistically minded, much more cynically bent on achieving purely national aims, much more imbued with hatred, greed and suspicion than ever before. And so it happened that the idealism of many of the finest spirits of the time had been gradually smothered by the stifling atmosphere of nationalistic antagonisms.

It is necessary to understand these developments and to realize that two paradoxical streams of thought and action have been thus growing side by side in the world: one, the spirit of nationalism, with its roots back in the past of prejudices and passion; and the other, the spirit of internationalism, growing steadily stronger and stronger, as modern invention has interwoven people's lives and fortunes ever more and more closely together.

LENA C. VAN BIBBER

NOTE: This article is inspired by recollections of Armistice Day and the unfulfilled hopes of that falsely jubilant occasion. It thus reflects the depressing conditions of "nineteen years after". But these few reflections are merely introductory to other more practical considerations as to why international relations are difficult to control and as to suggestions for solving these problems. These problems will appear in some subsequent issue of this periodical.



Doughboy's Diary

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

Armistice—Thanks be to Almighty God for my deliverance from four blood-drenched months of War. Amen.

JANUARY 5, 1919

Home again! I reach my home and knock—no answer? I search my uniform for my key. Where can they all be? Woodin, my next-door neighbor, comes to his door and looks at me vacantly, as if dazed by shock.

"Hello, Ken," he says listlessly. I answer and continue fumbling for my key.

"Ken."

"Yes?" I answer him.

"They're not there, Ken," he sighs.

I question him and find that my mother, brother and sister are dead! The "flu"! Stunned, I stumble into the house. Its silence roars. I cry hysterically like the child I was a long long time ago. I am a broken old man at twenty-four.

JANUARY 8, 1919

My job has long since been filled by a "slacker". Desperate, I beg jobs of my one-time friends. It is no use, I am not wanted. I wonder

THE TOWER LIGHT

for what cause I've been placed on this earth. I see none ahead.

FEBRUARY 18, 1920

I have no money. I have no friends. My home, long since gone, I cannot recall.

MARCH 6, 1920

I overheard two gentlemen speaking of the West, they said that things look brighter there. Who knows, maybe there I shall find light. The West! thundering, inspiring panorama of beauty, savior of souls, I come to hide myself in thee.

NOVEMBER 8, 1920

I am here! The West, my new home, welcome me!

NOVEMBER 10, 1920

There are no jobs in this town. On to the next, I will not fail!

DECEMBER 28, 1920

No job! a family fed me on Christmas Day. I attend church and find my faith is weakened. I cannot pray!

JANUARY 1, 1921

Two years and no job, I am lost. I beg my meals.

FEBRUARY 6, 1921

I wonder if I am capable of stealing? I wonder?

MARCH 7, 1921

I have my service pistol and six "slugs". Can I steal?

MARCH 30, 1921

I will steal! It is planned. The grocery store in this town carries the most money; it shall be my victim.

MARCH 31, 1921

I did it! Two hundred and sixteen dollars in my haul. I am sorry. My heart is sore. I killed a man, the grocer. Never again!

I will stop my diary writing, it saddens me.

APRIL 9, 1928

Seven years ago that last fading word was written. I am not changed. I am a tramp. Panhandling is my trade. I no longer want to work.

Wandering the country over, I am heartsick, bitter, a shell of humanity, not a man!

JUNE 4, 1930

Well, everybody's poor now or so they say. People are not as liberal to a tramp as they were. The future is a foreboding menace.

MAY 16, 1931

I meet two war buddies of mine on a train, or rather under a train. We leave our lower berth at some little southern town and tramp together. Bill is sick. He says he has a cold. I know it is his lungs, but say nothing.

THE TOWER LIGHT

MAY 21, 1931

We bury Bill. I have lost a friend. We sit by his grave during the night and think. We wrote on his headstone: "'Bill' Shannon, a veteran, our friend."

It is raining. The rain washes the chalk down the stone. The stone seems to be crying, itself.

MAY 25, 1931

I am tired, very tired.

MAY 29, 1931

I try to pray; I cannot. I am drowning in my sorrow.

DECEMBER 18, 1931

Times are worse; I am one of thousands of vets who are lost in this new era. God help us all; Christmas is coming; it means nothing!

DECEMBER 20, 1931

I still have my pistol—and *one* bullet!

DECEMBER 22, 1931

I think I am a coward! I am afraid to face life, yet I cower at death. My one thought is "suicide"!

DECEMBER 23, 1931

I am weak with hunger. This day has brought me courage though, for I do not fear death.

DECEMBER 24, 1931

I look back at my life and sigh. It is a failure. Today I shall die, but first I want my sketchy diary to have a final thought worthy of notice.

Thirteen years ago men who had fought, killed and bled for their country returned. To what? To a country that forgot them, kicked them about, and ruined them. I am one of these. As one, I no longer pride myself on being an American. I have no patriotism. America has sinned against these men, and for it there should be no forgiveness.

My pistol is beside me as I write; I pick it up. And so to end a life that should never have had birth, I slowly press the trigger.

ELIZABETH MELENDEZ, Sophomore 10

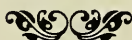


"Education is fundamentally concerned with moulding and developing a human being in terms of an ideal as far as his nature allows it."

Why Thanksgiving Day?

While Thanksgiving in its present form is distinctively an American holiday, its origin can be traced back through the ages and through various nations and customs to the land of the Canaanites, from whom the children of Israel copied many of their customs. In the book of Judges we read how the Canaanites "went out into the fields and gathered from their vineyards, and trode the grapes and held festival, and went into the house of their god, and did eat and drink". This harvest celebration appeared later among the Hebrews as an act of worship to Jehovah, and was called the Feast of Tabernacles. A similar autumnal festival was held and celebrated in ancient Greece and Rome. In England it was called the Harvest Home, which may be traced back to the Saxons of the time of Egbert.

The first authentic Harvest Festival in America was held by the Pilgrims in 1621, following the gathering of the harvest which saved the little colony from destitution and possible starvation. Thereafter little by little the custom spread until it has become a national holiday, proclaimed by the President as well as by the Governor of each State, and observed annually on the last Thursday in November.



October

Let not your heart be grieved
At summer's going
For tarnished flower
Or russet vine and tree.
This is the month of gladness,
For it is showing
April's rich promise
Is reality.

Let not your heart be grieved
Though autumn stealing
Over the meadows
Bids the songbirds hush.
This is the month for thanks.
At love's revealing
Of gathered harvest
And the burning bush.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

(Published by permission of *Good Housekeeping*.)

The Poll Knights

Our republic, almost from the first years of its inception, has been afflicted with certain cancerous growths which have been eating at the very vitals of our national life. Chief among these is the "poll knight" or "knight of the poll".

"Poll knight", is the name applied to cellar door bums, third rate politicians, "barflies", and other "intelligensia" who are to be seen gathered around polling places on election day. These gentry are easily identified by their uncut hair, unshaven faces, patched and seedy clothes, and their general look of imbecility. No one of them has ever been known to work, although they are all adept at running the government and everyone's business but their own. This species of humanity thrives in all forms of weather, but blossom out to their best in an atmosphere that has become thoroughly saturated with alcohol. Most of them are supported by relatives, chiefly female.

On election day their beautiful red noses glisten in the morning sunlight like polished ivory, and their raucous, rum soaked voices can be heard for blocks as they extol the virtues of whichever parasite they are supporting. As a voter approaches the polling place, the "poll knight's" countenance lights up with a magnanimous and beatific smile, designed to entice the victim into casting his vote on their side of the fence.

When the "ward heeler" who is directing their activities for the day approaches, they bow and scrape, and at his bidding scamper off to hasten the laggard voters who have not come forth to do their duty.

The poll knight's pay varies greatly. Sometimes it's an actual cash award of perhaps five dollars, at other times cigars and whiskey. More often he is paid off in promises of a lucrative job when the mob he is working for is put in office.

C. PARKER, Sophomore 7



Political Pickle

Hammer and sickle and Communist Red,
Brown Shirts and Swastika line up ahead,
An obese figure, by name of John Bull,
Follows in ships with munitions full.
Men from the Good Earth next enter our picture,
And still more are coming to sour the mixture.

JOSHUA ROSEMAN, Fr. 4

House Cleaning Time

A certain part of each year is officially set aside by the housewife as cleaning time. Sometimes this period comes later than at others, but one can nearly always predict when it is to occur. The weather is usually quite cool, and a rather stiff breeze is blowing. The housewife usually has an overdose of energy, and often she may be found gazing into a room with a sinister look in her eyes. All the chairs at this time seem to shrink against the walls, as if they felt the disapproving eyes of the mistress bearing down on them and seeking out their faults. All of this, however, precedes the momentous period.

Then, one night, the door is not opened in answer to the many rings which one gives. An inspection of the first floor reveals no living being. Only the coldness of the gas range and the bareness of the table greets one. Without giving thought to the dangers that might be met, one approaches the upstairs hall. At the first glance, one realizes that "no man's land" is a place of perfect order compared to a hall in house cleaning time. Screens, packing boxes, chair covers, shades, curtains, summer rugs, chairs, and lamp shades are all jumbled together. After one's shins are exposed to the many dangers, the bedroom is reached. Several minutes are spent in groping for the lamp. It is finally found in an entirely different place. The enraged person seeks out this radical who is so bold as to change the furniture. At last she is found. There, high above the clouds (of dust), supported only by a fragile step ladder, stands the mistress vigorously wiping the walls. It is only then, while standing amid the mass of furniture, that one can really sympathize with people whose homes have been wrecked by war.

MARJIE SIEBERT, Sophomore 2



Nation-wide Improvement in Rural School Supervision

One of the most important agencies for improving public-school instruction and for keeping teachers in touch with newly developed methods and procedures is professional supervision. Urban communities have long had this advantage but lately school leaders have recognized the need of professional supervisors in the rural districts.

Throughout the counties of the nation, the movement to provide professionally trained supervisors is beginning to be thought of seriously. In all probability this movement will progress more rapidly in the near

future since the financial situation of the county school system has improved and the states have taken greater responsibility for raising the standards of the rural schools.

Several states have provided trained supervisors for a number of years and in many ways have influenced and stimulated others. Many plans are available for those states which wish to be guided toward effective state supervision. Study rural supervision in any of the following: Connecticut, Delaware, Minnesota, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas. The plan, used by Pennsylvania, employs supervisors who are paid jointly from state and federal funds.

Experienced school authorities urge and insist that professional supervision is an important means of improving instruction and it should be regarded as a highly essential service.

From the United States Department of Interior Pamphlet No. 72.

J. O., Senior 6



A Term Paper and What Came of It

Mr. Henry Clay Folger is responsible for the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington. It contains a large collection of books, manuscripts, objects of art and memorabilia relating to Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Age.

The amazing thing about the magnificent collection is that it all began with a term paper. Dr. James S. McManaway, the Executive Assistant of the library, relates that Mr. Folger first became interested in Shakespeare as a result of a term paper written in college about Shakespeare and his works. Thereafter, he was an enthusiastic reader of Shakespeare's plays. This reading and impressions made by Emerson's talks on the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth so fired his imagination that he at once began a thorough study of the works of the great master.

Early in his collection he purchased a dollar and twenty-five cent copy of Halliwell-Phillips reduced facsimile of the "First Folio". Mrs. Folger referred to this volume as the "cornerstone" of the Shakespeare Library.

The first real rarity that Mr. Folger bought was a copy of the Fourth Folio (at a sale) for one hundred seven dollars and fifty cents. Not having enough money to pay for it at the time, he had to get credit for thirty days.

From then on he was launched upon the "entrancing sea of collecting" which resulted in the finest collection of Shakespeareana that the world has known.

A. L. KIRKWOOD, Sr. 6

The Open Forum Invites Your Attention

LAST year there was an innovation in the assembly program of State Teachers College—the open forum. Under the direction of the League of Young Voters and more directly under Miss Van Bibber and Mr. Leef the forum enjoyed a comparative measure of success. This year it promises to be even more successful.

The freshmen and perhaps even some of the upper-classmen are rather vague as to the purpose and exact nature of such an assembly program. All of us will some day be citizens and the majority of us will be members of the teaching profession. Certainly as worthwhile citizens and teachers we must have some knowledge of the world around us, a realization of the problems of the day, and the ability to discuss these problems and their suggested solutions intelligently. The forum proposes to give as much information as possible on world affairs, and to bring before the student body the problems for consideration. Doctor Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has said that the American people have little knowledge and much opinion. The forum hopes to provide a worthwhile basis of knowledge for the formation of opinions. Today when the rising tide of Fascism is destroying freedom of speech in many parts of the world and substituting for it an unhealthy intolerance, it is highly desirable that we carry out the American tradition of freedom of thought and speech. Therefore, students will be allowed, even requested, to contribute information to the forum discussions, ask questions and express opinions. This will also give opportunity for oral expression and will prove to be invaluable experience in P. T. A. work. We hope to develop as an outcome of the forums a corps of competent speakers who will be capable of being sent out to various organizations to speak for our college.

On one Tuesday of every month a speaker from the student body will have charge of the meeting. Every other month a speaker from some other college will be in charge. Thus, one month there will be one open forum and every other month there will be two. In order to help the students to take a more active and more intelligent part in the discussions the forum committee has arranged for an extensive system of education. One table or shelf in the library will be known as the open forum table or shelf. Here, a week before a forum discussion is to be given, will be placed books, magazine and newspaper articles pertaining to the topic to be discussed. It is to be hoped that the students will use these materials. In the hall outside the auditorium there will be, a few days before each forum assembly, an exhibit. Not only will these be interesting, but they will also be informational.

The open forum is a student affair. Its success or failure depends upon the cooperation of the student body. Already the students have given proof of their willingness to cooperate by voting on what topics they would like to hear discussed. Now, it is hoped that they will use the forum corner in the library, watch for the exhibits, attend the forums, be intelligent listeners and take active part in the discussion. This series of open forum assemblies will be begun on November sixteenth or twenty-third, by Dr. Albert E. Blumberg. On the following Tuesday there will be a panel discussion on whether or not the government in a democracy should take the responsibility for giving each young person all the educational opportunities necessary to fit him for life. The first assembly will be compulsory; after that your own interest will make it absolutely necessary for you to be present at every forum assembly.

SAVILLA COGSWELL, Soph. 1



Evening Song

Cars—big cars, little cars, old cars and new cars—all are jaunting home. Home, too, are flitting the birds. Their soft twitterings in the trees, that still retain their golden leaves, sound like children whispering good night. Home come the cows from the pasture lot, down the road at a leisurely trot. Their sleek sides shine in the glow of the sun which has only an inch to go to settle behind the hills. Home am I by the drowsy house. Soon not a creature will stir, not even a mouse.

M. WASHBURN, '37



Autumn

If the autumn of life is half as lovely
As the autumn of earth, I shall not grieve
For the vanished days of a rapturous spring
Nor beg for one moment of reprieve.

I have loved the snows of hawthorn and plum
That rivaled the frost flakes' mystic designs,
But what of a world in crimson and gold
With wild grapes spilling their purple wines!

And if winter should come? I am content
To leave my life in the hands of God
Whose mind could conceive the autumn of earth
And star it with asters and goldenrod.

MARION DOYLE

(Published by permission of *Good Housekeeping*.)

What Price College

THE girl was breathless with excitement and anticipation. Her cheeks were fiery, and a stray lock of smoky brown hair had escaped the shackles of her neat but worn hat. She looked tired as she hurried across the broad campus. Boys and girls, loafing in front of Howell Hall, eyed her indifferently as she passed. She did appear insignificant with her ancient hat and her outmoded valise. She seemed old, for her clothes camouflaged the splendid dignity of her walk and the firm, young beauty of her body. On each side of her rougeless mouth there were incipient wrinkles. They weren't visible today, however, for a faintly perceptible smile trembled on her lips. It wasn't the smile of a schoolgirl at all, rather that of a woman who has almost forgotten the art.

"Goodness," she mused as she walked, "imagine my being here—at State University." It seemed incredible, after years, each an eternity in itself, of washing and ironing and penny-pinching and more washing, and now . . . The shift in the factory had been even worse—shrieking machinery, the deliberate monotony of specialization, the speeding-up processes that made one an automaton. . . . Her smile broadened as she remembered the night she was dismissed. "Inefficient"—the foreman said. That's what he called automatons who fell asleep at their work. She should have slept at the boarding house instead of spending all her time at the library. She remembered the book she had been reading when she met Dr. Dorman, "Plutarch's Lives." She had never finished it, but now she would—and finish many more, too. Strange how you remember those things. . . . Dr. Dorman, Dean of Women, had taken an interest in her, and this was the result.

Awakening from her reverie with a start, she stopped. Yes, there was Governor's Hall, austere yet friendly in the September sunshine. She walked through the massive portals, and turned to the left down a silent corridor. A glazed-glass door, upon which was printed "Mrs. Hill", led to the office beyond. She knocked timidly, her heart beating wildly. At last she was here, after waiting so long! A voice shrilled, "Come in, please." She entered smiling, strode confidently up to a severe looking woman behind a desk, and said, "Mrs. Hill? I've a letter here from Dr. Dorman."

"Oh, yes, you're the new chambermaid for the girls' dormitory."

BETTY KAUFMAN, Freshman 4

Lewis

It is essentially his inobtrusive nature which keeps Lewis Gwynn from being better known to the student body. There is much, indeed, to commend him to their attention. One has but to mention only a few of the items which concern Lewis at the State Teachers College to demonstrate the obviousness of this.

He is more than head janitor. He is the directive energy behind those forces which make the college a pleasant, habitable place. It may not be readily apparent to the students, but Lewis' touch may be found in almost every room. In one place it may take the shape of the arrangement of flowers in some definite pattern; in another it may be merely the sparkling cleanliness of floors and windows and walls; in another it may be a general neat appearance of chairs and desks and tables. In all of these, Lewis has had a hand. Despite those impersonal, uncreative labors that a janitor's job entails, here is a man who, nevertheless, has the power and the ability to be both creative and artistic.

The artistry in Lewis is, perhaps, inherited from his parents. Concerning his father, it may be said that in him were evident many of the fine qualities for which the colored race has been best known. He was a slave. In due time, however, he purchased his freedom by working nights—burning a lime kiln for the neighborhood and becoming such a good business man that he managed mortgages and loans for his neighborhood friends. It is interesting to note that his mother, a Canadian, was a prolific composer of music, poetry, and religious verse, all of which may be had in our college library. She was one of the first colored teachers in Baltimore County, probably the initiator of the teacher tradition that is so closely associated with the family of Lewis. There are two nephews, three nieces, a brother and a son, who are at present teaching in the public schools.

This trait of perseverance the father undoubtedly passed on to his children. At any rate, Lewis found it invaluable in his younger days, for having to leave school at the end of the seventh grade, he continued his education while working on his father's farm. In preparation for high school, he took a correspondence course from Columbia University which in time gave him the necessary credits to enter Douglas High. Meanwhile he had acquired a job—his first real job—at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Here he stayed, working during the day and going to school at night. Subsequently, after several years, he accepted the position which he now holds at the college. He has been here almost fourteen years.

Lewis is proud of his ferns at the school. He points out that when he first came here there were only two, and these are now in Dr. Tall's office. At present, there are over sixty plants. Incidentally, all of the ferns have been cultivated on Lewis' farm, in Baltimore County, where Lewis lives with his wife and son Lewis, who is an honor scholarship student at Morgan College. One other son graduated with high honors at Morgan College, a daughter is married and another son John assists Lewis at the College. He is running a close second to his father in those traits that make a fine, dependable janitor. That Lewis is an institution himself at State Teachers College may readily be taken for granted. But he is hesitant in admitting this. "I found the work here a pleasure," he says, "and the more I can do to make you happy the better I feel. I was sorry to see the baby elementary children go from the school (this was before the erection of the Campus School), but I know they are in good hands. We are very proud of our new chief, Mr. Richardson, and we are very glad to have the pleasure of working under him." Lewis says his *hobby* is his church.

Dr. Tall thinks very highly of Lewis, and this is what she says of him: "To Lewis Gwynn, our highly respected head janitor, I desire to pay tribute. During his many years of service in the college, he has won the esteem and admiration of every member of the staff. He studies the needs of the faculty and the students. He makes rooms comfortable and artistic. He is an indefatigable worker. On occasions when all else fails Lewis has come to the rescue and carried off the activity or the function with great success. He is a real gentleman, courteous and ethical in all his associations with faculty and students. Long may he live to work with us."

LEON L. LERNER, Fr. 4



September

Rarer than June are the days in
September,
Such delightful hours, one can always
remember
Bright colored zinnias, chrysanthemums
too
Gay painted foliage, grass heavy
with dew,
A tang in the air, filling one full
of zest;
Now, don't you agree that September
is best?

ELLEN JANE BAMFORD, Freshman 5

Leisure Time

TECHNOLOGICAL advances have made it possible for more people to have more leisure time than ever before. This has brought about the problem of what to do with the added hours; or as it is popularly stated, worthy use of leisure time. Books have been written on the subject, courses have been offered; but yet, the problem has not been satisfactorily solved. Do you wonder why? Neither do I, so let's turn our attention towards one of the most perplexing social problems of our generation.

For the sake of argument, let us suppose that one finds himself with a surplus of two hours each day. In order to use these two hours enjoyably he decides to attend the ball games (or the opera, theatre, etc.). This attendance requires an additional amount of money which is not readily forthcoming. In order to obtain this money, he must work an additional two hours each day. He is now possessed of the money with which to enjoy his leisure time; but not of the leisure time with which to enjoy his money. Let us suppose, however, that our subject decides to devote his leisure to some cultural pursuit such as visiting art galleries. Since the expense involved is nominal, our subject finds that it is easily within the range of his finances. This time, however, he finds himself bankrupt mentally. He is totally unable to appreciate the works of beauty because of his limited background. Feverish hours of research follow in order to alleviate this deficiency, hours that reward him with an enriched background, but that deplete his store of leisure time with which to make worthy use of his leisure time. (If you think you can't understand this, try reading Dewey). Surely, you say, there must be someone somewhere who has the necessary equipment with which to enjoy his leisure time. The college student is your selection as being this elusive person.

The college student interviewed (his name cannot be revealed because of the confidential questions asked) offered the following enlightening facts:

Hours spent in class	20
Hours preparation required (2 for each class)	40
Hours used in going to and from school.....	10
Hours spent in sleep (9 per night)	63
Hours used in eating, dressing and bathing.....	14
Hours spent in <i>required</i> "extra-curricular" activities.....	5
Hours spent in gainful employment for the purpose of earning tuition, living expenses and money for leisure time	17

Total	169
Hours in one week . . 7 x 24 . . 168.....	168

—1

From my data and calculations, I concluded that the student owes the week one hour. Perhaps he will find it profitable to use his "leisure time" to balance his time budget.

My suggestion to this person is that he can obtain ample leisure time by the simple expedient of dreaming during his sleep.

THE S. T. C. PHILOSOPHER



"When I Was a Child—"

"**T**HOUGH time be fleet", and the realities of today harsh and pressing, that unforgettable span of years called childhood will never be completely obliterated from my memory. Haunting and poignant, it returns time and again echoing its gay laughter and whispering its hopes and dreams into my ear. Then I settle back in an easy chair, close my eyes, and let the fancies of childhood hold sway once more, creating again that delicate, whimsical world of long ago.

The old nursery with its funny circus wallpaper comes back to me, and I almost shout with delight at the familiar clowns and elephants parading in splendid pomp around the border. How cozy it was to awake on some frosty morning, and, with a delightfully drowsy feeling, snuggle under the covers to watch the parade begin. Through half-closed lids those still figures came to life. The painted clown, grinning broadly, turned colossal somersaults; the huge elephants trumpeted and stamped, impatient to begin; the drummer loudly beat his drum until its reverberating "boom—boom—boom" shook the air; the red and yellow tent flags waved gayly in the breeze; the whole room became to my childish mind a panorama of thrilling sound and action and color of which I was the center.

By day our homely bedroom floor became battlefield, ship, foreign land, or school as my doll family wished. What fun we had, I and that queer assortment of dolls which I claimed as my family. Battered old Rags was honored above the others. War was our favorite game and Rags obligingly served as a red-cross dog while I repelled a whole army with my doll broom. Cleatie, the clown rag doll, Snowy, my stuffed kitten, and Dinah, the colored mammy, were boon companions in the land of make-believe.

By night the nursery became a warm haven for tired little bodies. To lie in bed in the friendly dark and listen to Mother sing Baby Richard to sleep as we watched the shadows make grotesque patterns on the ceiling far surpassed any other childish pleasures. How secure we felt then, surrounded by those impregnable walls of love; how blissfully free from worry or anxiety! That, I suppose, is the beauty of childhood—loving and being loved with no regrets for the past, no doubts of the future, living each moment for the wonder it holds and being content with that. Thus we watched and listened till the shadows and the songs merged into sleep.

The old day nursery is no more; Rags, Cleatie, and Snowy lie at the back of a closet shelf, dusty and forgotten; Brother Richard faded away and became part of the dream of childhood. Only a shadow remains, lingering in the dim recesses of our minds until all is lost in the fleetness of time.

N. TROTT, Sophomore 2



Memory of a Moment

(Lewisohn Stadium Concert)

Overhead, a lone white planet
Staring coldly, with unwinking brightness;
Spread out in comfort over concrete benches;
People listening, hushed, absorbed,
A boy and a girl pressed close together;
Dim spots that shine uncertainly
Among dark shapes of buildings blending into mist;
A passing street car's rumble,
The clink of beer bottles;
And a dull, red moon
Rising, rising slowly to the tune of "Ase's Death".

J. K., Sr. 7

This Seat Holds Four

T IRED, weary bodies, packed closely together in the rank, stifling atmosphere, sway to and fro, hanging by one arm from a strap overhead. The closed car slowly rumbles on its way through the rain. Many tired eyes attempt to peer through the steamed windows to no avail, while other lids close resignedly. Standing in the midst of the mob at the rear of the car, we seem unable to endure it longer. Books fall here and there and aching feet threaten us with fallen arches. It is only when driven to such extremes that we even consider the plausibility of squeezing onto the long seat, already comfortably filled with three normal-sized passengers. The occupants define our intentions from the glances repeatedly cast in their direction and begin shifting around, finally settling in precisely the same spot as before. Having given due warning, we turn around and "back up" to the seat. Releasing our weight gradually we try to wriggle our way in. It is no easy task but by persevering we win for ourselves a small area on the very edge. The victory is short lived for we find we are in great danger of slipping to the floor. Our neighbors aren't so pleased either, and, as a citizen of a democratic country, we feel obliged to act for the benefit of the majority. Three to one—we stand. Seemingly as a reward for this altruistic motive, two of the occupants get up to leave. At last there is a place for us on the long seat.

Such occasions as this should ring a sympathetic note in the heart of every commuter. It is a common experience. The suffering runs to even greater lengths when the "fourth" continues to insist upon the right extended to him in the simply worded notice. "This seat holds four." What is wrong with the transit company? The "brains" which conceive of such informative signs must have little or no occasion to ride the street cars. We, the commuting proletariat, demand a new deal. We object on the grounds of "misrepresentation." Transit company, take heed—"the customer is always right".

ESTHER LOHR, Sophomore 2



"I want to keep my flag flying and my light burning till I die."

DANIEL WEBSTER

Camping in Town

IN recent years there has been a drive among the educational associations of the city to establish what is called a "home camp program"—that is, a day camp to provide a supervised summer recreational routine for children who are not financially able to attend a pay camp. My first contact with this type of work was during the summer of 1936. This was after I had completed only one year at college and had had little practical experience in the field of education. This past summer when I was offered the directorship of the same camp I felt more capable of handling the situation.

Came the big day! Enrollment—greeting the old members and welcoming the new ones! Steadily the roll book began to fill, the net enrollment mounting to one hundred twenty-five. These one hundred twenty-five youngsters were assigned to age groups—four to six, seven to ten, and eleven to fourteen. Led by one of the older members, the assembly sang. It was then that I had time to catch my breath and realize, as I looked at the happy, excited faces of the group, that I too was excited.

The next thing seemed to be the flurry of preparing for the closing exhibition. And then that day came. The mothers filled the center to see what their little Johnnies or Sallies had done. The host and hostess ushered the parents about, explaining that the sail boats, the painted pottery, the woolen, the raffia, and the leather pocketbooks had been made by the children. These were the toys fashioned of sponge and these the jewelry boxes from paper mache. Quite eager were they also to show the crayon and paint work of the kindergarten group. With beaming faces and expanded chests the mothers watched their children participate in the play, the rhythm work, or the stunts carried on by the athletic group.

As I stood before the children, for probably the last time, hearing them sing their farewell song, I again felt excited—not the same excitement that had possessed me those many weeks before, but the excitement of leaving something that had become a part of me.

CARMEN ROSENBERG, Junior 4



According to the estimated value of school property and endowments in the United States, there is an investment of \$400 for each pupil in the Nation's schools.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

Editor

MARY E. McCLEAN

Assistant Editors

SARAH STRUMSKY

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

Circulation Managers

GENEVA LEE WILSON

RUTH DUDDERAR

EVELYN SCARFF

ESTHER ROYSTON

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Science

SARA HEPBURN

VIOLETTE HODDINOTT

SECRETARIAL STAFF

ANN STIDMAN

BLANCHE STARK

BELLE VODENOS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

"Life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality."

"Thou Shalt Not"

ETHICS week has passed. What did it mean to us then? What does ethics mean to us now? Does it mean that since we know what is right and what is wrong in our classrooms, athletic fields, libraries, and assemblies that we shall practice the principles of right? No, we know them but it is easier for us to ignore than to practice them. I sat in front of two students in assembly who ridiculed the entire performance. Those students might say,—“This is a free country”—, (a much abused statement), “a place where opinions may be expressed without fear of criticism; anyway, we are urged to act freely, to get rid of our inhibitions.” But might not those students consider a quotation from Richard Cabot—“There is no free action without a ‘Thou shalt not.’” Free actions on the whole cannot take place if you are considerate of others—who usually form a majority. “Thou shalt not” do certain things because for many years customs have been built up and accepted by many people. The two students in the assembly are not criticized for expressing their opinions but rather for forcing people in several rows around to hear them at a time which annoyed every one. This is just a minor example of our forgetfulness of ethics where remembrance would prove of far greater value. Let’s practice good ethics—not in an artificial, ostentatious manner but honestly and sincerely.

M. E. M.



"When I Consider"

A GREAT astronomer has compared humanity to a fly caught in a dusting mop which is being drawn over the surface of a picture; the fly experiences only the one instant of time with which it is in immediate contact; it may remember a bit of the picture just behind or imagine some just before. But the whole picture is there.

Today our moments are so complex that we can but begin to resolve them and we are in the next. Occasionally, however, we take our thoughts from the instant of time with which we are in contact and recall that which has gone before, within our own experience or as recorded by history. We think the hoop skirt and stagecoach strange indeed; yet, a century ago, these museum pieces of today were not strange: they were the accessories of living. Men’s basic concerns then were no different from ours.

But before the pioneers there were other men; we have found their stone implements and weapons, their clay bowls and woven baskets. Where we now find ashes there was, five hundred or one thousand years ago, a campfire around which eating, sleeping, working and playing took place. We have found only some of the tools of that living.

Six thousand years ago in the delta of the great Nile men computed the length of a year. The time of their calculation is what we call the first recorded date in history; nevertheless, they too could recall the past and wonder about the life of their predecessors, even as we now wonder about them.

But we find time recorded by agencies other than human. We may hold a striated pebble that was worn by ice before the Indians built their campfires, or study the work of a river begun before the Egyptians had left any evidences of their civilization. When we consider the most conservative geological estimate of Earth-age, we feel that "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past."

And yet we have not seen the whole of the picture. On almost any clear night we may see in the heavens other sun-directed bodies greater than this planet. The director of the solar system, the sun that sustains our life, is just another of the myriads of stars, many of which exceed it in size. And Science tells us that some of the little blurs of light which we may see are whole galaxies of stars as large as the vast galaxy in which our solar system is only a speck.

"When I consider, What is man?"

EAF



Stop! Look! Listen!

Sh! Don't look now. Wait until November 15, when the State Teachers College joins the nation in the national celebration of Book Week. No doubt you have heard of Book Week before, but do you know what is in store for your enjoyment this year?

Three exhibits and a surprise feature will present materials in connection with children's literature. If you visit these displays, it will be worth your time and our efforts, for surely you will find something of value in the display. So, until that time, be **READING YOUR WAY ALONG THE MAGIC HIGHWAY TO ADVENTURE.**

The Library - At Your Service

Unit-y

Student teaching assignments! Units! Materials?? The library has found just the answer to some of your problems of getting information. There is a series of concise, attractively illustrated little books published by the Rand McNally Company presenting the life of people in other lands. Some of these books would make an inexpensive, helpful addition to any collection of materials for a unit. At this time of the year, the time for Christmas shopping, many children's books of the more worthwhile type may be purchased in the ten cent store. Some of those which the library has purchased are:

Burke, May Stella, *Children of Mexico*.

Actual photographs illustrate every page of text. By describing the lives of Jorge and Anita, the author describes the language, food, clothing, cities, and activities of the Mexican people.

Kellogg, Harold and Elaine, *Indians of the Southwest*.

This book contains excellent photographs taken by the authors, and a short description of each of the tribes of Indians who live or have lived in the southwestern United States: Pueblo, Navaho, Comanche, Apache, and Pawnee.

Burke, May Stella, *Children of Japan*.

The author of this book has lived and travelled in Japan, and so truly knows the Japanese.

She, too, has photographs which illustrate her text.

Thorsmark, Thora, *Children of Lapland*.

This is an illustrated description of the Laps as they work and play.

Rudy, Stella M., *Children of China*.

The author was a teacher in China for fifteen years. She writes of the customs, manners, dress, and work of the Chinese she knew.



The Baltimore Bulletin of Education

A publication with which every teacher or prospective teacher in Baltimore should be acquainted is the *Baltimore Bulletin of Education*.

In it one may find a study of some particular problem of concern to a teacher. The theme of the current issue is "In-Service Training for Teachers".

One may read about the theoretical in education, such as the concept of equal but not identical opportunity for all. To supply the very practical

aspect of education there are reports of specific activities or units in the Baltimore Public Schools.

SAWYER, RUTH, illustrated, *Roller Skates*, New York, Viking Press, Junior Literary Guild, 1936, (186 pages), \$2.00.

This is an intensely interesting story of a temporary orphan just ten years old living in the 1890's. Lucinda Wyman was a child from a wealthy home and had been very closely guarded and chaperoned all her life. Suddenly a very wonderful thing happened to her. Lucinda's parents were forced to spend a year abroad and she was allowed to spend the time with two maiden women, the Misses Peters. Lucinda kept a diary during this heavenly year when she was free from the restraint so irksome to a child of ten. Indeed, she thoroughly enjoyed being an "orphan", as she termed it.

During this year of freedom Lucinda fairly lived on her roller skates; she skated to Bryant Park, Gedney House, the hotel where she formerly lived with her parents; around the corner to visit Tony and his father, Vittore Coppicco, at their fruit stand; to meet Patrolman McGonegal; to see Mr. Gelligan the cab driver who took her to her new home, or to romp with Pygmalion the Pekingese which had been accustomed only to sedate walks with his mistress. In fact, Lucinda skated everywhere but to Aunt Emily's, where she was supervised and criticized continually, which made her appreciate more than ever her freedom the rest of the time. How happy and gay she was doing the things she loved to do, making the friends she wanted to make, and enjoying life in her own way.

All of the actions and adventures of Lucinda are true, since they happened to the author herself. The pages from the diary found in the story are actually from the diary of the author.

There is one chapter in this book which could be used by student teachers at Christmas time. It is the chapter called "Born Is the King Of Israel", telling the ways in which this young lady made many people extremely happy at Christmas.

Roller Skates is a Pulitzer Prize winner and has been chosen by the Editors of the Junior Literary Guild as an outstanding book for young readers. The editorial board consists of Helen Ferris, Angelo Patri, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Sedonie Gruenberg.

This satisfying, genuine, lively, refreshing story of Lucinda's enchanting personality, gay conversation, and her many delightful friends may best be enjoyed by children nine to twelve years old.

VIRGINIA ARNEAL, Soph. 5

An Elementary Science Unit

"Fishing Experiences" by Louise D. Elliott in *The Journal of the Education Association of the District of Columbia* for September, 1937 is not, as the title implies, an essay. It is an excellent account of how a unit on sea life was carried on by way of excursions. The fish market and aquarium formed the nucleus for the stimulation of interest about the sea. A variety of oysters, crabs, clams, fish, and even a sea-horse provided material. Dissection was the result of a curious child's query concerning the backbone of a fish.

Probably the most interesting outgrowth of the unit was the fact that diversified interests compelled a branching off from the main theme. "What?" you ask? Concomitant topics such as water pressure, deep-sea diving, tides, good fishing grounds and the evolution of the fishing vessel were developed.

Booklets, scrapbooks, movies, talks, charts and poetry were material results of the unit. At the conclusion of the project the class visited the aquarium again. This visit was enjoyed and comprehended much more than the first one had been.

Miss Joslin of our Education Department had the experience of working out a similar deep-sea life project. She believes that the unit will appeal to children of all ages, as well as to adults from sixteen to sixty. Imagination, color sense, interest in the mysteries — all are stimulated by this deep-sea life topic. In working with seven-year olds, Miss Joslin used the activities of making a deep sea cave, drawing pictures of fish, making an aquarium and construcing a peep show.

V. V. H.



From the Journal

The Journal of the Education Association of the District of Columbia presents in the September 1937 issue an outline of an assembly entitled "The Old World and the New". So thoroughly and completely has the assembly been planned that in eight studies of the elementary school, concomitant learning occurs. The specific topic of the assembly deals with the "early history and present day industries of four nations engaged in struggle for supremacy in the new world". The article contains excellent suggestions for those of us who will some day be called upon to present an historical assembly. For those of us who believe in the project method this article is especially valuable.

V. V. H.

NYBURG, SIDNEY L.—*The Buried Rose*. Legends of old Baltimore; N. Y., Alfred A. Knopf, 1932 (302 pages).

"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

Let us imagine ourselves in the Baltimore of 1812. A stately town it is, reflected in the games and graces and the courtly manner of that day. Sidney Nyburg writes in just such a style about just such people in this delightful book. He tells us of the turbulence of the war period, of the pathos of unrequited love, of jealousy, hate, fear, valour, chivalry, and sacrifice which have been so much a part of humanity since time immemorial. If at times, his writing seems a little too formal for us who are in such an informal age, we must remember that, too, reflects the spirit of those times.

The book contains five complete romantic stories; 1812; The Fair Duelists; The Buried Rose; Democracy; The Eye of The Needle.

The illustrations are pictures of old Baltimore town—in themselves worthy of much meditation.

He moves us easily from one place to the next with a smoothness and a selection of words in his description which is more than pleasing and satisfying.

If you like love stories, good description, adventure, cultural background, and an all around good book, you'll like this.

M. BRASHEARS, Soph. 9



An Educational Journal for the District

Did you know that Lu Verne Crabtree Walker, the sister of Dr. Crabtree of our faculty, is the editor of *The Journal of the Education Association of the District of Columbia*?

Every month the *Journal* appears, bringing many pages of varied and outstanding articles and photographs of classroom activities. You may have your choice of reading material ranging from Vegetable Soup, A Choral Speech Experiment, The Work of an Elementary School Journal, Group Art Work, and Cooperative Financing of Teachers, to a report of the last N. E. A. Convention.¹ And you will surely enjoy all the "candid" or posed pictures of the work of children.

Many vital and arresting educational truths may be read in the pages of this publication which will be remembered and applied; for example, "We learn from books really only when their contents are interpreted by life and experience."

Don't you believe that the *Journal* will be a worthwhile acquaintance and a valuable exchange for the TOWER LIGHT?

¹ September, 1937—Vol. 7; No. 1.

Education by Radio

"Education by Radio" is a pamphlet published monthly by the National Committee on Radio. It is "a bulletin to promote the use of radio for educational, cultural, and civic purposes."

The October, 1937 issue deals chiefly with the clean-up of radio broadcasting, and more specifically, with how much cleaning up is needed. There is the question of whether the basic principle upon which licensed broadcasting rests, i. e. "the government shall license to private interests that number of stations which can make most effective technical use of the comparatively few air channels available for broadcasting" is good or bad. Competition is not fair, since one station may have 50,000 watts to another station's 100 watts. A complete discussion of the question is given in "Education By Radio". News of educational programs on the air and of programs in the making is to be found in the pamphlet. The material is of especial interest to teachers since radio in the classroom seems to be the next step in the progress of education.

V. V. H.



ROBERTS, KENNETH—*Northwest Passage*; N. Y., Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1937 (709 pages).

Kenneth Roberts' new novel is an intensely gripping historical romance. The reader, every muscle tense, jumps as a musket is fired, and an Indian, trying to paddle some of his savage companions to safety, overturns the canoe as he falls dead. Roger's Ranger primes his musket and sights another red target. In half an hour, the entire camp is wiped out—Indians dead and buildings burned.

Another time the reader finds himself doubling up. He realizes that he is suffering hunger cramps along with Roger's Rangers who had had no food for a month and who had been marching through the forest and bogs of New England in October.

Yet Robert Rogers led his men from death and starvation to life, and happiness, and home. The same daring resourcefulness which enabled him to lead his men in war led him into the deepest depths of unhappiness. He became a man of very loose morals, and partly demented from drink—he was thrown into a debtors' prison in England.

His whole life is perhaps, summed up in the last scene, when even his best friends are wishing they could think of him as dead. Ann hears the wind, and says, "That sounds like his voice, his voice and his footsteps, searching, hurrying, hunting! Ah, no: You can't kill what was in that man!"

KATHERINE FEASER, Soph. 9

DELAFIELD, E. M.—"*I Visit the Soviets*". Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1937.

Miss Delafield and her American publisher are seated in a London restaurant when he suddenly decides that she should write a "funny" book about life in Soviet Russia, and that the best way for her to do this is to go and live on a collective farm for several months. To this alarming suggestion the authoress promptly and strenuously objects saying that under no conditions will she consider such a thing. However, she soon finds herself on a Russian liner with a vague remembrance of having her objections overruled by a publisher tyrant; and from this point she describes her experiences as a traveler in the U.S.S.R. Her adventures are recorded in an accurate, concise, and direct manner plentifully sprinkled with subtle humor. Although seldom flattering, her pen portraits are never hostile and give the impression of being remarkably true to life. One of the most delightful characters is that of a native lady who asks, the first time she meets Miss Delafield, if she has any silk stockings, aspirins, lipsticks, cotton frocks, or nail-scissors to sell. Then there is the woman guide to whom the authoress privately always refers as the "Little Monster".

Leo Manso has illustrated the book, and his black and white drawings are admirably suited to the text in that they are original, humorous and simple.

Whether or not this book tells the basic truth about Russia is hard to say, but it can undoubtedly be described as enjoyable reading throughout.

V. SPERLEIN, Soph. 6



Verbal None-sense

Thigh—a sharp exhalation
Sanitary—a burial place
Badminton—making counterfeit money
Pellar—a cushion
Blanks—quilts for a bed
Fagot—not to remember
Empress—to stamp on the mind
Universe—one verse of a song
Dandelion—a fine lion
Coupe—a box of poultry
Cherub—to make one feel better
Adenoid—to be disturbed
Paralysis—when two lines are side by side

(Continued on Page 54)

Teachers College Record

Dear Freshmen,

I should like to thank you all for the privilege of serving as your President this year. My hopes are high for a harmonious and profitable year. Let us work as a unit to build lasting friendships, to develop sound habits of thought and study, and to cultivate a desire for true culture.

Sincerely yours,

SIDNEY SHER



The Registrar's News

As the college opens each year and we see the freshmen entering upon new experiences we must not forget the graduates who have recently gone from these doors and who are also having new experiences. They are eagerly trying their wings and putting into practice the methods of teaching which they sought to master during their stay at the Teachers College. With the shortage of elementary teachers in Maryland, no longer does September find graduates wondering where and when they will receive positions. Our list of available teachers has long been exhausted and calls from various counties have stopped because of the ever-recurring answer we give—"all of our graduates have been placed."

That you may know where the members of the class of 1937 are teaching we are listing below the B. S. graduates and the locations of their respective schools. If you live near one of these localities pay a visit to the school some late afternoon and get first-hand information about teaching or when these graduates return to the college for Home-Coming Events ask them to share some of their experiences with you.

Elwood Beam—Manchester, Carroll County—7th grade

Marion Cunningham—Dundalk, Baltimore County, 2nd grade

Agnes Harley—Frederick, Frederick County—4th and 5th grades

Martha Holland—Carroll Manor, Baltimore County—1st grade

Ruth Hunter—Kensington School, Montgomery County

Larue Kemp—Graded School in Montgomery County—2nd and 3rd grades

Bosley Royston—West Chester Consolidated, Baltimore County—6th grade

Irene Shank—Boonsboro, Washington County—4th grade

Elizabeth Straining—Middle River School, Baltimore County—1st and 2nd grades

Mary Washburn—75 A, Baltimore City—(substitute)

Helen Waters—Chesapeake Terrace, Baltimore County—1st and 2nd grades

Abraham Berlin—Baltimore City

Benjamin Novey—Baltimore City

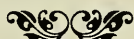
Muriel Jones—Baltimore City

The students who received three-year diplomas in June, 1937, are teaching in Baltimore City, either in regular positions or as substitutes until their names are reached for regular appointments. They, too, are having new experiences that would be interesting.

Why do high school graduates choose teaching as a profession? The answers that freshmen give to this question are varied; some are influenced by teachers they have had during their school careers, others since early childhood have had an innate desire to teach, while many become interested in teaching because members of their families are teachers. That our own graduates regard teaching a profession which they willingly recommend to the younger members of their families is evident by the number of freshmen who are brothers or sisters of former graduates. In the freshman class of this fall we find ten such students. In addition there are four freshmen who have either brothers or sisters in the college at the present time.

Students also become interested in teaching because their mothers were teachers. Among the freshmen there are eight whose mothers attended the teachers college, then the Maryland State Normal School. We hope that Freshman Week End will find these mothers at the college sharing in the experiences of their sons and daughters and at the same time reliving some of the experiences they enjoyed as students "a few years ago."

REBECCA C. TANSIL



Living in Our College

It is but natural that when a mother has guided her daughter or son through the growing years to the semi-independent stage of college life, she should wish to be acquainted with the factors that are taking over part of her functions. The mother who has worked hard that her son may have the opportunity for college training must wish to be assured that he is benefiting by that opportunity. To satisfy such motherly concern is the purpose of Freshmen Mothers' Week End, held this year on November fifth to seventh. Mothers from the Mountains, mothers from the Shore, and mothers from the City become acquainted with living in our college and those who supervise that living, to be brought into the closer relationship with son and daughter which comes only through mutual understanding.

Meet the A. C. E.

Are you interested in childhood education? Would you like to meet some of the prominent educators in the primary field? Would you like to join your fellow students in helping the less fortunate children of our community? Then why not come to our next A. C. E. meeting?

"The purpose of this organization shall be to gather and disseminate knowledge of the movement for the education of young children; to bring into active cooperation all childhood education interests, including parent education; to promote the progressive type of education in nursery school, kindergarten and primary grades, and to raise the standard of the professional training for teachers and leaders in this field."

Here is a suggestive program for the year of 1937-1938: to visit the head-quarters of the A. C. E. in Washington, D. C., to send a representative to a Symposium Dinner at Washington where prominent educators in primary work will speak on November nineteenth, to send a representative to the Annual Convention of the Association for Childhood Education to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, to plan work for and help the less fortunate children of our community, to have social activities among ourselves here at school, to have as our guests outstanding people in the field of primary education.

Watch the bulletin board for the date of the next meeting. Shall we expect you?

CHARLOTTE HURTT, Jr. 2



Y. W. Hallowe'en Social

"Where's the Y. W. party?" eagerly inquired several freshmen at nine-thirty Thursday night. The fun began when the leader, Anna Lee Kirkwood, announced a candy hunt, in which groups of ten were to look for a particular kind of candy. There was a mad scramble as black cat hunters and pumpkin seekers made a dash to all corners of the room. As a reward for their searching ability, the pumpkin girls spent the rest of the evening sucking lollipops. All of the games were amusing, but the height of the hilarity was reached when, after ten minutes for assembling costumes, everyone competed for the most outrageous "get-up". Miss Mueller certainly deserved the prize for the most original make up. Just one thing more was necessary for the success of the party, and that was the announcement, "Food!" We sat on the floor, sipped cider, munched cakes, then the Y. W. trooped upstairs to bed, happy indeed.

LOUISE DRAKE, Jr. 5

Chi Alpha Sigma Meeting

The Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity—the Honor Society of State Teachers College—held a delightful luncheon meeting at the Longfellow Hotel, on Saturday, October thirtieth. The speaker for the afternoon was Miss Lavinia Engle, Field Director of the Social Security Board. Miss Engle explained to us the work of the Social Security Board, presented the history of the movement, and concluded her talk by discussing ways in which teachers may help promote social security. Following the talk, Dr. Tall greeted the members and brought them a cheerful message.

At the business meeting, the Chi Alpha Sigma agreed to purchase five gowns for the Glee Club provided that the Glee Club would sing for the fraternity at a future meeting! Everyone went away feeling refreshed in spirit as well as in body.

CHARLES HASLUP, Secretary



Notes From the Glee Club

October has been an exciting month for the Glee Club members. We have been very busy practicing, performing, getting measured for gowns and having good times together.

First a small group had the privilege of singing at a meeting of the Anne Arundel alumni unit on October eighteenth, at the home of Mrs. Conrad Stoll, on the Annapolis Road. This was an eventful evening with speeches by Dr. Tall, Miss Munn, and Miss Scarborough, a viola solo by Miss Rohnacher, our singing, and last but not least, refreshments.

The red letter day for the Glee Club was Wednesday, October twenty-seventh, when we gave a concert for the faculty and student body, arrayed in our new academic gowns. For the past four years we have been looking forward to the day when we would finally become a robed Glee Club and we have been saving the money earned by singing. Thanks to the contributions of the faculty and students, the various alumni units, and the fruits of our own efforts, our goal has been attained sooner than we had anticipated. Enough money is on hand or promised to warrant the purchase of the gowns, though much more is still to be raised.

On Friday, October twenty-ninth, the most important outside concert of the fall season was given at Polytechnic Institute for the State Teachers Association.

We are looking forward to singing at an assembly at Towson High School on November fourth. We enjoy concerts more than ever, now that there is the added thrill of wearing robes.

D. A. V.

Assembly Calendar

The assembly programs this year will cover the topic "Side Lights on Maryland's Great Men and Noted Places". Three talks in the series have already been given by Mr. Sidney Nyburg, Mr. James W. Foster, and Mr. Frederick Stieff. Those in the future will be: "Baltimore's Harbor Today" by Mr. G. H. Pouder, vice-president of the Baltimore Association of Commerce; "Baltimore's Industrial Expansion" by Mr. Findley French, also of the Baltimore Association of Commerce; and "Aviation in Maryland" by a representative of the Glen L. Martin Company.



Assemblies

October eleventh

"Ethics in World Today," was Dr. Lynch's subject.

She stated that ethics have existed as long as people have lived together but not until recently have they been analyzed. Basically they are the result of common social experience, or, in other words, what people do and are likely to do.

Taking happiness as her standard Dr. Lynch told various ways she had thought of for reaching this goal; namely, marry a wealthy man, sacrifice herself, do good, and be good. She finally came to the conclusion that the secret of happiness depends on five elements: working, playing, loving, enjoying, laughing; all five of which go to make up growth in personality.

Essentially, the need in this system is cooperation—helped by Right, and hindered by Wrong.

October twelfth

Sir Alden Allen, coming to us from the League of Nations, spoke about World Affairs.

After outlining how the war in Spain is taking the 1937 spotlight because of the grave possibility of another World War arising there, he discussed the Japanese-Chino situation. Although this is not so vital from the standpoint of other nations being drawn into the conflict, it cannot be tolerated.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy of isolation and neutrality toward Japan must be augmented if the matter is to be settled. Sanctions are not enough, and are positively an evil, while laws are made ineffective by people who do not believe in them.

Sir Alden believes that a great deal of tact must be exercised in bringing the situation to a head.

THE TOWER LIGHT

October fourteenth

Mr. Broome, Superintendent of Montgomery County Schools, spoke on ethics in professional living. Primitive man had no ethics problems. Only the inter-dependency of modern man with his need for group well-being makes such a code necessary. Will Durant in his book "Mansions of Conduct" points out that ethics are constantly being revised to meet the situation. Mr. Broome feels that new ethics will be developed in respect to living in a highly organized society—an ethics embodying the sharing of both responsibilities and benefits. Education is the hope of this new ethics.

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM, Soph.

October eighteenth

Miss I. J. Simpson spoke on her "Trip to the Orient".

Miss Simpson succeeded in bringing life in the Orient closer to us, making us feel that the people there are real humans. Our speaker told us of their religion—ancestor worship—and their schooling, a thing that made us prick up our ears. Imagine having to teach seven thousand characters of the alphabet to children! Miss Simpson told about the early militaristic training of the Japanese and their heroes of war. We came a little closer to Oriental beauty as she described homes and lovely gardens. We felt the urge of travel when Miss Simpson said it was worth travelling over a continent just for the sight of Mt. Fujii.

October twenty-first

Mr. Sydney Nyberg's topic was "Land Marks of Old Baltimore".

Nyberg Mr. Nyberg stimulated our knowledge of the past by connecting it with things that happened within a block of our assembly hall. First he told us the historical incident of Colonel Gilmore's attempt to dash through Baltimore via York Road. Then he related the legend that has been attached to the historical facts, that of the young Confederate soldier who disguised himself and stole into Baltimore to visit the girl he loved. Mr. Nyberg said that people have even pointed out the exact house which the young man visited, but that sometimes it was on Charles street and then on Cathedral.

The speaker aroused our imaginations when he told us a sad love story relating to a rose supposedly buried on the spot where the Washington Monument in Baltimore now stands. "The rose which the girl buried is still there. We can never touch it, but in some spiritual fashion the fragrance of old Baltimore invades the city, though it cannot be touched. Consciously or unconsciously it affects your life and mine, and makes it different from any other place in the world."

R. C. B.

Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

News is a fascinating thing. There are items which can be published; then there are those things which suddenly find themselves under the blue pencil. Here's hoping very little of this news will find itself taking on that melancholy look.

Postscript

The other day I found a paper called "Maryland State Normal School"—March 1, 1921. Whose picture was on page 1?—Dr. Tall's. She was dressed in a dark dress with a white collar, V shape. In her hand was one of the 1921 editions of Spencerian pens and she was ready to sign an important looking document. The expression on her face told of the understanding of the great task before her. She knew it then, and today she has not lost one gleam of that vision. The write-up under the picture seemed to have been uttered from the assembly platform only yesterday. Here are some of the excerpts of that article. (Remember this was written in 1921).

"To High School Students: Normal needs you! Why?—To educate all of the children of all the people there must be trained teachers.—Ought a teacher be trained so as to develop children into the best possible types of human being because they will have in their hands the fate of nations?—Are you a graduate of a four year high school course? Are you a good student? Are you good at team work? Are you a good loser? Have you initiative? Can you see five opportunities or angles of a question where other students see only one? Are you—just? Are you a good mixer? Are you interested in scientific thinking—that is, do you want the truth based on facts? Have you an aptitude for teaching? Do you like children? Do you believe that a teacher ought to be a highly trained person? Can you laugh? If so you would be a good person to train children. And the Normal needs you!

Cordially yours,

LIDA LEE TALL, Principal

Open letter

To all students and faculty members:

This college is led by a leader who has never for one minute doubted her own purpose. All of us are privileged to have known her. None of us have fully answered the challenges she gave us sixteen years ago. She presents these same challenges to us today. We hear them often as she talks with us from the platform and at informal moments. We express a real spirit of Thanksgiving throughout the school for a creative leader.

THE TOWER LIGHT

To Dr. Dowell and Miss Van Bibber:

Do you remember having your pictures tucked into little ovals on pages two and three of the March first, 1921 number of "Maryland State Normal School"?

To Miss Neonsinger:

You think you have your troubles in decorating the auditorium for dances and in getting your "kids" straightened out—they were doing it sixteen years ago. Take a look at this write-up for a dance given at the school:—

"The first formal dance of the year was held on Saturday night, November sixth, 1921. The simple evening dresses of the girls in their charming pastel shades and the bright autumn decorations gave a very festive and attractive air to the dance hall scene. Uhler's orchestra furnished a delightful program, which was enjoyed by all the dancers. There were a number of "old girls" back which made the occasion "doubly delightful"—(Ed. note: A good name for sundae) both for the school and the girls themselves. (Students please note!) The patronesses were Miss Tall, principal; Miss Richmond, Dean; Miss Dowell; Miss Cook; and Miss Banks." (In other words, a "receiving line" we have with us always.)

To the "Big Apple":

You proved quite an innovation at the Senior dance. Now the question is this—which faculty members did it at the A. A. dance on the thirtieth of October?

To the history teachers:

Back again to March first, 1921 issue of school news—there is an interesting article, "History With A String Tied to It."

To the students of history:

Perhaps you are the ones who should read "History With a String Tied to It."

To Miss Prickett:

When conducting what do you say to the orchestra members?

To Mrs. Stapleton:

When are you going to have an exhibition of your "play day activities"?

To Play Day Committee:

Please add to the regular activities a little place on the chart, a space for a game called "chalk capers." Mrs. S. will sign up.

General Activities

Miss Munn carries her water pitcher *across* the hall.

Miss Hazel Ida Bailly Allen Woodward taught some of the students how to cook with a Dutch oven and how to pop popcorn.

Mr. Walther was sent a certain message for taking a drawing board out of room twenty-nine.

Miss Steele's voice is so soothing the students suggest that she broadcast a six P. M. cereal program for children who retire at seven P. M. after they have eaten that big bowl of crunchies.

Dr. Lynch and Miss Joslin made a hurried exit at the close of the picnic given by Freshmen Five. During the picnic they insisted on talking about the glories of the night—both jumped into their little cars and away—oh, well!

Mrs. Brouwer is carrying on a good art program. This program is carried on on Saturday mornings. She will be able to give details if you are interested.

Miss Brown gets excited about filing things in her office.

Dr. Crabtree is one of the best dressed we have.

Miss Keys goes on in her quiet way. But when things happen she makes them happen. This column is ready, Miss Keys.

Miss Cook showed a good disposition the other day when someone held up traffic in the parking lot for five minutes.

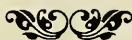
Rhythms

Miss Scott tapped her foot during all the music for Play Day. We felt that she'd make a fine hill-billy.

Left, right, left, right—Mrs. Brouwer, Dr. Crabtree and Miss Stitzel all in line for play day. Suggestion—that Dr. Crabtree stand in front next time.

The feature question next month will be "Is it an act or is it an act?"—This question was raised by three inquisitive students! Nothing will be omitted.

If you remember, last month we closed with a faculty game called "Desk, desk, who has the desk?" Since that time every "desk minded" faculty member is saying—"But I really can get along with *one* desk."



The Marshals Celebrate

The Marshals chose the sunny Monday of October eleventh for their picnic. Miss Van Bibber proved herself little less than a genius in the field of self-expression at playing "Whispering Down the Lane". We were surprised to see Patsy Tall the next day after her unlimited diet of rare if not raw bacon. Will someone who can cook please join the Marshals this year?

ONE OF THE CLAN

Reunion

What, no troubles? At least they had none on October thirtieth, when they met at the Oriole Cafeteria for their annual reunion breakfast. Don't you envy the Class of 1936? One year of teaching completed and the second one begun with no particular worries for those who graduated in '36. And as for that part of the class who remained for a fourth year there were none of the usual complaints which beginning teachers make. Is that what a year's experience and a B. S. do for you?

The faculty didn't mention teaching to us at all. They told us of the interesting things which have happened at the college this year, such as additions to the staff and the newly acquired gowns of the Glee Club. Then the students told a few of the most amusing incidents from their classrooms. Do you know the scientific methods of hand-raising used today? Well, there is the wildly waving method known as the "in the face method", "the hissing method", which usually accompanies the "in the face" method, the "off the seat" method and many others. For information on this subject see the members of the Class of '36.

Then to end our reunion we sang our class songs and Alma Mater. May we have a larger and even happier meeting each year.

RUTH HUNTER, '36 & '37



Cecil Alumni Unit Meeting

The annual meeting of the Cecil County Unit of the Maryland State Teachers College was held Saturday, September twenty-fifth, at "The Hermitage", Elkton, Maryland. Twenty-one members and guests were present.

Miss Taylor, vice-president, presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved and the treasurer reported a small balance in the treasury. Resolutions upon the death of Mrs. Mary Field, president of the Unit, were read and adopted.

The Unit appointed a committee to secure money to assist S. T. C. in special needs which may arise. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Harry Pippin; Vice-president, Miss Dean; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss K. M. Bratton. After the business meeting the Unit were privileged to hear from the following: Miss Mary H. Scarborough, Miss Margaret Coe, Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Groshans. A social hour followed during which refreshments were served.

KATHERINE M. BRATTON, Secretary

Anne Arundel County Alumni Meets

Twenty people from the college and about thirty Unit members were present at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Stoll (the Old Brick House) for the Fall meeting of the Anne Arundel County Unit of the State Teachers College Alumni, held October 18, 1937. Business was combined with pleasure as old acquaintances were renewed and plans for the coming season were formed.

After warming to the occasion with "Alma Mater" led by members of the Glee Club, the business meeting was begun. The project committee offered a list of suggestions for a gift to the College. Miss Tall called attention to the drive under way for the purchase of gowns for the Glee Club and appealed to the loyalty of the alumni as well as students to raise money as contributions to the \$500.00 needed for this purpose. A motion was made and carried that the Unit present the College with at least six such gowns.

The problem of raising money to buy these gowns was considered and as a result the county was divided into four sections. The executive members in each of these sections are to plan to raise money by card parties or by any other method that may seem practicable.

The president read the section of the constitution pertaining to the appointment of an executive committee and submitted the following list:

District 1—Ethel L. Wickman.

District 2—Eleanor Brice and Monterey Jones.

District 3—Slater Bryant and Winifred Boettcher.

District 4—John T. Stone and Mildred Celia.

District 5—Mrs. Anna Morton and Mrs. Clarence Eason.

copy of Halliwell-Phillips reduced facsimile of the "First Folio". Mrs.

District 6—Miss Roberta Healy and Miss Mary Moss.

District 7—Mrs. Claude Owings.

District 8—Mrs. A. W. Andrews.

The matter of dues came next under discussion and after several plans were disposed of, it was voted to have annual dues of fifty cents. It was also decided to hold the next meeting of the Unit at the Southern High School in the lower part of the County, pending consent of Mr. Bischoff, the principal, for use of the auditorium.

Routine business over, the following guests addressed the group: Miss Tall, Miss Coe, President of the Alumni Association, Mrs. Hartley, Treasurer; Mrs. Groshans, Secretary; Miss Scarborough, our Field Worker; Miss Munn, and Mr. George Fox, the County Superintendent.

THE TOWER LIGHT

In conclusion we were entertained by a musical program sponsored by Miss Weyforth with members of the Glee Club, and Miss Prickett, who presented a member of the orchestra who gave a viola solo. After this, delicious refreshments were served.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET NOWELL



Married

Mary Osborne (Class '35) to Walter Harkins—Forest Hill, October 9, 1937. Now teacher at Edgewood Arsenal, Harford County, Maryland.

Another one of our alumni from nearby Towson town, Dorothea Nahatzki, joined the ranks of the married on October 19, 1937, when she wedded William H. McLean, Jr. Mrs. McLean was a graduate of 1932.



Tell Me - -

Who thought waffles were made on a football gridiron?

Who thinks trite expressions are "tripe"?

Who thought canyons were little cannon-balls?

What Freshman girl is called for by a tall, dark and handsome male?

What does M. C. on a certain Sophomore's notebook stand for?

Did Mr. Moser enjoy those apples?

How many people enjoyed the stars?

What Freshman manicures a husky Sophomore's fingernails on the street Car?

What economical Sophomore carries her baloney home in her purse?

What causes that light in Mr. Robinson's eyes—is it Ancient History?

Who won the race between Dr. Crabtree and Mr. Moser?

Who can't do the Big Apple?

Who originated "diddle"?

What former school treasurer finds his dreams more interesting than the assembly speakers?

Who taught Miss Tansil to do the Big Apple?

Who is continually trucking—in an agricultural way?

Why didn't T. G. take advantage of inspection night at the dorm?

Who didn't go to the Barn Dance?

Briefs From the Orchestra

Perhaps a peep into room 223 on Monday at three-fifteen will give us an idea of the accomplishments of the orchestra since school started.

Congratulations to Miss Rohnacher who played a viola solo for the Anne Arundel Alumni Unit which held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Stoll.

On November second, the orchestra will make its formal debut in the college. The program for the concert is:

Wedding of the Winds.....	Hall
Orchestra	
Cabaletta	Lack
Viola Solo	
(To be announced)	
Clarinet Solo	
Hazel	Staigers
Saxophone Duet	
Spanish Dance	Rehfeld
Violin Solo	
Round of Country Dance Tunes.....	Berlenir-Schmrid
Orchestra	

At this concert Miss Prickett will use a baton that Dr. Abercrombie brought from abroad this summer. It is quite different from the ordinary ones in use at the school. If you care to examine it more closely to see the beautiful ivory, stop in to see Miss Prickett.

Following this program, the orchestra will start work on Freshmen Mothers' Week-end. This program will be announced later.

Even though the Orchestra is larger than it has been for several years, additions are being made. One of the first is Miss Grahe, who, under the instruction of Miss Prickett, has studied double bass.

Have you heard the State Teachers College Band? Maybe you, too, would like to become a member. There is still a set of drums for someone to use and a vacancy to be filled by bass horns.

In your spare time, look through the attic for a bass horn. Then clean it up, bring it to school, and "join the band".

CHARLOTTE HURTT, Jr. 2



Orchestra Picnic

"Please come prepared to have a good time". This was the announcement for the orchestra picnic which was held in the Glen on October twelfth.

Did we have a good time? You should have seen Miss Prickett

with her merry musicians scouring the hills and peering in every nook and corner in search of peanuts. After half an hour of diligent hunting, we shared our just rewards and crunched peanuts during the entertainment.

One game resulted in exposing all the details connected with meetings here of "queer couples" (I won't mention names to save embarrassment, but faculty members were as popular as students). Maybe someone should look into these "extra-curricular activities".

Then came the high spot of the evening—the "Mysterious Supper"; there were no lights to see the food. By the process of close examination and experimentation we found the menu to be: hot dogs, rolls, slaw, potato chips, hot chocolate, apples, and marshmallows.

After the "surprise" was assimilated everyone gathered around the fire to sing songs—old, new, college and otherwise. We dare say that there are still some possibilities for the Glee Club!

By seven P. M. another picnic was history. Didn't we have a good time!

CHARLOTTE HURTT, Jr. 2



Play Day

Play day is a gay day at Towson State Teachers College. The spirit of festivity is everywhere. The band is playing, the flags are flying, students are cheering, spectators chatter excitedly and the intermingling gold, blue, green, brown, grey and white uniforms make great blotches of color all over the field. In the midst of all the turmoil Patsy, the favorite dog, and spoiled darling of the college, dashes madly back and forth across the campus. The band strikes up one of the S. T. C. songs, and amid enthusiastic cheering and singing, students and faculty members, led by the proud, and now triumphant Patsy, march across the green. Soon great circles are formed and all join in the dancing of "Looby Loo." This provides the opportunity for great hilarity and the group dance ends leaving the participants breathless and laughing, the last shreds of a superfluous dignity gone. After joining together once more, this time in the old familiar "Did You Ever See A Lassie?", the circles are broken and crowds of young people go in different directions, according to the placement of the activity in which they have chosen to participate: badminton, German bat ball, tennis, croquet, ping pong, hit ball, and even hop scotch. Near the ping pong table, where many a fierce conquest is made, is the refreshment stand. There may be found many hungry boys and girls who have gathered for the purpose of satisfying their appetites with hot dogs or ice cream. Let us be gay—Play Day comes but once a year.

EDITH ANN SPAHR, Freshman 6

Sports, Sports, - - - and Sports

Your Alma-mater opened its sports year with a bang. Out of five games it won one, tied one and due to many trials and tribulations lost three. This, we are told, is an enviable record in that it is the most games we have ever lost in one year in the last three years. We have in the last seven years averaged less than one game per season. Four out of five games have been played away from home and perhaps this accounts for the early losses. It may be that our team has been bothered by acute home-sickness. Well, anyway, "our gang" has four more games and they are all at home.

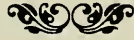
Seriously though, the team has played good ball under very trying conditions. They lost nine regulars in June, and have had much trouble with injuries. Johnny Wheeler has been held down by an injured ankle and arm, Lou Cox has been toting an injured arm, and Ed Hamilton has developed eye trouble. Substitutes Fishel and Harris have warmed the bench, due respectively to a sprained ankle and a cut knee. The biggest trouble has been the loss of four out of the five forwards and thus we have had no scoring punch. The team has had the ball into scoring position many times but the forwards have lacked the experience necessary to score. The team, however, is looking forward to the organization of the Maryland Collegiate Soccer League on December third.

Soccer is an international game played in forty-five countries. In many parts of Europe it attracts crowds of 100,000 and over. Its development in America has been slow because of a decided lack of skill. It seems we Americans like to get our hands into the game; a definite drawback in soccer.

"Head coach" Minnegan has started an intra-mural series in basketball in order to prepare for the forthcoming season. In this series emphasis is being placed on passing and ball handling and not on scoring. The coach is looking forward to a fair team even though he has lost three regulars: Novey, Smith, and Hewes, and practice teaching will interfere. Curland, Miller, and Gordon will go out the first nine weeks and Wheeler and Bennett the last nine weeks of the season. These losses will be somewhat compensated for by the likely looking freshmen material in Stotlemeyer, Bob Cox, Hyman Steckler, Sussman and Waxman.

The schedule will include two games with Hopkins and one with Blue Ridge College. Last year's team lost only one game in the small college class and won eleven out of its twelve games.

Now what with the soccer team on the right track and a good basket-ball team in prospect all State Teachers College needs is a 100% backing.



Candlelight Service

Does not the word "Candlelight" signify solemnity to you?

Sunday evening at six-thirty many of our Y.W.C.A. members and resident staff gathered in Richmond Hall Parlor to witness our first vespers of the year. The purpose of this service is to initiate into our organization the new freshman members and refresh and revive in our old members the spirit of our organization.

One must be impressed by the beauty and sincerity of our meeting. The robed choir, carrying lighted candles, entered the parlor and continued singing their hymn. Edith Pennington, our president, told us a lovely story about the spirit of Christianity. Three cabinet members standing at points in the room to form a triangle told us of the physical, mental and spiritual growth as encouraged by the Y.W.C.A. Edith Barker, our newly elected freshman representative, lighted her candle from that of the president and other new members, following the same procedure, took their places in the formation of the triangle while they sang softly, "Follow the Gleam."

Our meeting was concluded by our president leading the benediction: "May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, one from the other."

H. MOXLEY, Jr. 6



Apple Juice

If you had a good time at the Big Apple Barn Dance, attribute it to the fact that it was Big, that we had Apple cider, and that the decorations came from the Barn.

If we find the person who was leading the Virginia Reel which turned into a snake we will let you know, provided you return all state property to Miss Pitts.

If you missed it, just imagine crowds in various costumes shifting from dining room to dining room in order to find room for the "Big Apple". If you were anywhere near you could hear us "Praising Allah".

If it hadn't been for Joe, Joe, and Joe*, what would we have done?

*Joe Dowling
Joe Moan
Joe White

EDITH PENNINGTON, Sr. 7

Snoop Box

S. O. S. (Save Our Soccer-player) Attention non-resident men! A little competition needed by "Windy" in the dorm.

Miss Vogel picks her Romeo tall, light and handsome. (Investigate Sophomore 7)

What "cane" it be that keeps Miss Pennington in her room during "rec" hour?

We hope the weather report for the next dance will be "Klier and Spicer" (as it was at the Senior Dance!)

Miss Coffman believes that where there's "At home" there's hope. Is it the southern accent?

Are "armstrong" heaters always supplied with star-gazing, Miss Hepburn?

The "Big Apple" is getting riper! Ask Miss Brown (we hope she's not too excited).

Maybe Marie should join the Union for definite hours for cleaning faculty rooms.

Shall we say 10:30 A. M. to start?

We're *still* waiting for that "diamond", Miss Cromwell.

News flash!—Miss Tucker takes the honors this week for a certain date.

Where were you last week-end?

Is Freshman 7 "Shock-ing"?

Has Miss Brandt learned the knack of wrapping faculty members around hot dogs?

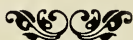
How will Miss Munn spend her leisure time this winter when there are no flies?

How does Dr. Tall go to football games—East or West?

Will your new home be in Towson, Miss Dief?

Last month we referred you to the end of the alphabet for faculty members who catch up on sleep in assembly. This month they are heading the alphabet.

THE DOERS



Hop With the Juniors

A unique dance program is being planned by the Juniors for their coming hop which is to be held on Friday, December third. A committee of ten are planning the decorations which will surpass those of the Sophomores of last year. "April Showers" was the motif of last year's decorations, but the December embellishments are a "deep, dark secret". Highlights of the evening will be music by Billy Isaac and souvenir programs in blue and silver (Junior Class colors). Refreshments will be served!

Eighty cents per couple is the admission fee for an evening of gayety and dancing. The alumni, students, and faculty of the college, together with their friends, are invited to attend.



Clothes Line

"Life is a song," I said, "and so are our dances. The song for the month is—

"POMP—

The Senior Benefit Dance of State Teachers College at Towson was the center of much beauty and splendor. Society has indeed a fashionable younger set. Time and space do not allow us a detailed description of the latest creations but we did note:

A white moire simply cut, a pink insert in the back the only color. (Fresh.)

A deep red pleated chiffon with a girdle of tiny red flower buds. (Soph.)

A high necked black velvet, trimmed with silver.

A pleated plaid street dress with white collar and cuffs. ('37)

All coeds seemed inclined toward the flower headdress majoring in real gardenias. Corsages were not too prevalent but perhaps escorts believed that beauty is but self-made. (Boys note). We look forward to the Junior Dance, anticipating originality and chic. (Girls note).

—and CIRCUMSTANCE"

I betcha was a Bigapple, I becha. 'Caint you see them thar from the country? They's dressed awful purty, too. There's four freshman girls with big hair bows and city fellars. Farmer John be'n't afraid to bring no farm gal. He steps right lively with a pink-checked gal and her bonnet.—"FOO" White is most 'ppropriate in his overalls (or is they pa's?).—I'd be indeed pleased to swing partners with that professor. (West?). His overalls is most stylish and his kerchief is tied just so.—Missy Tansil ain't old enough for a knot so she's pertied in braids with the reddest bows and the reddest dress.—I tried to git round to a waltz with that Freshman gal in pink lacey cap. She had such a sweet innocent smile.—The Cox Brothers were real smart in checkered shirts, but 'peared right self-conscious like.—An my heart and soul, the dandiest fella is Billy. His trousers is kinda rolled high (ya know that sporty way) and his shirt is a gorgeous scarletty shade. He even has a red hankie and (guess what?) a red rose. He sure is one for style.

Lots of town people is here for the square dance, too. I see a couple of long gowns and lots of sporty dresses, but I don't notice them much. It's the home folks what make a party, ain't it? (Afraid to dress-upers, notice!)

TWO PINS

So What?

Our Debut

This alleged column will be a monthly feature of the TOWER LIGHT (That's what he thinks—ed. note) and I hope it may fill your idle moments adequately. It refuses to be limited in scope; therefore, it will contain ravings which have to do with—with-a—well, let's say ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings. So what?

Interesting Excerpts from the October Issue

"Have you a special nook to which you go with some kindred spirit to share the beauty with you?"

Now that's what I call administrative insight!

"Ramifications, superfluous, solecistic, prehension" (From "The Habit of Adjustment").

Them's powerful words for a freshman. (L. L. L. take note).

"A scientist on a vacation in the Far North, by making a hole in the ice, caught a fish which froze very quickly when it reached the below zero atmosphere. Stiff and hard it was dumped into warm water to thaw out before it could possibly be fit for the frying pan. Several hours later, the scientist was amazed to see his fish swimming serenely in the tub."

M. T. and H. D. can certainly qualify for Lowell Thomas' Tall Story Club.

Another freshman writes, "After meeting many of our instructors for the coming year, I was ready to settle down to the general routine of the school, feeling that my worries and fears were gone and forgotten . . ."

Such optimism!

"A City Mood" by E. A. F. in the October Issue is a very effective poem.

Could the writer possibly have been thinking Texas vs. Baltimore?

"New magazines in the library: *Fortune*, *Coronet*, *Commentator*, *Art Front*, *Monthly Labor Review*, *New Masses*, *News-Week*, *Nineteenth Century*."

What, no *Esquire*?

You Tell Me

Who is the Freshman girl who remarked that her biography might well be entitled "One Hundred Men and a Girl"?

THE TOWER LIGHT

What faculty member writes "Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk"?

What faculty member had twenty-three shining red apples placed on his desk the day after he postponed an assignment?

Bet his doctor's bill is cut in half!

What male sophomore would not visit the "den of iniquity" (pool room to you) during his freshman year? I might add that the first time he graced said academy room this year he broke a table.

Why the assembly write-ups in the TOWER LIGHT are never read except by the TOWER LIGHT staff?

Outstanding College Romances of the Month

(Any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental, I assure you.)

What pious Sophomore has fallen for a Goucher Girl? (G. N.) Local talent didn't suffice, eh?

What musically inclined Senior thinks that P. K. is strictly the notes? (Get it?)

Who is the blonde in whom the President of the Sophomore class is vitally interested?

The Freshmen get an early start: J. C. vs. V. D.

Rumor hath it that the attraction between B. D. and H. F. has faded as quickly as the October sun. The same goes for B. G. and B. S.

At an astronomy observation, E. R. and S. H. had a delightful time pointing out the constellations to one another.

College Wit

A certain young man in the Glee Club when the roll paper was passed around signed his name and after it wrote "basso-profundo".

It would have been much more appropriate had he written "basso-disgusto".

They are telling the story of a boy who was heard to remark about Dr. Lynch's biology, "This subject is driving me crazy!" A bright Freshman girl sitting near a mountain of books stuck her head up out of the debris and mumbled, "That's not a drive; that's a putt!"

Under the Weather Vane

The Campus School has been in full swing now for eight weeks and many interesting things are being done by the pupils.

The Te-Pa-Chi Club of the school held a Fall Frolic on November fifth, 1937 in the elementary school.

This Frolic was patterned after Main Street of any small town. One found on this Main Street a florist shop, moving picture show, a bakery, a drug store, and much in the way of amusement.

The Seventh Grade has dramatized and produced as an assembly program, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." John Seidel as mayor and Billy Middendorf as piper were excellent in their roles.

The Primary Grade enjoyed its visit to the dairy. The trip through the glen to observe the change being brought about by the changing season was also one of pleasure to the First Grade.

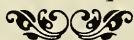
The Sixth Grade, because of the study of colonial life, visited Hampton, probably the best example of a colonial home in Baltimore County. There excellent examples were seen of colonial furniture, architecture, formal gardens and early paintings.

The Third Grade of the Campus School is making a collection of fairy stories and gathering information about Fairyland. Some of the stories are old favorites—others are quite new.

Isn't it surprising how many kinds of fairy folk there are? The children have already found tales of goblins, trolls, elves, witches, gnomes, brownies, pixies, dryads, and midsummer night fairies.

Some of the rules of Fairyland seem very queer, but magic words are fun! Try the effect sometime of saying "Crab-apple blue!" It's impossible to guess what miracle may happen.

The boys and girls of the Campus School are busy and happy. This year promises to be one of interest and profit to all in the school.



The Piper

(Song used in the seventh grade dramatization)

Oh, hark, ye children of Hamelin Town,
The piper is playing all around.
In and out the streets they wander.
The girls and boys are all a ponder.

Sir Rodent beware, your fate is sealed.
A mighty musician his power will wield,
Upon the pests, who so long have played,
That Hamelin Town was quite dismayed.

But Old Sir Rodent now is gone
To the great unknown world beyond,
And peace and quiet now has come.
To every child and every home.

LINDSAY STEVENSON, Grade 7



“Wuthering Heights”

“Emily Bronte has left behind her a novel that cannot perish”. So speaks Charles Morgan of “Wuthering Heights”, the most powerful of the Bronte novels. So strong a statement is in need of verification; to read the book is to believe it. The mystery, the pathos, the violence, the sincerity, the beauty entailed in it are completely absorbing. Such vivid characters cannot be merely story book creatures; they must have ties with real life people. A survey of Emily Bronte’s life shows their real source. Torn by an unrequited love she gives vent to her feelings in story; dismayed by her brothers’ beastliness she seeks understanding in writing of her terrors. Thus were created Heathcliff, the demon, and Catherine, the incorrigible. The strangeness of her personalities demands unusual treatment in the weaving of their histories. Here we find a story within a story, somewhat hard to follow yet utterly simple and straightforward. Read “Wuthering Heights” once and you will want to begin it again. You may read it times innumerable and, yet, at each reading find something new. Emily Bronte has given to us a work which, though not without faults, is truly a masterpiece.

FRANCES JONES, Sr. 7.



Hurdle—to gather together
Collusion—when two things collide
Paradox—a place in heaven
Institution—how one feels about a thing
Etches—when something irritates one
Parachutes—things you wear on the feet
Staple—a place where horses are kept
Mansion—to state a fact incidentally
Prism—a place where convicts are kept
Nil—a river in Egypt
Seize—great bodies of water
Soccer—a fool!
Corps—central part of an apple.

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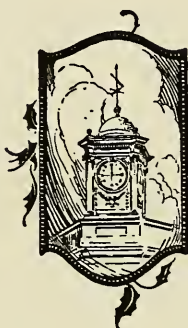


THE TOWER LIGHT



DECEMBER
1937

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

DECEMBER, 1937

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

DECEMBER, 1937

No. 3

International Understanding

IN the last issue of the TOWER LIGHT there was a brief article pointing out the growing necessity for international coöperation, and, at the same time, the contradictory and tragic tendency of all nations today toward international antagonisms. In this month's issue you will find a paper discussing the nature of nationalism, and the characteristic results of its modern intensification.

If you will consider these two papers, probably some questions will arise in your mind. Is the achievement of goodwill a hopeless task? If not, what might be done to promote goodwill?

As we look back over the pages of history, we see that sociological movements are both slow and complex. Nations are led to act as they do by all manner of influences, some psychological, some economic. If changes in attitude are to be wrought deliberately by men of goodwill, on mass thinking and action, these results can be brought about only by the slow processes of education.

Today, physical and scientific development has put into men's hands forces of far-reaching consequences of which none can foresee. Air transportation, submarine crafts, wireless communication have terrifically knit together land masses, and the inhabitants of regions far separated. Add to this situation, the dangerous knowledge of high explosives, poison gases and germ warfare, and the sum total is staggering.

Dr. T. Z. Koo has been reiterating his belief that spiritual regeneration is what is needed. He says that peoples everywhere must be taught to know each other well and sympathetically. Peoples must be taught to practice the virtues of courage and justice and unselfish devotion. They must cease to hate other peoples, who, it is true, frequently are led to commit cruel and violent deeds, not deliberately, but because they are misled and are the victims of delusions.

However, this spiritual transformation can not be achieved in a hurry, but involves the infinitely slow processes of superhuman patience, devotion, faith and good will. Is there yet time?

LENA C. VAN BIBBER.



World Understanding

IN a panel discussion on world understanding held at a meeting of the League of Young Voters, Miss Barbara Armiger, Mr. Leon Lerner and I were the speakers. My topic was "Nationalism and Its Connection with World Understanding". I have long shared the belief that nationalism stands in the way of world understanding, but I also have shared the popular lack of information on the subject. Therefore, I found it necessary to give some extra time to the investigation of my theme, and the result of my study I am passing on to the readers of the TOWER LIGHT.

Nationalism is the most significant emotional factor in the world today. Look at the state of popular feeling in Germany in respect to France, or France in respect to Germany; at the zeal of the Italians for a newer, greater Italy; or at the United States with its policy of national isolation. Study the background of competitive armaments and economic rivalries. The background of all these things and of much else constitutes nationalism.

In order that nationalism may be more clearly understood it is necessary to define both nationality and national state. Briefly, a nationality is a group of persons often speaking the same language, having lived long together, having long cherished the same customs and traditions, and constituting, in their own opinion, a distinct and superior cultural society. A national state is a definite region possessing political independence and national sovereignty and control over all its people, who in turn are dominated by some strong nationality. The word nationalism, used to describe the spirit of the national state, appeared in the European vocabulary not more than a hundred years ago, and has acquired this meaning: it denotes a condition of mind among members of a nationality; a condition of a mind in which loyalty to the ideal or to one's own state is superior to all other loyalties, of which pride in one's nationality and belief in its intrinsic excellence and in its "mission" are integral parts. It is this intense type of nationalism which is most in evidence today and colors thoughts and conditions actions in all foreign relations.

This makes of nationalism a force to be reckoned with.

Having considered the nature of nationalism, let us see how it may be expected to affect world relations.

1. It fosters the spirit of exclusiveness and narrowness. The national state instills into its citizens the fact that they are a chosen people, a world unto themselves. How can world understanding result if this spirit produces a smugness, a dangerous ignorance and non-critical pride?
2. It places a premium on uniformity. With national standards of thought prescribed, with individual differences, class and religious differences deemed unfortunate, how can a better understanding ever be nurtured?
3. It increases the docility of the masses. As a result of their upbringing and nationalistic education, they will not question their government or economic circumstances. They will follow any leader in the cause of national patriotism and will be dupes for propaganda supporting imperialism and war.
4. It focuses attention on war and preparedness for war. Military heroes outrank the heroes of science, art and learning. All sports fade away before the sport of national fighting.

It would seem therefore that an intolerant attitude toward one's neighbors, a belief in the imperial mission of one's own nationalism at the expense of other peoples, a habit of carrying a chip on one's shoulder, a fond dwelling on past wars and a feverish preparation for future ones, a spirit of exclusiveness and narrowness, an inordinate pride in one's self and one's nationality, and a willingness to be misled by power-mad dictators, can never bring about world understanding.

AUDREY HORNER, F. 2.



Merrie England in Maryland

FOR one magic evening every three years the members of the Maryland State Teachers College are lifted from the Twentieth Century and carried back to the Middle Ages to celebrate Christmas as it was in Old England. State Teachers College is a fitting place to commemorate such an event because the large Tudor-Gothic buildings in the style of the Middle Ages contain long wood-panelled halls well suited for a folk festival.

The celebration begins in the afternoon with the lighting of the Yule log. Many customs are connected with this happening. The log must be lighted from brands of last year's fire. If the log lights quickly it is a good omen. Small children should drag the cutting to the hall and place it in the fireplace. All of these customs are faithfully portrayed. The flame spreads quickly, therefore the celebration is launched happily.

Following the lighting of the Yule log comes the most important event of the evening. The nobles, the commoners, and serfs (the teachers,

THE TOWER LIGHT

the students, and the servants) gather in the "castle hall" of Newell for the dinner. The student council officers are the king and queen and occupy the seats of honor. All others, faculty and students, are placed at side tables in order of rank; seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen. Chimes evoke the blessing of God upon the assemblage.

A procession circles about the tables. Servants come carrying the traditional boar's head, the pudding, and the peacock pie. In the boar's mouth is an apple. The brandy in the pudding has been set afire and burns cheerfully. Carefully the peacock has been skinned, roasted, and redressed with each feather in place. As the procession passes the table of the nobles, the servants bow low. The castle orchestra furnishes sweet music while the group passes around the hall. At the end of the parade, the boar's head, pudding, and peacock are placed before the lords and their ladies. Doubtless they enjoy the papier maché jowls of the boar and the burnt plums of the pudding!

Now the eating begins. Dishes new to our pampered modern palates are placed before us. Peascods, tender as our modern peas, Virginia potatoes (What, you say they are Irish? Rebellion, out with the infidel!), shield of braun strangely resembling ordinary pork all disappear into capacious modern gullets. Seconds and in a few cases thirds go with equal rapidity, washed down with huge draughts of mulled ale.

Meanwhile the jesters are busy. Beneath the tables they scramble. Crawling along, they remove shoes and pinch toes. Someone feels a tug at his shoelaces and lets fly a kick to be rewarded with a grunt and a nice set of toothmarks in the tender part of the ankle. The spirit of fun and good fellowship prevails. Now over mince pie, apples, and nuts the toasts begin. We remark one or two original ones and then the old ones start cropping up, nicely polished and brushed. Mr. Walther receives most applause.

He says, "To every girl a Happy Christmas and to every boy a Mary."

The diners begin to file out. The assembly hall is their destination. Bulging pockets and bulging jaws betoken many hidden mementoes of the occasion.

In the great assembly hall the guests once more convene. Upon the stage sit the lords and ladies. At one side below, the singers; at the other, the orchestra. Then wandering minstrels, players, story tellers, and pilgrims come in. The minstrels open the entertainment by playing and singing; the Glee Club (castle choir to you) sing beautifully. The pilgrims from Canterbury magnify themselves, King George slays the dragon and an ogre. Father Santa calls on an eminent physician who feeds the dragon "Whiffle Juice" and causes his miraculous recovery but King George then and there despatches him for good. Two mighty men

give an exhibition with quarter staffs. Much fuss and fury but no damage done!

Then the story teller gives the tale of the Three Wise Men and the Christ Child, oft repeated but ever fresh.

Mistress Rutledge gives pardon to the many sinners of the year and commands them to do better. The pardons are delivered by the knight and his stooge—we mean squire. (He stole the performance.)

All of the audience enters into the spirit of the festivities.

If some ancient Briton had stumbled into the Hall of Teachers College he would scarcely have felt strange.

But at last the pardons are given out, the songs are sung, the stories told and the plays finished. The lord and his lady thank the performers and wish a Merry Christmas to all. So it was two years ago.



Christmas in England

Our college is built in the Tudor-Gothic style; every three years we celebrate Christmas in the Old English manner. For these reasons, we students at the Teachers College hear a great deal about the Christmas celebration in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In those days the observance was much merrier than that of today. Nevertheless, the law of 1652 abolishing the celebration is not heeded today and Christmas in England has become a time of family reunion, social gathering, and the exchange of gifts.

As in other countries before Christmastide, there is shopping to be done in the crowded and gaily decorated shops which remind one of the American shops—except that the English crowds are much more leisurely than the American ones. A few days before Christmas the chimney must be thoroughly cleaned to prevent its catching fire when the Yule log is lit on Christmas eve. At sunset of this eve this log is lit and kept burning until after Christmas day. The unburned portion of the wood is kept as a brand with which to light the next year's log.

Besides lighting the Yule log on Christmas eve, the tree must be set up. A fir tree from the garden is uprooted and planted in rich, black earth in a huge green tub. After trimming the tree with ornaments, the house is decorated with mistletoe. Now the "Christmas waits" or carolers sing in front of lighted houses as the children hang their stockings on the library mantel.

Early the next morning the stockings disclose candies, nuts, oranges and various small packages. The entire household then goes to church and returns to the traditional dinner of goose and plum pudding. The blazing pudding decorated with holly is brought to the table. After tea the tree

and a table loaded with gifts are revealed to all the family and servants. Following the opening of these, many different games are played and then, to bed.

In London, after Christmas, the Christmas Pantomines are held. Here Alice in Wonderland, Ali Baba and his forty thieves, and Punch and Judy mix with gaily painted clowns and fat policemen. Singing, dancing, joking, and tumbling rule the day. On Boxing Day money is put in boxes for the postman, milkman, cabman, and even the railway man. However, the celebration must come to a close; the tree is taken down and replanted in the garden to await the coming of festivities the next year.

RUTH PHILLIPS, Jr. 2.



Christmas in Germany

In Germany as in Baltimore there are two different groups of people—rich and poor. Ornaments in Germany are very expensive, so to decorate their pine trees, these people cook, bake, make candy and wrap all in colored paper weeks ahead of time. In this assortment of goodies we find materials of all shapes and tastes. Every article that is to be used must have a string attached, so it can be tied to the tree. While all this work is being done, many colored paper rings are made and hung as decorations for the tree together with many tiny candles. About a week after Christmas the eatables are removed from the tree and a feast results.



Christmas Gardens in Baltimore

HAVE you ever gone sight seeing along the streets during Christmas time? You are bound to see some very odd sights, for there are Christmas gardens galore.

Last year in the vicinity of Johns Hopkins Hospital a variety of gardens were on exhibition. One garden depicted a ranch in the West, because the boys of the family liked nothing more than ranching. Another interesting scene, influenced by religion, was that belonging to a German family. It was a very colorful mural of Jerusalem showing Bethlehem (on a large scale) at the time of the birth of Christ.

Every year the Engine Houses are made unique by the men. Everything is made by hand but the materials needed are bought by the firemen from donations. Several years ago, on Gay near Baltimore, there was one Engine Company that showed a summer scene depicting everything one could think of suitable to the season, while next door another Company had a winter scene of snow and ice. On North Avenue and Bond

Street was pictured a Virginia scene at the junction of three rivers. Others showed the Naval Training Station at Portsmouth, Fortress Monroe, a resort at Newport News, a drydock and shipbuilding yard (with two large steamers) built out of an erector set.

These are some of the ingenious materials used for the gardens: bridges—match sticks, fountain—little cake pan, fence—laths or wire, tunnel—cardboard, moss, platform—heavy crates, ferris wheel—pieces of match boxes, duck pond—mirror, fish pond—dish pan containing water, mountain—brown paper sprayed with brown, green and yellow paint, chair—quills of feathers and straight pins, bench—match boxes, dancing pavilion—scraps of thin wood, lamp posts—curtain rod (with light at top) on wooden base, stable of Bethlehem—brown paper, hay, wood and ten cent statues.

In the matter of Christmas gardens made by individuals and groups, Baltimore is indeed outstanding.



Christmas Rose

One of the most unusual perennials is the Christmas Rose, for though its flower does not look like a rose, in its native Greece it was given the name "Christmas Rose" because it flowered at Christmas time. Its botanical name is *Hellebore niger*, otherwise known as black hellebore. Some call it Christmas flower.

This plant was held in high esteem in early times when it was believed to absorb the depressing atmosphere associated with sick persons. The Greeks regarded it as a remedy for madness. Down to the time of Queen Elizabeth it was the Hellebore which cured melancholy, and the Germans who connected it with Huldah, the marriage goddess, later gave it the name of Christmas rose.

The story of its birth is this: On the night when Heaven sang to the shepherds of Bethlehem, a little girl followed her brothers, keepers of the flocks, under guidance of the light. When she saw the Wise Men gathered at the inn, offering vessels of gold and fabrics of silk to the Child and His Mother, she hung timidly back on the edge of the crowd, and was sad because her hands were empty, and she wished to testify her love. She had no goods, no money to buy them, so after a little she turned away toward the silent hills. But when she had gone back to her flocks, at the border of the desert, under the lonely stars, a light suddenly shone about her and one of the announcing angels—a glorious creature whose robe was like molten silver, whose locks were as the sun, appeared. "Little one, why do you carry sorrow in your heart?" he asked.

"Because I could carry no joy to the Child of Bethlehem," she answered.

With a smile the spirit waved a lily he carried, and suddenly the ground was white with Christmas roses. The girl knelt with a joyous cry, filled her arms with the flowers, and hastened to the village, where the people made way for her, looking with wonder on the burden she bore that winter night. As she reached the manger, the Holy One turning from the gems and gold of the Magi, reached forth His tiny hands for the blossoms, and smiled as the shepherdess heaped them at His feet.

The Christmas rose, as it is grown in America, blooms in January and February. If you desire one of these unusual plants, Towson Nurseries has a limited supply.

From "THE SEASONS"



Christmas Toasts

Since the early days it was common to float warm substances (such as grapes, roasted crabs, or pieces of bread toast) in a bowl of punch.

An old story relates that one day a favorite court lady fell into a pool whereupon the gallant gentlemen who stood around proposed that all take a drink of the water in the pool. Someone quickly replied that "he preferred the toast to the punch!" This person immediately jumped into the pool and kissed the maiden. Hence, the origin of the toast.

It is an old English custom to drink to an absent person after dinner and such a person was known as a "toast". Gradually the meaning was changed to signify anything that was commemorated—for example, "The King", "The Land We Live In", or "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year".

Here are a few good toasts for use in the holiday season:

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than carol for to sing?"

HERRICK

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The word repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

"Now Christmas is come,
Let's beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear,

Let us make them such cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

WASHINGTON IRVING

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

THOMAS TUSSER



Christmas Carols

PERHAPS the first of all the Christmas Carols was that sung in the heavens by the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men"—the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo".

We are not sure why any of our Christmas songs are called carols, but the term "carol" appears originally to have signified a song, joined with a dance, a union frequently found in early religious ceremonies. It is very true that some of our first songs of this sort were accompanied by exceeding happiness, attendant upon dancing. Others like to think of the word "carol" as having the same derivation as the word "chorus."

Historically, many say that St. Francis of Assisi was the first to make the carols popular. Most of the oldest carols have no known history and are merely the spontaneous outbursts of some forgotten man's joyousness.

The fifteenth century saw the real beginning of carols as such since music began to break away from the monotonous chants of the church. Folk songs and carols were fostered and kept alive in little towns and villages all over Europe, especially in Engand. The custom of carol singing continued until the Seventeenth Century Puritanism came in with its severe repression, "substituting fasts for feasts and a long visage for a joyful look". But however much Puritanism forbade public performance of carols, they were by this time so deeply entrenched in the hearts of the peope that they traveled "under ground" by word-of-mouth tradition. But "broad sheets" were printed annually and they kept the texts alive with more or less accuracy.

However, in the Nineteenth Century, this cheerful type of folk-music was re-discovered still circulating in the country districts. Enlightened churchmen and laymen united in an effort to discover and preserve the carols.

The singing of carols at Christmastide is being observed more and more each year throughout America.

Let us continue this fascinating Old English folk custom of cheering the lonely and friendless, and serenading our neighbors and friends by singing the carols of the Christmas season.

CHARLES HASLUP, Sr. 7

Nazareth

Although Jesus was born in Bethlehem, He spent the first twenty-eight years of his life in Nazareth, subject to those varied influences which are reflected in His life and teaching. Nazareth is a town in lower Galilee, situated about 1600 feet above sea level. From the summit of the hill, for Nazareth is situated on one of the many hills of Galilee, one of the finest views of Palestine is obtained, commanding the great plain of Esdraclon from the Jordan valley on the East; to the Mediterranean on the West; and southward to the hills of ancient Samaria; while northward is seen the beautiful plain of El Batrof.

With this advantageous site, the town stood apart from the main highways of travel, though within easy reach of them. This seclusion may to a large extent account for the fact that there is no mention of the place in the Old Testament. First mention of this place is made in the New Testament and in Talmudical writings. A few early historians, such as Eusebius and Epiphanius, make casual reference to this town. Judging from these records, it is concluded that Nazareth was of no special importance and possibly was of poor repute, until the sixth century. In this century, with the beginning of pilgrimages, Nazareth became a holy city; it was particularly revered by the Crusaders, who embellished the place and transferred to it the bishopric of Scythopolis. On the expulsion of the Crusaders, Nazareth again lost its importance, and on its conquest by the Turks in 1517 the Christian residents were expelled. It was not until 1799, when the French under Junot defeated the Turks that Nazareth again became a Christian center. Of late, Nazareth has materially increased in population, at present having 11,000: 4,000 Moslems; 4,000 Orthodox Greeks; 1,000 united Greeks; 1,500 Catholics; and 250 Protestants. No Jews live in Nazareth.

There are several places in Nazareth which have become popular pilgrim shrines: the Church of the Annunciation; the House of the Virgin; the workshop of Saint Joseph; the alleged site of the synagogue in which Jesus worshipped; Mary's Well. This well, "Ain Mirijam", the only spring within the city and therefore an authentic site, is within the Orthodox Church of the Annunciation. The water flows through a conduit a short distance into the center of the city, where it is used as the main supply. This spring is also known as "Jesus's spring" and "Gabriel's spring".

Although Jesus was not born in Nazareth, this city nurtured The Nazarene and the Nazarenes, as Jesus and His disciples were popularly called.

REGINA M. GITTLEMAN.

A Penny a Stamp

DO you decorate your Christmas packages with bright-colored little Christmas seals? Are these seals you use more important than just for decorative purposes?

Perhaps the most useful and familiar seal to the American people is the "Tuberculosis Christmas Seal". Although these tiny decorative stamps have done much to prevent and control tuberculosis in this country the idea of their use did not originate here. These small labels originated in a foreign country in 1904 as a means of aiding a group of tuberculous children.

Elinar Hoboell, a postal clerk in Copenhagen, Denmark, heard of this idea and designed stamps to decorate Christmas packages and letters. He believed these could be sold and thereby finance the building of a children's hospital. The Danish royal family was very pleased with the idea, and the citizens of Denmark purchased enough seals to reach the goal set. Jacob Reis, who was doing social work in America, received a letter from his mother country bearing one of the bright little stamps. Mr. Reis inquired about the stamp and was so impressed that he published an article in the "Outlook" in which he described the stamps and their purpose.

It so happened that Emily P. Bissell, secretary of the Delaware Red Cross, read this article and through it found the solution for raising three thousand dollars for a tuberculosis pavilion in Delaware. In 1907 two Red Cross girls set to work and issued Delaware Red Cross stamps to be sold at a penny a piece. This was a new idea as an effort to stamp out the White Plague which was taking one-tenth of all who died from disease. Determined to make a success of this idea, on December 11, 1907, Miss Bissell went to see the editor of the "North American" in order to induce him to run an article about her preventive stamps. The editor agreed, and editorial after editorial was published in various papers. The Federal Government permitted a special booth for selling the seals in the Philadelphia postoffice. When Miss Bissell was asked if she could publish fifty thousand stamps she was greatly astonished. By December 26, 1907 more than a half a million seals had been distributed. The next year the American Red Cross authorities undertook a nation-wide sale of the Christmas stamps.

During 1907-1910 the National Tuberculosis Association had been organizing its nation-wide warfare against this dreaded disease. Finally, the two organizations joined in conducting the sales. The National Association took the responsibility of the sale supervision, of the financial arrangements, and the manner in which the funds were to be spent. The Red Cross gave its name, emblem, moral and financial backing. During

this arrangement the American Red Cross appeared on the seals. In 1919, however, both the cross and the double-barred cross of the Tuberculosis Association was embodied in the seal. Since the American Red Cross was going to continue its annual Roll Call and did not wish to ask the public for funds twice a year, in 1920 it dissolved its relations with the Tuberculosis Association. The National Tuberculosis Association has continued the work until the death rate from tuberculosis has been cut in half. In 1929 the sales amounted to fifty-three million dollars.

The Christmas seal has helped to combat the dreaded disease scientifically. These little stamps not only help to pay for our health protection, but to control the sources of infections. The fate of this disease has been sealed.

FRIEDA GEBHARDT, Soph. 2.



Other Christmases

The sixth grade hiding in the shadows to surprise an invalid with "Joy to the World" on a crisp starry twenty-third . . .

The forbidden sampling of the latest batch of steaming rich cookies . . .

That sense of the impending all the day of the twenty-fourth . . .

Dogs barking in the neighborhood as if heralding the approach of Santa Claus . . .

Sneaking in the little home-made tokens for the family . . .

The first glimpse of the shining tree . . .

Tugging at the strings of the big package that had been overlooked in its place behind the tree. . . .

Gently tucking the new blonde doll under her new pink blanket . . .

Watching the glitter of tinsel as the candles are blown out, one by one . . .

The joyous solemnity of an early Christmas service . . .

Finding a whole candied cherry in the fruit cake . . .

Admiring the new dresses of other little girls at the Christmas Program . . .

The smell of cedar throughout the house even after the tree is taken out . . .

These are treasured childhood memories.

E.A.F.

The Spirit of the Day

"I GUESS I might as well write Uncle Pete and get it over with", sighed Doris as she pushed aside her books and reached for her writing paper.

"Who is Uncle Pete," inquired Helene, her roommate, "And why is writing to him so distasteful?"

"He's rather a nice old dear but has rather rigid ideas and spending the holidays with him is anything but inspiring. Anyway I don't see why people make all this fuss about Christmas. If you want to go to church, all right. But why this silly gift giving I don't see," stated Doris.

"And that means," inquired Helene, "that you don't bother to give gifts? You miss a lot of fun just in the selection of them."

"Oh we give gifts because our friends seem to expect it. Mother and I just give her secretary a list of people who will think they should receive something and she will use her own judgment", explained Doris.

"What about your own family," asked Helene, her interest overcoming her natural hesitancy in prying into the affairs of her wealthy college friend.

"Oh, at home the servants decorate and we entertain but all it means to us is another check from Dad. When I was little, Dad and Mother traveled a great deal and I was parked with Uncle Pete. He considers any sort of gift giving to be a waste of time so I just lost interest in the whole affair. This year the folks are in Europe so back to the farm and Uncle Pete for mine", concluded Doris wearily.

"Why not come home with me," suggested Helene, a plan already forming in her mind, "We'll show you the real Christmas spirit in the old home town."

"If you're sure I won't interfere with any of your plans I'd be glad to come," said Doris, "Anything to avoid two weeks of lectures on the error of my ways."

Thus it was settled that the wealthy indifferent Doris Bradford was to spend the holidays with her warm-hearted roommate.

A few days before school closed Doris looked up from a letter home to ask how many were in Helene's family.

"What's the idea," laughed Helene, "going to send the secretary out to get presents for my family?"

Doris had the grace to blush but nodded her head.

"Forget it," said Helene, "you're going to celebrate Christmas my way and that includes making your own shopping list and then going to the local stores our first day home. This Christmas is going to be different from anything you've ever spent."

Doris found her words only too true. The shopping trip was, surprisingly enough, very enjoyable. To her amazement she delighted in selecting gifts with the hope of pleasing Helene's three young brothers.

On Christmas Eve a simple service at the small church attended by the family gave her a new idea and appreciation of the meaning of the day.

She was startled at the fun to be had in trimming a tree. The general good humor seemed contagious and carried over the whole Christmas day.

Tired but happy the two girls reviewed the events of the day.

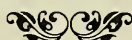
"Is this the way you always celebrate Christmas or just a show for my benefit?" asked Doris.

"As long as I can remember we've done just this," answered Helene. "We've always enjoyed keeping secrets and trying to make each other happy."

"And that's why Christmas seems something to you," reflected Doris; "well I know what I'm going to do next year. I'll invite my three small cousins home and give them a real Christmas. I know I can get Mother to help. It certainly will make a difference in our day."

"Go to it," encouraged Helene, "but don't expect to have it perfect the first time because the spirit of the day is acquired through years of doing it and then Christmas makes a place in our life to which we look forward all year," she added with wisdom beyond her years.

E.M.R.



The Romance of Christmas Cards

Among the great new modern industries, such as the aeroplane, automobile, moving picture and radio business, Christmas card publishing has grown up "like the gradual swell of a new and beautiful song". It has been so perfected and scientifically created that all—great and humble, rich and poor, talented and illiterate, can find cards that express in words the great love all men have for their fellow man.

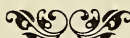
But the Christmas card has a historic background of "invention, originality, romance and inspiration". A paragraph in an English Journal published prior to 1846 states that Thomas Shorrock of Leith was the real inventor of the Christmas card. But who knows—this man's invention may have been just one step in the history of the greeting card; the first step perhaps was the sending of a leaf or stone as a token of courtesy, good cheer and friendliness from one cave-man to another.

You may ask, "But why all this ado about a Christmas card? Aren't they just pieces of cardboard or paper on which pretty pictures and designs are printed or engraved with a message of greeting?"

I answer, "Yes, they are that and more, much more. They are the expressions of poetry, art, cheer, friendship and joy."

Just a way to send a word of greeting? Oh! no—Christmas cards are the essence of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

JEANNE KRAVETZ, Soph. 2



On Going to Church

THERE is something magical in the power of small round white peppermint drops, sugary green leaves and squares of golden butter-scotch. The mere sight of them makes me drop my dignity of eighteen years and changes me into a squirmy, long-legged little girl dressed in her Sunday best.

Drugged by the sweetness of the candy, I sat quietly for one solid hour on a straight hard pew of polished oak and listened in awe to the minister. Not that I was especially interested in the sermon, nay, rather it was the promise of peppermint drops that accounted for my piety.

Our family pew in the rear of the church afforded an excellent view for a pair of roving eyes. To the left were the members of the congregation at whom I stared. Directly before the bench stood the symbol of righteousness—the pastor. Although I have seen many gowned church officials since, none has ever impressed me more than this tall thin man with his heavy, commanding voice. Nearby the straight uncompromising back of the organist fascinated me.

Such an advantageous position provided many opportunities for games and flights of imagination. Of these games, my favorite was counting. I counted anything which could be counted. As my knowledge of number had its limitations, I generally changed this game for another. I would study the clothing of people around me (what woman does not?) and pass judgment. My standards of criticism rested, however, not on the prevailing modes, but on the basis of whether or not the clothing would be suitable for my dolls. Tiring of this I would let my imagination run riot. I had dreams in which I was not only the heroine, but in vulgar language, "the whole show". My adventures were more thrilling and numerous than those of little Orphan Annie.

The closing hymn usually woke me from these fancies, and I would rise and sing. Then, with the nonchalance and casualness characteristic of childhood, I would walk out of the dim church into the bright sunshine.

M. RAND, Soph. 2

The Anchor at St. Anne's

"What's that anchor there for?"

"Say, does anyone know what that thing is?"

Perhaps you have heard or have voiced such questions yourself as you passed St. Anne's church at Twenty-second Street and York Road. I, too, had often wondered about that anchor until quite accidentally I happened upon the explanation while reading Letitia Stockett's "A Not Too Serious History of Baltimore", in the form of the following story.

In 1824 Captain Ira Taylor, who was in love with Mary Ann Perkins, secured a cargo for his ship and made preparations for a trip to Mexico. Miss Perkins, however, had other ideas on the subject and declared that if he would wed her, he must abandon his travels on the sea. Captain Taylor promised that this would be his last voyage, and his fiancée was finally persuaded to give her consent to his going.

As his ship neared the coast of Mexico, it encountered a hurricane and was forced to drop anchor. During the storm the first anchor was lost and after many prayers on the part of the captain and crew, the last anchor was cast overboard. Captain Taylor vowed that if the anchor held the ship, he would build a church in honor of St. Anne, the patron saint of sailors. The anchor held, and the ship again reached the port of Baltimore safely.

The captain and Miss Perkins were married at the home of her parents which was located at the site now occupied by St. Anne's Church. For years it seemed as if the captain had forgotten his vow, although he kept the now famous anchor. However, in his will, Taylor left money for a church to be erected on the site of his old home. In 1861 the church was completed and the anchor which had saved the ship was placed in the church yard, over the graves of the seaman and his wife.

ALICE ZERBOLA, '37



You and Your Health

Is your health important to you, a prospective teacher? How can you keep your health? These two questions were the underlying thoughts of the Food Exhibit that was sponsored by Sophomore 7 and Sophomore 10, under the guidance of Miss Keys, on November 11.

To make clear the relation of food to health there were instructive talks by students and exhibits of the best examples of food containing protein, carbohydrates, fat, minerals (calcium, phosphorus, iron and iodine), vitamins (A, B, C, D, and G) and water.

My dear friends:

Since last I have seen any of you I have been aboard a ship which has proceeded from Baltimore to San Pedro, California, (via Panama Canal) thence to three ports in Japan, and which is now within five days of Calcutta, India. After Calcutta we shall head homeward, and I shall bring you greetings more personal.

Geography is more real to me now; no longer simply an exact science of multi-colored maps of altitudes, rainfalls and coastline figurations. And there has been a splendid opportunity to observe the lives, both in foreign places and aboard the ship, of those who are less fortunate than we. And I am working *bard* and *regular*, a combination that previously I have accomplished only on rare occasions.

It is remarkable to me that I, who have never ventured more than a hundred miles or so in any direction from my native province, should walk in the street of a Japanese city. Yet I did: the quiet restrained people; their quaint shops; and the pungent odor that seems to pervade all the cities of the Empire left no doubt of it. But together with these exotic elements completely unfamiliar to me, there are many features that are identical with our own. They have excellent street cars and electric trains, department stores and cinemas. (Popeye, Betty Boop, William Powell, and Joan Crawford are especially idealized by the Japanese.)

When leaving this strange and remarkable land, I returned to the ordered and routinized life aboard ship for an eighteen day voyage to Calcutta, India. On the second day out of Maji (the last port visited) we passed the port of Nagasaki where, popular legend has it, the fellows chew tobacco and the women—wicky, wacky, woo! And yesterday we sighted Singapore, whose wickedness, I am told, is greatly overrated.

I have read many magazine articles, much medieval history, psychology, and an huge volume of collected "English Literature" which includes much excellent poetry. After reading and re-reading the quatrains of Omar, the Ballad of Reading Gaol, and the Ode to a Skylark, I really believe that I am coming to enjoy poetry almost as much as I do prose.

Please give my fondest greetings to my friends in school and out, and to the teachers whom you may see. By the middle of November I hope to be able to visit you in your classes. Until then I am,

That well meaning soul,

CHARLES LEEF

NOTE: This is a part of a letter written to Mr. Leef's section, Soph. 4.

They're Always Moving

Frozen noses, cold hands, numb feet! We are astronomy students! The parking space becomes the center of attraction, for it is there we set up our telescope. One may hear:

"Have you seen Jupiter through the telescope?"

"My! I didn't think the moon looked like that."

"I can't find Saturn; where is it?"

Finally there is silence. Everyone has seen the visible planets and the moon, and focuses his attention upon the constellations.

"Follow the Gleam" becomes the theme for finding the stars as Dr. West flashes his light. It certainly is odd how a student can be so stupid when it comes to finding a star. In those millions of stars it seems so hard to find just the right one. Some of us feel proud if we only find the Big Dipper. The constellation that was above the Tower Clock last week is no longer there. What can have happened to it? Then we remember to first "get our bearings" by the North Star.

In the midst of all this some one is apt to say, "Have you signed the attendance sheet?"

This calls for immediate attention, for star study counts as a class period. By the time the roll is signed and one has begun looking for the next constellation, along comes an automobile laden with students for the next hour's observation. In the glare of headlights and the roar of the motor one loses some stars, but they are found again in the discussion period.

Suddenly one begins to realize how much more one really knows than one did before. It certainly does pay to have frozen noses, cold hands, and numb feet. Wouldn't you like to join us some night?



S. I. H.

A Domestic Adventure

She walked up fearlessly to catch it. She had caught it many times before, so why not now. To be sure it acted wilder than usual but someone had to do it. If she could only get the right grip it would never get away. She inched closer and closer, never moving her eyes. All at once she snatched at it, held it temporarily only to have it slip away. Before she could jump back it had enfolded her tightly, wound around her neck and held down both hands. She wriggled and twisted and squirmed to get one hand free. One hand was all she needed. It seemed to know that it could choke her if she didn't hurry. A thousand hands appeared to hold her. Another jerk. One hand was free. An agile twist and the foe was vanquished. The whipping sheet was soon back on the line.

M. WASHBURN, '37

Tuberculosis in the Schoolroom

When we read that in Maryland last year 1427 people died of tuberculosis, we find that the majority were adults. Yet in our school-rooms there may be children destined to die of tuberculosis because the disease has already begun.

Early tuberculosis seldom causes any clear symptoms. If the child's resistance is good and he is no longer exposed to tubercle bacilli, he may never develop the serious form. But he is not always so fortunate. In the teen age and early twenties when he is preparing to meet life actively, he may find himself a victim of active tuberculosis.

But can such blighting of young lives be prevented? Surely! Early tuberculosis need not be a cause of alarm, but it should be a warning which if ignored may prove serious. Physicians are ready to make tuberculin tests, and to give their assistance in preventing or curing the disease.

What can we, who are vitally interested in youth, do to prevent the unnecessary suffering and death? As teachers, we must be concerned with the health of our children, to determine those needing special care, and to see that they receive it. And, as members of the "general public", we can give our hearty support to those Associations seeking to save future generations from a disease which "can happen to anyone, but *need* not."



The Automobile Show

Oh what a sight commands our attention
Everything here is worthy of mention
A million new changes are increasing the sales
However we'll hardly reach all the details.

No-draft ventilation and safety glass
Uncomfortable cars are a thing of the past
Hypoid gears and hydraulic brakes
Glaring new features on cars of all makes.

Canary yellow, blues and blacks
Fords, Chevrolets, and Pontiacs
Our income's limited but being no laggard
We get in and examine that flashy new Packard.

Within we admire such beauteous display
Without on the highways they traverse each day.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

Editor

MARY E. McCLEAN

Assistant Editors

SARAH STRUMSKY

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

Circulation Managers

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JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

“Christmas is the time of year when you ought to remember how much more blessed it is to give than it is to keep.”

Goodwill --- How Long?

“**A**ND on earth peace, goodwill toward men.” Once again the Christmas season approaches with this refrain ringing in the hearts of many throughout the world. At Christmas time people begin to think of a week of “peace and goodwill” toward others. For fifty-one weeks the refrain has not been given the slightest thought. Out of an entire year only one week is devoted to a universal verbal expression of “good will toward men”. Is “goodwill” only a seasonal affair? Is “peace” only a temporary cessation or absence of war?

The belief that “goodwill” toward others is confined to the Christmas season might be traced to the feudal order of the Pope that all arms be laid down on religious holidays. But the feudal system no longer exists; our present order of living does not demand that we fight to defend our rights. Men used to fight to defend their homes and families, nobles battled to maintain their power and standing, and kings declared war to resist the ravages of enemies. Today our homes are safe from foreign attack, people no longer crave power and wealth, and representatives from countries meet to discuss problems of world interest.

This Christmas there are many people in whose sad and discouraged hearts the words “peace on earth” will echo and re-echo. Could they not have been saved the horrors of battle by understandings between countries? Could not the warring nations of the world acknowledge a leader who might cease hostilities long enough to work with the “advanced intelligence” of the world? Could not the momentary lull finally become the realization of a universal and continuous state of goodwill and peace?

Writers have said that the permanent abandonment of war is a distant star, so far away that it almost forms its own universe. In a world in which science, education, and international relations have reached such a high peak of success why should “peace” be a distant star? Is it due to the fact that man has lost all sense of religion in his interest in worldly matters? If this is the explanation, then the Christmas season is the time to return to the child-like faith which has lived in some hearts for hundreds of years. How can one listen to the clear, confident, happy voices of children as they sing “Peace on earth, goodwill toward men”, and plan to break up homes by battles after the Christmas season? These children are the ones who are to be leaders in the future—if you destroy their faith by constant fighting and struggle, the star of peace will fade away entirely.

“And on earth peace, goodwill toward men”—the angels sang these words over a lowly stable. The Shepherds in the fields and the Wise Men repeated them. To each of these, “peace on earth” meant everlasting

tranquility and contentment on earth. Today the same words are still repeated. But is the meaning of the refrain the same? Can we not make these words really live in our hearts from one Christmas to another so that the feeling for peace on this earth will grow strong enough to attract the "star of everlasting peace" from its distant position in space?

S. B. S.



Receiving by Giving

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Especially around Christmas time we hear this Bible verse quoted. At various ages, perhaps, we have read different meanings into it. When we were very small it was hard to understand the true idea of giving, for all we thought about at that time of the year was what we were about to receive. As we grew, chronologically and mentally, most of us began to find joy in giving to make others happy. Receiving became a minor part of our conception of Christmas.

As students preparing for the teaching profession, I believe we can find a still deeper meaning in the verse. How truly it applies to our prospective profession! Our education here, although it is of course an essential stepping stone, is just a means to our ultimate goal. Now we are "receiving" knowledge but eventually we shall be "giving" others guidance in learning. Just as at Christmas time we continue to receive, as well as give, so all our lives we shall continue to search for higher learning so that we may be better prepared for giving. If our guidance is sincere, kind and intelligent, we shall in turn receive presents of love, trust and confidence from those we teach. What material gifts could be greater than these?

B. SMILEY, Soph. 4



Wise Words From Wits

Life is playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as it goes along.

WHY WORRY?—There are only two reasons for worry. Either you're successful, or you're not. If you're successful there is nothing to worry about; if you are not successful, there are only two things to worry about—your health is either good, or you're sick. If your health is good, there's nothing to worry about—and if you are sick, there are only two things to worry about—you're either going to get well or die. If you're going to get well, there's nothing to worry about and if you are

(Continued on Page 28)

The Library—At Your Service

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,

Every day brings the grand climax of your year's activity a bit closer, and young hearts and old beat just a little faster as the Christmas season approaches.

There are many, many things we want Santa dear, but please be sure that in my stocking you leave some books. There are so many grand new ones this year and the book reviews just make us "sit back on our haunches and lick our chops". First on my want list is *And So—Victoria* by Vaughan Wilkins. I've read that this is a marvelous story of the Victorian era, and what could be more fascinating? Then, there's *Northwest Passage* by Kenneth Roberts—a gripping, dramatic description of the southernmost part of New England during the French and Indian War. But, Santa, I'm not entirely historically inclined. One reviewer says of Hendrik van Loon's *The Arts*: "A healthy history of the arts—music, poetry and painting—he writes of all with gusto. Every art lover would be delighted to own this book."

Besides books, Santa, everyone appreciates worthwhile periodicals. *The Illustrated London News* is an especially fine weekly publication. Its special issues are filled with very lovely pictures, and the regular issues give the news of the week in a most attractive manner. *The New York Times* is an excellent American newspaper. Then in the field of monthly publications *Design* is a magazine which presents the newest movements in the field of art. *Nature Magazine* and *Natural History* contain pictures and articles about the great out-of-doors. *The Reader's Digest* is the perfect gift for all those who say they "never have time to read magazines". It is a monthly publication which contains the gist of the most outstanding articles in current magazines. Please, Santa, see that more people get *The Reader's Digest* so we can talk about something other than the weather and gossip.

Lastly, Santa, don't forget the little ones. They'd be delighted to have any of a number of the old classics—*Heidi*, *David Copperfield*, or *Little Women*. Among the newer children's books which are rather highly recommended are Munro Leaf's *Noodle*, the amusing story of a philosophic dachshund; Marjorie Flack's *Walter, the Lazy Mouse*; and many, many more.

Santa, do let books help you solve your gift problems this year. won't you?

Hopefully yours,

KATHERINE FEASER.

P. S. Why not send some one the TOWER LIGHT? They'd be sure to like it.

THE TOWER LIGHT

PRINGLE, M. P. and URANN, C. A. — *Yule-tide in Many Lands* — Lathrop, Lee and Shepard Co., 1916.

On the first page of this book occurs the following quotation from Tennyson:

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

This expresses in beautiful language the basic idea underlying all the material contained within the covers.

Each one of us I am sure enjoys and earnestly clings to our nation's customs of celebrating Christmas, yet how many have ever stopped to consider how these customs originated. According to this book, American Christmas customs are a combination of the best ones observed by our European ancestors. For example, our Santa Claus comes from Holland; our stockings hung in the chimney, from France or Belgium; our Christmas trees from the East by way of Germany; our Christmas cards and verbal Christmas greetings, our Yule-log, our plum puddings and our mince pies from England. Practically our only original contributions are turkey and squash pie.

Each of the principal countries in Europe has its own traditional manner of keeping the Yule-tide and the customs differ greatly; still in every nation the fundamental spirit at this season is one of joy, peace, generosity, and Christ. What does it matter if in Germany, Scandinavia, and England, Christmas is a time of snow and biting winds, while in Italy and Spain the flowers bloom in garden and field? What is a mere matter of climate when the most joyous season of the year arrives! It is time to visit friends, exchange gifts, help the poor, and go to church. In these things, every country takes part, and it is these things which make Yule-tide the most-loved time of year.

At the beginning of each chapter and skillfully woven into the text are poems and folk songs of the people who are being pictured. Many of our own familiar carols may be recognized among them, providing more proof that America has adopted the best from Europe for her own at this season.

To read this book is to learn accurate facts concerning Christmas in other lands and to gain a warmer understanding of our own Yule-tide spirit.

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN, Soph. 6.

THOMAS, NORMAN—*War, No Profit, No Glory, No Need*; N. Y.; Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1935 (234 pages)

Many of the books written about war are too technical and deep for the average reader. Mr. Thomas' book is not one of these. It is simple, direct and interesting. The title speaks for itself. Mr. Thomas pictures

for us so convincingly what war is, not only for the soldier but also for those at home that we cannot but see that there is no glory in war, however much the militarists may teach us the opposite. In the chapter "What Has Man Gained by War" the sheer weight of the figures given will astound and horrify the reader. As for the need of war, Mr. Thomas blasts the theory that there is profit in war and shows how completely futile it is.

Though the picture that Mr. Thomas paints of the world is black, his last chapter brings with it a ray of hope. He states that in this world war is more probable than peace but adds that probability is not inevitability. In the light of what is happening in the world today we may try to apply to present situations Mr. Thomas's proposed remedies.

S. COGSWELL, *Soph.* 1.

Recreation, National Recreation Association, November, 1932, Volume XXVI, No. 8, Price 25 cents.

True, this is a "back number" magazine as far as years are concerned, but one can see from the review of a few articles of this issue how many interesting and helpful things can be had from our library magazines. It is the hope of the writer that this article will stimulate a few persons into reading not only the Christmas issues of magazines, but others as well.

"The Christmas Tree—A Beloved Tradition" is the title of one article written by Marie F. Heisley of The Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. The origin of the use of the tree at Christmas time is somewhat lost. It is known, however, that the Egyptians used the date palm to decorate their homes during the winter solstice, and that the Romans used the conifer to decorate in celebrating their feast of Saturn in midwinter. The practice of illuminating Christmas trees is traced to a tradition of the Scandinavian peoples. During the Christmas season, flaming lights are said to have sprung mysteriously from the branches of the Ygdrasil, or the world tree. The Anglo Saxons also have a legend concerning the fir tree. The story goes that Saint Boniface cut down a giant oak tree which had been the object of worship of the Druids, and when the tree fell, a little fir tree stood behind it unharmed, its spire pointing toward the stars. Saint Boniface then said to his people:—"This little tree, the young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of its fir. It is the sign of endless life, for its leaves are evergreen. See how it points upward to the heavens. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child. Gather around it. It will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness." The Christmas tree is now a symbol of happiness and family ties. Some people say this tradition should not be continued as it is such a great drain on our forest trees. The total number of trees used could be grown on 6,000 acres, so you can see that the amount of trees used in

the celebration of Christmas is very small in comparison with the loss by forest fires per year. The most important thing from the forest conservation viewpoint is where the trees are obtained rather than the number used.

There is one article in this issue which should be a real help to any of us planning Christmas parties for children (some of them could be used very well for adults). The title of this article is "Games for the Christmas Season". Not only are the games explained well, but suggestions for stunts and favors are given.

Won't you take advantage of the wonderful selection of magazines in our school library?



Patter

"If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt." Carlyle.

Happy is the mosquito that can pass the screen test.

He sowed his wild oats and prayed for crop failure.

Marriage: "A ceremony in which rings are put on the finger of the lady and through the nose of the gentleman." Herbert Spencer.

Young people today are alike in many disrespects.

Flattery is soft soap and soft soap is 90% lye.

Texas highway sign: This is God's country. Don't drive like hell!

A housewife up the street wants a new maid. The last one handled China like Japan.

They say the first time a Scotsman used free air in a garage he blew out four tires.

Readers Digest 1935.

REGINA GITTLEMAN, Soph. 2.



(Continued from Page 24)

not going to get well, there are only two things to worry about,—you are either going to heaven or you're not going to heaven. If you're going to heaven, there is nothing to worry about and if you're going to the other place, you will meet so many of your friends, you won't have time to worry. So why worry?

We all have strength enough to bear the misfortunes—of others.

Many wet handkerchiefs are caused by dry love affairs.

When the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He writes not that you won or lost—but *how* you played the game.

J. K., YOUR UN-OFFICIAL OBSERVER.

Teachers College Record

College Night

On Friday evening, November 12, 1937, the Men's Club sponsored our first College Night. It proved to be one of the best events ever held at the school. First, the affair began with an informal dinner for everyone in the dining room. Next on the program was a "Sing-Song" in the foyer. Joseph Moan served as master of ceremonies and introduced the following soloists who added much to the pleasure of the evening: Catherine Schottler, Herbert Silver, Paul Massicott, John Klier, and Edwin Mac Cubbin. The entire group did their "bit" by singing college and popular songs. Dancing followed to the tune of the radio.

Plans are already underway for the next College Night to be held late in January. In speaking of College Night, Dr. Tall thus added her approval, "I see no reason why College Night should not become part of the college calendar supported by both students and faculty."

The Men's Club acknowledges with appreciation the assistance rendered by Dr. Tall, Miss Diefenderfer, and Mr. Minnegan in making the affair possible.



Notes From the Glee Club

Looking back at the month of November we find the Glee Club still busily engaged in concert-preparing and giving. The first to our credit this month was a program at Towson High School on November fourth. Our old favorite "Luh-Luh" made quite a "hit" with the audience.

On November nineteenth, at the invitation of Miss Joslin, Martha Jane Norris, Ruth Dudderar, Frances Jones, Ellen Pratt, Ruth Spicer, Dorothy Vogel, and Marie Washkevich sang at the Lord Baltimore Hotel for a meeting of the Association for Childhood Education. The program consisted of:

"Good Morning Merry Sunshine".....	<i>Hubbard</i>
"Ride A Cock Horse".....	<i>Elliott</i>
"Pussy Cat"	<i>Elliott</i>
"Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey".....	<i>Neidelinger</i>
"The Toyman's Shop	<i>Emilie Poulsson</i>
"The Little Shoemaker".....	<i>Riley</i>
"Lullaby"	<i>Brahms</i>

Almost included in November, but not quite, was our concert on December first. This time we sang for the opening session of the National Convention of the American Vocational Association, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. We felt quite thrilled to sing for such a gathering.

D. A. V.



Orchestra "Notes"

Like other organizations, the Orchestra has busy and dull seasons. It is passing through the latter now. We are, however, preparing Christmas music. In addition to the usual carols, there will be a special program for the Old English Dinner.

Perhaps we are forcing the season a bit, but commencement music is also on the program at rehearsals. We are hoping that this will avoid the last minute rush and rehearsals in June.

CHARLOTTE HURTT, Jr. 2



Piano Recital

On Wednesday, November 17th, the college listened to a piano recital given by Julia Schnebly, child pianist from Hagerstown.

When Miss Schnebly began playing the slight noise that usually prevails during assembly hours subsided, and from then on until her final tone, the young artist commanded the attention of her listeners. Her technique was especially good and her tone was quite sonorous. Indeed, the entire performance was quite a creditable one.

To prove that her talents are not confined exclusively to playing, Miss Schnebly played as an encore one of her own compositions.

S. J. BAKER



League of Young Voters

Stars and sky, students and song, swing and sway, stamp and shout, sweet and slow, scintillating syncopation, step and stop. Do these words suggest anything? Certainly it's the League's Dance on January 14, 1938. Come on, "It's the natural thing to do."

Advance News:

Fellow students—lend me your ears!! Without the usual fanfare and blowing of trumpets, we just want you to know that the League of Young Voters' Roller-and Ice-skating Party on January 21 is going to be THE affair of the year. Slip in on us and enjoy yourselves; you'll slip up on a good time if you don't.

JEANNE KRAVETZ, Soph. 2

Dear Diary:

Just wait until you hear the interesting things I have to tell you tonight! Had I mentioned before that we were having a birthday party in the dormitory? All the girls and faculty members whose birthdays were in early autumn were invited to attend. As it was a Hallowe'en party, practically everyone came costumed and masked. The wing of the dining room looked delightful with fodder and pumpkins in the windows and along the walls, tall candles, and lovely favors on each table. We began our evening by passing by Dr. Tall, Miss Scott, and Miss Dief, who served as judges. The prizes were awarded later to the following:

Loveliest costume.....Margie Owens as an Italian lady
Honorable mention.....Kitty Pierce as an old-fashioned girl
Funniest costume.....The Family Group—E. Jacobs, father;
S. Barrett, mother, and A. Matthai, baby
Honorable mention.....Dot Anthony representing "The Saturday
Night Bath"

After a dinner of luscious things, Dr. Tall and Miss Dief gave us a Hallowe'en wish. And then came the good times with all the games. If this is strictly between you and me, I will tell you:

That Miss Prickett should have been awarded the booby prize for putting the mouse in the cat's mouth.

That Miss Dief certainly knows the art of chewing string.

That many of us met Miss Botsford for the first time and we think she's "swell". (Did you hear that "swell", Miss Munn? But you know, sometimes there just isn't any other word.)

That so far D. B. Morris hasn't any ill effects from her fall which was *remotely* caused by Miss Prickett's sense of direction.

That we believe Miss Joslin would have liked to dance "The Big Apple".



Sophomore Seven Party

Saturday night found the members of Sophomore 7 in high spirits as we rode to Halethorpe to the home of Sam Miller, our former classmate. (Information on how we found the way can easily be had from Miss Reynolds and Mr. Jacobsen.)

As we stepped inside the door Sam greeted us in his characteristic Gargantuan gusto with the proclamation, "The house is yours; do anything you like, only leave the foundation."

During the evening we paused for ginger-ale and cake, but the climax came at twelve with a buffet supper accompanied by a reminiscence of our freshmen "daze".

MAY LOVE, Soph. 7

Sports, Sports, - - - and Sports

The soccer team finished the last four games in good form with the following record: a three to one victory over Western Maryland; a one to one tie with Johns Hopkins; a one to one tie with Maryland; and a four to one victory over Salisbury Teachers College. The last two games produced exceptionally good pass work and proved to be the best in the history of State Teachers College soccer.

This season marked the last game for many of our players. They are: Captain John Wheeler, Harris, Stern, Gamerman, Fishel, Bennett, and W. Cox.

Team play was well mastered by the end of the season and with a few veterans who will return and a goodly number of freshmen, a fair team should be developed in the 1938 season.

The Maryland Inter-Collegiate Soccer League is well under way and the following colleges have already been admitted as members of the league: Johns Hopkins, University of Maryland, Western Maryland, Salisbury, Frostburg, Towson Teachers, and possibly St. John's.

A fine inter-class basketball tournament was held earlier in the season. The Seniors were proclaimed the victors, the Freshmen second with two wins and one loss, Juniors third with one win and two losses, and the Sophomores fourth with three losses.

The first annual Teachers College basketball tournament will be held in the college auditorium on the second and third of December. Frostburg's team is highly favored due to the large number of players that they receive from the Alleghany High School, state champions, and with a veteran team that defeated Towson Teachers by twenty points last year. Salisbury will have a promising team composed of many Eastern Shore high school stars.

The Towson Teachers are fighting against many odds. Come out and support them!



Lutherville vs. Towson

Yea Lutherville! Yea Towson! Such was the finale of the hockey game which took place on our campus November fifth between Lutherville College for Women and State Teachers College. Our team, composed of girls from each class, was able to hold Lutherville, five to one. Both teams displayed excellent spirit; Lutherville had distinguished spectators to spur them on—a pony and a very large dog, so large that Patsy watched the game through its legs.

The teams, through the mascots, made arrangements for a future game. It was a great "Dane" for Patsy.

The March of Sports

The front campus has been the center of much activity, with hockey and soccer occupying the field. The sideline crowds eagerly support their chosen class.

The hockey games were contested on such a nippy day that it seemed difficult for everyone except the Freshmen and Junior teams to keep warm. The games succeeded in the following order:

Juniors vs. Sophomores II	3-2
Freshmen vs. Sophomores I	1-0
Seniors vs. Juniors	0-1
Freshmen vs. Juniors	1-1

The winning teams:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Freshmen</i>
Brandt	CF	Sprainis
Anthony	RI	Lowry
Rosenberg	LI	Eichelberg
Hoopes	RW	Hale
Peregoy - Firey	LW	Lambros-Radsky
Scarff	CHB	Smyrk
Moxley	RHB	Pierce
Barnes	LHB	Coon
Smith	RFB	Heck
Morgan-Cumming	LFB	Woodfall
Hatton	G	Barker

The soccer games were the last of the series of outdoor sports. The spirit of rivalry between the sections prevailed throughout the entire series with Freshman Two triumphant.

Basketball is in step and at present is marching along in time with the other sports.

LOUISE FIREY, Jr. 5.

Thanksgiving Formal Dinner

Soft lights and beautiful girls in lovely dresses around tables piled high with fruit and Thanksgiving goodies! What more does one need to get into the holiday spirit? The program in Richmond Hall Parlor after the dinner climaxed the evening with singing by Martha Jane Norris and playing by Eleanor Williamson. After Dr. Tall gave us a Thanksgiving wish, she introduced to us our guest for the evening, Miss Nancy Turner, who through her talk gave us much food for thought, telling us how lucky we were to be Americans and comparing us to the young people of other nations. Many present already knew Miss Turner as a radio fashion critic. In closing she listed goals for us to set up; poise, diction, an individual manner, and good grooming.

Clothes Line

We're a little off the subject but it's all a part of style, the style of your personality. This week we'll "hash" things out (a little of everything and a few left overs), so "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" while we "hash".

What about the fellow who sits when spoken to by the faculty, you know!

S. O. S. assemblies (Student Out-Talks Speaker) have no place here. You might not be concentrating on "my next point" but your "next point" can be saved for after 12:20.

Developments of the latest "crush and I" from the hours of disarmament and rearmament of tin curlers is rather boresome (to the other party). Tom, no matter how smooth, is slightly indigestible when discussed three meals a day. Give him and us a rest.

And no "darts" behind the back. Don't make Helen the target for your "shots" just because she lacks something. She can't help the way she looks. You might be a queer specimen yourself to the other fellow.

"Don't say a word, but—" is a sure sign that another ear will soon be echoing with the same phrase. We're all confiding souls so a secret is best kept a secret right inside of *you*.

I'd like to stone the reptile who is the center of a hazy joke crowd. You're not funny or original when you clutter our minds with trash. We laugh to be polite but someday someone won't think it's funny and then——

Speaking of "crude", the "burpers' society" is decidedly demoralizing. Try a silencer with good manners. You'll feel better.

The Big Apple has slightly fermented with a few rough-neck "trucks". You can still suzy—q to the right with a due amount of dignity and self-respect. Don't be the only worm. One bad apple can spoil the barrel.

Well, maybe you're a reformed man and maybe not. Anyway, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. You have it coming to you!

TWO PINS.



Alumni Notes

Marriages

November 12, 1937

Margaret Kelleman, graduate of 1934 to Philip Onderdonk.

November 21, 1937

Dorothy Smith, a student here in 1934, to Edward McCubbin, graduate of 1936.

Four Alumni Meetings in One Week

On the Eastern Shore

—— a dinner, a luncheon, an afternoon tea, and a committee meeting ——



Salisbury

Thirty-five loyal alumni of Towson gave a dinner on November sixteenth at the Wicomico Hotel, in honor of Miss Scarborough, our field worker. Other invited guests were: Dr. Lida Lee Tall and Miss Stella Brown of our college faculty; Dr. Theresa Wiedefeld, State Supervisor of Elementary Education; Dr. and Mrs. Blackwell, of the State Teachers College in Salisbury; and Mr. J. M. Bennett, County Superintendent of Schools. The classes represented ranged from '82 to '25. Time and Tide do not lessen our graduates' loyalty. It was a delightful occasion of renewed friendships, fun and feasting. After the dinner there was a business meeting to plan for the organization of a Wicomico Branch of the Alumni Association. Mrs. Louise Hastings Francis, Mrs. Margaret Travers Bennett, Mrs. Ida Belle Wilson Thomas, Mrs. Mary Weller Holloway and Miss Ida Morris were chosen as an organizing committee. Mrs. Francis was made chairman of the committee.



Snow Hill

On November seventeenth, a group of alumni met at the Snow Hill High School building. After a pleasant social hour, an enjoyable luncheon was served. The honorary guests were Dr. Wiedefeld; Miss Elizabeth Mundy, County supervisor of schools; and Miss Scarborough, all three of whom are alumni of the College.

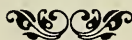
After the luncheon a business meeting was held to make plans for the organization of a Worcester County Branch of the Alumni Association.



Pocomoke

On the afternoon of November seventeenth Miss Marion Stevens gave an Alumni Tea in her spacious and attractive home in Pocomoke. A large group of graduates and friends came early and stayed late. The Misses Scarborough, Wiedefeld and Mundy were again the guests of honor. The entertainment was typical of Eastern Shore cordiality and hospitality.

The alumni withdrew for a short business meeting to learn what had been done by the Snow Hill group towards a county organization, and to make plans for cooperation with them in the formation of a Worcester County Branch of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.



Cambridge

A small committee of alumni met in Cambridge, November eighteenth, to plan for a meeting early in the Spring. Considerable interest has been shown by these former students in organizing a Dorchester Branch of the Alumni Association. Since Dr. Tall was born in Dorchester County, the committee looks forward to an unusually well-attended and enthusiastic meeting.

Miss Scarborough, our field worker, and a member of the Towson faculty for thirty-eight years, says it was a great week. The loyalty of the Alumni both to their Alma Mater in Towson, and to their Eastern Shore State Teachers College in Salisbury (founded in 1925) was heartening to see. She says it was good to go back home. Miss Scarborough was born in Worcester County.



Flash! Pirates Invade S. T. C.

Off with a bang! That was the senior party.

An excited gathering inside the main entrance of the Ad. Building; a call of, "Everybody here?"; directions drawn from section mail boxes, and a quick division of the class into sections started the Treasure Hunt.

Few inches of the campus were left untrodden in the efforts of our merry friends to find those precious slips of paper which led from clothes lines to merry-go-rounds. Then that most puzzling direction of all:

"Now that you've been half around the country, go all around the state." Puzzling to most but not to "Touch" who led the way straight to the state map in the hall of the "Ad" Building and straight to that sought-after treasure—a box of candy.

In room 23 another surprise awaited the hungry but undaunted Captain Kidds. Behold! A table sagging with a delicious buffet supper which Miss Neunsinger repeatedly declared was the best she had ever eaten. The pirate technique carried over in the quest for food.

The merry-go-round didn't break down but the phonograph did and thanks to Mr. Haslup's "oom-pah" on the piano everyone joined in the dancing.

MARGARET WEBB, Sr. 6

Assemblies

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1937

After a brief introduction by "Uncle Ed" Warner, one of the long-standing friends of this college, Mrs. Judd, who is President of the Mark Twain Society, rendered the Story of Joseph, impersonating the characters herself.

Although the entire performance was a bit unusual it provided a very pleasurable reliving of experiences on the part of the audience.

Mrs. Judd's voice was deliberate, yet rich, varied, and flexible. It was plainly evident that she was well schooled in dramatics and elocution.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1937

According to Mr. Frederick Stieff, "The Four Cornerstones of Baltimore" were Enoch Pratt, Johns Hopkins, George Peabody and William Walters. These men, who were all born at the early part of the nineteenth century, recognized the needs of Baltimore as an important city, and did everything in their power to meet these needs. In order to show their achievements, Mr. Stieff traced deeply the life histories of these men.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1937

We were privileged to hear the headmaster of Friends School address us as a teacher to teachers-to-be. He gave us many points to inspire us toward being living examples of ideals, so that we may be more effective in our influence on people.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1937

In the name of the Community Fund, Dr. Don Frank Fenn spoke to us. He discussed with us the wide scope of work which the thirty-five agencies of the Fund carry on. Last year 300,000 people out of 950,000 were helped by one of the agencies. He very vividly described the inadequate relief which many families are today receiving, drawing upon his own experiences for common examples. Dr. Fenn related to us the many phases of work of the Community Fund, and explained the functions of the social workers. After Dr. Fenn summed up his talk by proving the effectiveness of the Community Fund, there were few people in our audience who were not thinking of some way they might scrape together a few more pennies for such an urgent and worthwhile cause.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1937

On Armistice Day Mr. Gerald Johnson spoke on the timely subject of the Constitution. He very vividly described Armistice Day as he remembered it in the war, leaving out none of the horrible but realistic details of suffering and dying. Then he reminded us that the best way to honor those men is by remembering and upholding those things for which

they died. Mr. Johnson related the story of the making of the Constitution and gave a short history of its working since then. Al Smith, we learned, said, "We adjourn the Constitution when the war breaks out". Mr. Johnson believes that it is good that the Constitution can be flexible according to the people's will and interpretation, or otherwise it would become a rigid idol, preventing reasonable action. One of the main ideas that we students gained is that people, like the Fathers of the Constitution, who stick to a thing and are willing to compromise, are heroes.

RUTH BRUENING, Soph. 2.



So What?

By W. NORRIS WEISS

Once again we have succeeded in slipping this alleged column of nonsense under the vigilant eye and blue pencil of ye olde editor. Here's hoping that these few meaningless paragraphs may fill a few boring minutes whether they be in a classroom or on the street car. So What?

Notations of the November Issue

An orchid to the S. T. C. Philosopher for his remarkable article on budgeting time. Will all please note it.

The puns which were entitled "Verbal None-sense" . . . Many were wondering if this title was correct. In our usual spirit of service, we wish to hereby publicly announce that we believe that this title was also meant to be a pun. The writer of that column should certainly be punished.

L. L. L. comes through again!! This time his above-average article was as it should have been. We recognized that it had been written by L. L. L. rather than John Dewey. However, it was a splendid tribute to Lewis. (Not John L. Lewis of C.I.O. fame.)

You Tell Me

What has become of our one optional assembly per week?

What TOWER LIGHT writer was called to account by a beautiful black-haired girl as soon as the November *Tower Lights* were out and why?

Who was the chorus director who had a pan of H₂O thrown on him the night of the last men's meeting when the gentlemen were serenading the ladies?

THE TOWER LIGHT

Ground Hog Day comes on February 2, Lincoln's Birthday on February 12, and Washington's Birthday on February 22, but the TOWER LIGHT DANCE comes on FEBRUARY 11, 1938! Make it *your* celebration!

College Romances of the Past Month

I've never noticed that D.S. liked to walk the first fare. I wonder if it is for the exercise or the company of J.W.

Who is the "light of M.C.'s life"?

What girls in Soph 4 are called "Susie", "Snuffy", and "Honey-bug", and by whom?

Once again, B.D. has his name linked with a girl's here at M.S.T.C. This time it is B.S. We've wondered why Bob was so anxious to give up his seat at the rear of the auditorium for one in the glee club section.

College Wit

Elementary School Teacher (showing one of her smaller pupils a model of the Venus de Milo): "Now, see what comes of biting your fingernails!"

This is an old one I have just heard, but I think it should be passed on to you.

M. S. T. C. Freshman: "Boy, it's rainin' dogs and cats outside!"

M. S. T. C. Senior: "So what, kid?"

M. S. T. C. Freshman: "I oughta know, I just stepped in a poodle!"

Beat this one if you can—

The King of Uriwandi has three wives whom he pounds unmercifully when he gets drunk. His course is approved by Hoyle, I believe. A king full always beats three queens!

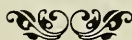
The best newspaper review of a current movie that I ever read was in the N. Y. *Times* of several weeks ago. The review closed with this statement: "The best we can say for this picture is that it is frowsy (Typographical error)."

I should like to take this opportunity to wish you all a very enjoyable Holiday Season, and I DO mean YOU. (Apologies to Jimmy Fiddler.)

Under the Weather Vane

Old Father Time marches on and each day that passes brings many an interesting event and happening to life under the weather vane of the elementary school. The entire school entered into the spirit of celebrating Book Week. But why not? The pupils in the Campus School are great readers and do choose their books as one chooses friends. The celebration of Book Week culminated in a play given in the assembly to a large audience of friends, parents and students. The action took place in the library where the pupils of sixth grade were selecting books to read for pleasure. Ann, a child who cared only for the gaudy colored backs, and to look at the pictures, was shown through dramatization how many thrilling adventures and how much pleasure one may get from reading good stories.

Parts of Little Black Sambo, Pinocchio, Snow White and Rose Red, Hansel and Gretel and Tom Sawyer were re-lived to the evident delight not only of the audience, but to the actors themselves.



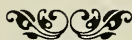
The Fifth Grade Makes a Monk's Desk

The fifth grade of the Campus Elementary School is planning to construct a "monk's desk", patterned after those used in the monasteries during the middle ages.

The children have made a careful study of text and pictures from various references, in order to get specifications for the construction. Several diagrams and a cardboard model have been made as a guide in starting the construction of the desk.

The class is eager to make this wooden desk typical of the ones used of old. The children hope to make a scriptorium for the desk after it is finished.

FIFTH GRADE



An Ostrich Wanted

Through their study of the Arabian Desert the third grade have become interested in ostriches. Louise brought to school the broken shell of an ostrich egg. The children fitted together the pieces and with the aid of porcelain cement produced an almost perfect shell. "Just like a jig-saw puzzle!" said Penny. Now, with three plumes as a beginning, the class would like to assemble an ostrich. Any one with an ostrich body or head please notify the third grade.

Snoop-Box

"Gee," can it be that your jokes are not appreciated in the service room?

Are all girls supposed to be in bed by 11:00 on Sunday night, Miss Dief?

"O'Toole" is company, but three is a crowd. Is that correct, Connie? Where does Scarff go after she gets those phone calls at lunch time? Get Wilde to give you his demonstration of a Tower Light meeting. Momjian isn't much of a friend when you're in trouble, is he, Jane and Kitty? Suggestion—hire a bodyguard.

What faculty member reminds Jr. 6 of a member of the bird family? "Cor-set's" a bit late, but we're just catching on about the excitement of last month.

Do those Salisbury boys "cut in"!!

There's a new locomotive service in the administration building—see Miss Joslin, Chief Engineer!

Love can really do wonders for one, can't it, Barbara?

Of course, no doubt V. R. would just as "Leef" go hear all of the "League of Young Voters" speakers.

Ask the Freshmen on the third floor how to get a man on Sunday afternoons.

It has been said that David Shepherd will not eat milk on cereal. Is it the girlish figure you wish to preserve, David?

When our Sr. 7 lovebirds occupy the Y. W. room for half an hour, that's all right; but one and one-half hours is a little too much (with the lights out).

Why did you want to go in, Henrietta and Joe?

Did your Washington trip end as anticipated, Carolyn?

How do Misses Hurtt and Dudderar rate a ride on Thursday night with Stottlemeyer? Don't tell us Patsy is visiting again!

University 1158

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Parker: "He has musical feet."

They: "How so?"

Parker: "Two flats!"

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THE TOWER LIGHT



JANUARY, 1938

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

JANUARY, 1938

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

JANUARY, 1938

No. 4

New Year Thoughts

Restless yearning, painful feeling,
O'er our spirits still are stealing.
When the old year passes out
So does sorrow, pain, and doubt.

New hopes, new faith, and new desires
Fill each soul with quickening fires;
Done with pettiness and strife,
Stirred to better things in life.
Let our thoughts and hearts be just
If we judge or censor must;
Faith and hope we ever need—
Let faith and hope be our new creed.

ANGELA MATTHAI, Fr. 6.

Learn by Deweying

MANY who have business with the writings of John Dewey have been impressed by his profundity and erudition, his almost mystical obscurity. Within this imposing exterior they have found a brilliant structure of human thought—a vast instrument to deal with the enigma of our complex society. Contrary to the notions of the Philistines that the tenets of his system are radical and idealistic (hence impossible of realization), they are in the main realistic and practicable, being the result of a lifetime of scientific study of society and its problems.

One of the most fundamental and significant of the concepts that Dr. Dewey has given us is the idea of "learning by doing". While he was not the first to conceive that intrinsic understanding comes not from the textbook and the armchair but from dynamic personal experience and activity, it is he who has made it his battle slogan in his war with the academicians and scholastics. Largely through his efforts, "learn by doing" has become an axiom of progressive education.

When I was introduced to the concept in our education course, I was impressed; in fact the impression was so pronounced that I made up my mind to do something about it. I was determined to do more than get a job during this summer—I would get a job that had some experience value. One of the best ways to see something, to learn to do something, and to experience a new way of living, I decided, would be to follow Mr. Podlich's example and ship out on a foreign-bound vessel. And, to my utter surprise, I did!

During the first days I was half convinced that I had been altogether mistaken. Having to become accustomed to my duties, ship discipline, nautical terminology, the rolling of the ship, and having to adjust to a group of men of a nature with which I was scarcely familiar, gave little time to consider the advantages of the voyage.

However, I soon came to believe that there were advantages. Passing through the Panama Canal and walking in the streets of Long Beach made me realize them. What a thrill for me who had never been more than an hundred miles in any direction from my native province! Ah, I had commenced to venture upon the outer world!

Nothing has ever surprised me quite so much as the Japanese. The little people that I had dismissed as "quaint" I found were remarkably blending the industrialism of the West with the ancient dignity and charm of the Orient. This is remarkable in view of the restrictive military government that is consistently preaching intolerance. I witnessed a vast war propaganda machine in operation. There were torch-light parades and military bands and doll-like tots in military uniforms to

evoke popular sympathy for the holy war in China; the newspapers, the newsreels, and the radio, all under direct or indirect control of the state, have convinced the Japanese people that the present war in China is to suppress disorder and to protect Japanese interests there.

In Calcutta I saw for the first time real human degradation and unutterable poverty. In theory I have been opposed to the imperialist policies of Britain in India, but never could I have dreamed that their exploitation had resulted in such universal misery. What little I saw of India was revolting. I was disgusted with the lack of sanitation, the unspeakable housing conditions, the ridiculously low average wage, the arrogance of the British bureaucrats, and the orthodox Hindu religion. This religion is like a great body from which the spirit has passed long ago, which is foul from corruption and decay. It is tolerated by the British government undoubtedly because it succeeds in distracting the attention of the masses from their worldly plight, and acts as a real barrier to popular social enlightenment. Yes, I have briefly experienced imperialism and religion at their worst, and I have found them damned.

And now, what did I "learn by doing" on the ship? Why, primarily I learned to do honest-to-God physical labor—more, I suspect, than I had done in the previous nineteen years of my existence. And I became accustomed to rolling from my bunk at 6 a. m. promptly without a second call. For the first time I saw a shark, a school of whales, flying fishes, a typhoon (not a marine animal), waterspouts, and indescribable sunsets in the Arabian Sea. There, too, was the invaluable experience to the student of the American language to hear the vernacular used with such vigor as it was by the members of the crew. Simple nouns were invariably prefaced and adorned by adjectival phrases of from four to seven words. Examples: (CENSORED)*. I do believe that life aboard a ship is a small liberal education in itself.

But none of the experiences is quite equal to that supreme emotional delight of coming home. The first sight of the Jersey coast is a re-discovery of America; the solemn passing of the Statue of Liberty and the endless docks of the North River is a triumphant return. After thirty thousand miles I had my first experience of that giant that is Manhattan. And so home, to experience, or re-experience old friends.

C. LEEF.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: We deem it inadvisable to publish the examples even in the interests of philology.

Mary has a little lamb;
He'll take her to the Tower Light Dance;
And where they go on Febr'ary 11,
The crowd is sure to go.

The Saving Grace

THE brain is a remarkable organ. When the forces of circumstances and man's own nature seem about to throw society for a terrific loss and we are quite sure that we can no longer "take it", along comes some Profundo with a new brain child and the world reels on to the next crisis.

Just as it is with the world at large, so in a like manner the pattern is repeated in microcosmic proportions in the lives of our faculty. Each day brings a new crisis, and each day we somehow manage to face another day on the strength of our inventions.

Such a breathless existence, with its ever-impending disasters, must have driven us either to hari kiri or madness long ago had not the Gods who guard our destinies seen fit to throw us an extraneous bit of adaptation not shared by mankind in general. It is this quality which is responsible for our well-known gift of forgetfulness. Even this feature, remarkable though it is, would be insufficient to enable us to deal with the unique behavioristic patterns set by some of the students in our classes. Our saving grace of forgetfulness needs to be supplemented by a sense of humor.

Now ordinarily no student will admit that a faculty member has a sense of humor. It is true that most teachers will smile by way of greeting—but a sense of humor—that is something else. This attitude is quite understandable to us because students do not realize that our sense of humor is a *saving* grace and not necessarily for social entertainment.

In order to make this point of view more comprehensible, let me invite you into a class room where we shall observe a lesson on the "Particularistic Interpretations of Human Behavior". It is unnecessary for the purposes of this paper to record the scholastic development of the lesson. You want to see the "saving grace" save, and so we shall reveal only the inner-most, unspoken reactions of the teacher at those intervals when either the nature of the subject or the particularistic conduct of a few of the students causes the emotional pressure within the teacher to approach the boiling point.

9:03—"The lesson begins this morning with a discussion of the functions of the Pineal gland. Gland tidings of great joy."

9:07—"Behold our old friend—the young lady with the metronome jaw. Chewing in waltz time today! Of course, too early in the morning for "swing".

9:11—"Sotto voce is at it again. Can I be teaching Beetle on the Phil Baker program?"

- 9:18—"Signs of life in Seat Three? Nothing to be concerned about really. The young lady is just preparing to give us this day her daily expression for impression."
- 9:18½—"Too bad! Wrong again, Sister. Behold the face which launched a thousand slips!"
- 9:24—"And then came the yawn."
- 9:32—"A riddle. Why is the ventilation in this room like the music the horn-blowers make as I come to school in the morning?"
- 9:39—"Think I'll postpone the paper I had planned to assign. I just can't stand being asked how many pages it must contain. Maybe tomorrow—"
- 9:48—"The bell will ring any minute now. I see the gum going under the desk for tomorrow's use."



A Bit of Autobiography

THERE stands a stately apartment house in the midst of busy Vienna, a short distance from the Danube River. In that house, twenty years ago, I was born. My childhood is vividly etched in my mind; but, nevertheless, I often wonder if it was not all a dream. How could I ever have been so happy? It seems to me that the sun was always shining, that the flowers were always blooming, that people were always laughing—in Vienna. I have but to close my eyes and I can imagine myself lying under a tree near the Danube, gazing and dreaming those childish dreams. I have but to stop and think for a moment and I can see myself playing and singing in the park with my comrades, still dreaming and planning. Dreaming—how little did I then realize that man is only happy while he can still dream. When I was ten years old, I received a great shock. I was to leave Vienna. Friends consoled me, saying that I would soon forget my old life and start a new one in America, but I was not consoled. And so with a feeling of loss and regret I left my old home and started to the "Land of Hope and Glory" with a feeling of bitterness and pain.

We stayed in France more than a week before taking the boat at Cherbourg. When I boarded the vessel, I took with me a picture of a crowded, noisy city whose occupants seemed too gay and carefree to be real. I have often wondered since, why so many people fervently wish to go to France. The five days which I spent on the "Leviathan" were never to be forgotten days. I almost forgot my sorrow and enjoyed the trip immensely. I would stand and stare with rapt admiration at the continuous stretch of blue water; but often I returned to my cabin crying,

for my mind recalled water that was much bluer and clearer—my Danube. Do I appear to be too sentimental? Perhaps I am. But then one cannot judge my feeling unless one has undergone my experience. Finally, at dawn, we came into New York harbor. I will not even try to tell how beautiful was the scene, for should I attempt to paint this picture, it would seem too exaggerated to those who never witnessed such a panorama and furthermore I would not be doing it justice. Therefore, I shall leave it to the reader's imagination.

Soon we came to Baltimore, and settled in our present home. Then started my somewhat tedious daily schedule. I started to school of course, but it was an Americanization Class, as I could not speak a single English word. Oh! those were discouraging days! I now laughingly recall how hard it was for me to pronounce my "r's", and I never could say "vessel" without changing my "v" to a "w". But in three and a half years I had mastered my pronunciation difficulties. After I had acquired some knowledge of the language I began to satisfy my craving for books; I began to associate with people, to join clubs. Then did I become aware of the beauty and true worth of my new country and realized that it really deserved the name "Land of Hope and Glory".

I have lived only twenty short years; maybe I shall live for many more. What does the future hold for me? Success? Failure? Love? Hatred? I often ask myself—but who knows? Man's eye is veiled; he cannot see into the future.

REGINA GITTLEMAN, Soph. 2.



Winter Joy

Winter casts a magic spell
Upon the land tonight.
The moon shines on the glistening snow,
Making it silvery white.

The branches of the trees,
Leafless though they be,
Sparkle with an icy gleam,
So we their beauty see.

The roads are slightly drifted
And through them homeward bound;
Are groups of happy youngsters
Who winter joy have found.

JUNE DUVALL, Soph. 8.

Mexican Style

Welcome

"The Sunshine Special" reached Laredo about nine P.M. Scarcely had the train stopped for customs inspection when a very nice masculine voice was heard calling, "Miss Bersch! Is Miss Bersch in this car?" Apprehensively I admitted my identity. An attractive young man bowed gracefully as he extended his card—"J. Cardenas, Jr., Passenger Agent"—and inquired if he might serve me in any way. He welcomed me heartily to Mexico; wished me a very pleasant stay and urged that I communicate with him if he could be of further service in any way. (Speculation: Does President Cardenas have a son? Did *he* welcome me into his country?)

Hospitality

After three days in Mexico, three girls and I ventured by trolley out to Coyoacan, Mexico's first suburb, built by Cortez. Curiously we looked into the ancient military palace, into the almost-as-old church, at the home of Diego Rivera, and wondered in which house Trotsky might be just then. By chance we noticed "Escuela" (school) above the usual street doors. Cautiously I pushed the doors apart for just a peep. A school attendant was near and permitted us to enter. He disappeared almost immediately, but returned quickly with a very imposing Mexican gentleman wearing immaculate black; large, gold-rimmed glasses; carrying a black Fedora and a large gold-handled cane. Gravely he bowed and welcomed us in Spanish. The three girls understood his language fairly well; I didn't, so he got his teacher of English who thereafter interpreted for my benefit. With obvious pleasure and pride he showed us his special treasures: the school building, which was being abandoned for a new one; and especially the vocational achievements in art, woodwork, and mechanics. Gratefully we expressed appreciation of his courtesy as we prepared to leave, but he inquired, "Have you seen our Natural History Museum?" We had not. He would have us do so and called his chauffeur to drive up for us. We four ladies got on the rear seat while "Our Professor", the interpreter, and the chauffeur over-ran the front. The Museum was closed for the summer, but the curator was summoned, shook hands effusively and became our conductor in all departments. We saw remarkable zoölogical collections; observed taxidermists at work; saw slides being made for the microscope; used the filing system of the institution; went into tropical greenhouses and out into the botanical gardens, finally arriving in the department of living animals. The curator, with more handshaking, expressed much pleasure to "Our Professor" for having brought us and to us for having come. Again we prepared to say good-

bye, but "Our Professor" must take us through Cortez's Palace. We drove down; were introduced to more very important-looking officials who became our gracious guides. We now saw where Cortez was supposed to have choked his wife to death; the chamber, unchanged, in which Cortez roasted the feet of Cuauhtemoc; and the soldiers' quarters now used as a jail. The jail doors were unlocked and we were ushered right in! The prisoners,—all young men,—welcomed us as heartily as others; showed us their work; demonstrated how details were made; eagerly sold us articles (They pay their fines by selling such things!); burned our names on purchased articles and most cordially hoped that we would "come back again sometime"! Good-byes seemed in order again, but "Our Professor" could "without the slightest inconvenience" take us home! He would not take "No" so we were taken at least twenty miles through the most beautiful suburban sections of Mexico City. At our doorway he solemnly hung his gold-headed cane over his left arm, placed his Fedora over his breast, bowed as if to royalty and thanked us for having visited his school!

Setting for Romance

Go to Xochomilco's "Floating Gardens" for this. Get into any kind of boat you like and float for miles and miles on the crystal-clear water flecked with myriads of tiny green plants. As soon as you start, serenaders will push discreetly near your boat and for a few centavos will play or sing anything you wish as long as you wish. A flower-girl will push her boat up on your other side and offer you armfuls of carnations, of huge Shasta daisies, of calla lilies, of indescribable roses, of other native flowers for almost nothing. All this isn't romance of course, but the situation is thrilling!

Native Gallantry

Rosalie and I were making last-minute purchases with our very last pesos. The inevitable flower vendors urged upon us their exquisite corsages of sweet violets with tuberoses, of gardenias, of beautiful rose-buds. We resisted because we had to. A lad more persistent than the rest, moved backwards before us for two blocks varying his offerings, smiling, beguiling. Finally he stopped resolutely, offered Rosalie his prettiest gardenias saying, "They are yours!" She protested, "But I still don't have any money!" With a graceful bow he said, "The Senorita does not need money. They are yours because you are beautiful!"

Naïveté

Mexican taxi-drivers are friendly folk; they like to entertain visitors. A very nice one took us to Taxco to a very imposing new hotel crowning a mountain peak. We were enthusiastic; he liked it very much. He con-

fided: "I save my money. My girl, she work, too. She save money. Sometime we have enough, we marry. We come here on a moonshine!"

Summer School

Every Thursday is "Fiesta" day from one to two-thirty P. M. Senorita Flores, teacher of folk-dances, presents authentic folk-music and dances in native fiesta costumes. Some students from each of the Spanish-American countries represent their own country, but the greater part of all programs are presented by Indians who have come from their home states to present their native religious, ceremonial, and fiesta dances for the curious "Americanos". These brilliant spectacles are staged in the open patio, the stage and surrounding balconies heavily festooned with garlands of evergreens, carnations and gardenias. Two full bands, or an orchestra, round out the programs and later play for an informal school dance from three to five o'clock.

A farewell dinner and dance were arranged by the Summer School for all students and their friends at the French Club, a very beautiful place out in the country. This was without expense to students. A full-course dinner was served to about 800 guests. Dancing began while a very important election was being held. The Queen of the Escuela de Verano and her four Maids of Honor were popularly elected. The Dean of Summer School spoke delightfully for a few moments in announcing election results. The Governor of Texas crowned the Queen and was kissed. The American Chargé d'Affaires presided. With ceremonies over, the Queen and her Court resumed dancing, prolonging summer friendships and rounding the full six weeks of Mexican hospitality.

M. CLARICE BERSCH.



Transfiguration

What forms are these?
Strange shapes indeed
Hang from the trees.
White beards hang there
Where yesterday
The trees were bare.
King Winter sent
A snowstorm here,
A grey cloud tent
Had spread on high
And sent the shapes
Down from the sky.

JAMES G. JETT, Fr. 7.

Bermuda Bound

IT was during America's Cup Races of 1937, at Newport, Rhode Island, that the first and probably the last ocean race between square-riggers was promoted. Both ships were built for training vessels; the "Seven Seas" in Stockholm, 1912, and the "Joseph Conrad" in Denmark, 1881.

The "Seven Seas" first was known as the "Abraham Rydberg" and trained many cadets until it was secured by Inglis Upperco for private use as a yacht. Later it was purchased by Walter Gubelman, Sr. for private use.

The "Joseph Conrad" is much smaller with a chunkier hull. She was bought from Alan J. Villiers, who made many round-the-world voyages in her. Her new owner was now G. Huntington Hartford, Jr. On his first trip to the American Virgin Islands, San Salvador, San Juan and Nassau, the contemporary author, DuBois Heyward, writer of "Porgy" and other stories, was aboard gathering material for a novel on the West Indian Negro. Dr. Waldo Schmitt, curator at the Smithsonian Institution, and an assistant, Robert Luntz of the Charleston Museum, shipped also as guests for the purpose of collecting crustacea.

The ships were to race from the Brenton Lightship, Newport, to the St. David's Head, Bermuda. The rules of the race set aside by the New York Yacht Club were that both crews be below deck until the starting gun, then raise the anchors, set sails, and begin in the harbor without the use of any mechanical power whatsoever.

Great rivalry existed between the two ships crews which often led to brawls in the bar rooms along the water front. On the following mornings, however, after they had sobered up, the judge would dismiss them to go back to their respective ships. Many bets were placed by both crews and by many of Newport's sporting population.

The weather on the day of the race came as a disappointment: the skies were overcast and rather close, with scarcely any breeze blowing at all. But even this failed to dampen the spirits of the crews or the excitement of the people that came to bid adieu.

A blast of the old whistle at the Idle Lewis Yacht Club was a warning; five minutes to wait until the cannon would roar for the start. Boom! we were off for Bermuda. There was waving of handkerchiefs, shouting of *bon voyage* and good luck from all sides. Yachts, schooners, launches, row boats, destroyers, and even the American Cup Contestants were there to bid us farewell. The harbor was as busy as a bee hive in the spring with everybody seeking a point of vantage aboard our ships.

Aboard ship, photographers were grinding away, taking pictures

THE TOWER LIGHT

for the Pathé News of the mad scramble of the sailors for lines, loosening the braces on one side and hauling away on the other; sailors climbing the ratlines, sliding down the guides, setting sails, and hoisting the anchors. Each sailor had a specific duty to perform as quickly as possible and be ready for more commands from the skipper or mates.

The "Seven Seas" cut inside the Goat Island buoy at the navy torpedo station in swinging around and all but put her twelve foot keel in the mud; once clear, she set her spanker, the only fore and aft sail on a full rigged ship, and set her stays'ls between the masts. Soon she had twenty-four of her twenty-eight sails up. It was so much canvas that with what breeze there was ahead, she began to be set back despite the favorable ebb tide under-running her. The wind pressure was more than the current strength and she gradually settled over toward Jamestown Island. Meanwhile the black hulled "Joseph Conrad" was under way, headed up close around Fort Adams to win the first stage of the trip. She cleared the harbor, set sails, making three quarters of a mile in the amazing time of forty-four minutes and thirty-four seconds.

The navigation of both ships was well taken care of by the brain trusts of society. On the "Seven Seas" taking care of her navigation was George Elmer Roosevelt, the investment banker and ace yachtman who had sailed across the Atlantic fourteen times, and Sherman Hoyt, the designer of the ship, who by many experts is regarded as the most brilliant amateur sailorman in America, barring none, including Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, whom he beat in the J. Class yachts.

On the "Joseph Conrad" we had Vadim Makaroff, a Russian caviar king who served in the World War as a lieutenant commander in his country's navy; now he was serving us as assistant navigator. Less than a year ago Mr. Makaroff presented his fast and costly ketch, "Valmarie", to the U. S. Naval Academy.

The crew of twenty-three men included the Captain or skipper, first mate, second mate, bosun, two stewards, two cooks, two engineers, two mess boys, a wireless operator and ten able bodied sailors. These ten men were divided into watches, port and starboard, headed by the chief mate and second mate respectively. One watch would be on duty while the other slept. These watches were periodical, cut into three four hour shifts and two six hour periods. Each sailor took his turn at the wheel or helm, steering either by the wind or by compass according to the navigation committee's orders. After taking a turn at the wheel we could do miscellaneous work for an hour before taking the lookout on the forecastle head for another hour. Our duty here was to report anything and everything we could sight. For the first several nights after leaving the sight of land a heavy fog settled upon us and required a blast on the fog horn every half minute or so.

At no time on the trip down did we travel any faster than seven knots except at the finish when we crossed the line in a terrific storm. In fact for several days we were so becalmed that we could dive overboard and swim around the boat. Even the garbage from the ship drifted faster than we did. Often dolphins, porpoises, whales and flying fish were seen playing around close to us. Two of the men in the party fished with rods using pieces of fat meat as bait and caught several dolphins and flying fish.

At night when we were off the Gulf Stream and it was unusually dark, the phosphorescence and extreme depth of the water lighted the white caps so that they looked very much like the common fire-fly seen here in summer. In the evening after supper just before dark, when we weren't sleepy, some of us would write letters, keep diaries and sing while the older members of the crew played poker, smoked, and spun yarns about some of their experiences.

When we approached Bermuda our wireless operator made contact with the operator on the island to get our exact bearing and news of our competitor, the "Seven Seas". Unfortunately she was heard from first and was on the south eastern side of the island, much closer than we were. But good luck favored us, a storm came up from the north east on which side we were located, and drove us forward while the "Seven Seas" was held back considerably by facing the wind. They were just a short mile from the finish line. We were making the fastest time ever recorded by the ship, about twelve knots, when we crossed the finish line. The storm broke with terrific clashes of thunder and rain. All hands were on deck and every able bodied sailor was sent aloft to make fast the sails while the mess boys, stewards, engineers, cooks and mates manned the lines on deck. Eight sailors were needed on one sail arm to help furl the sails because of the strong wind and heavy rain-soaked canvas. Both the starboard and port anchors were needed to keep the ship at safe anchorage in the harbor of St. George, Bermuda.

No one on board either ship knew the result of the race until the wireless operator at the lighthouse gave his report which settled the argument—the "Joseph Conrad" won by fifty-three seconds. You can just imagine the excitement, the exhilaration this created among twenty-nine men.

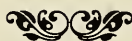
We found that Bermuda is a beautiful little island with an abundance of pine trees and flowers. The houses are of gaily colored coral shell construction, roofs are several inches thick and made of the same coral shell. Of course English money is used and everything is much more expensive than in the United States, except perfumes and liquors. High taxes must be paid on all articles brought to the island. There are but

three trucks on the island: a fire engine, an ambulance, and a petroleum truck. Most travelling is done by bicycles and horse-drawn buggies, but they do have a train that runs from one end of the island to the other several times a day.

A challenge race was scheduled on our route back but during a storm our main gallant mast snapped and we were somewhat handicapped by the lack of canvas and wind. We reached Newport, on Thursday, September twenty-third, at eleven-eighteen P. M. and left immediately for New York, after a thorough inspection of both men and ship by U. S. officials.

As for me, to really appreciate the romance of the sea, freedom of speech, and regular living habits, give me a berth on a square-rigged vessel of old.

H. STOTTMAYER.



Chesterfield Manners

We have all at some time or other heard or used the expression "Chesterfield manners". But, I wonder, how many of us really know how the term originated.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London in 1694. He became a very prominent figure in political life and served as Secretary of State. He was not only well-known, however, in political circles but also in literary fields. He was recognized as a patron of Dr. Johnson, and he was also noted for his own literary achievements. His fame rests upon his letters to his son. These letters were written for the improvement of his son's manners, and for the purpose of inculcating the general standards of a man of the world rather than the standards of a moralist. Even though this age was noted for its politeness, The Earl of Chesterfield was distinguished by the refinements of his manners. Ernest, in his book, "The Life of Lord Chesterfield", tells us that Lord Chesterfield was mannerly until he had breathed his last breath. For when his friend, Mr. Dayrolles, had come to pay the Earl a visit only a half an hour before he died, the Earl had just strength enough to say, "Give Dayrolles a chair". These were his last words.

Since this time, a person who has very refined manners is known as one with Chesterfield Manners.

M. SIEBERT, Soph. 2.

Snow Fakes

THE feeble rays of the street lamp shone down upon the silently falling snow sparkling like the diamonds of a cosmopolitan socialite. Viewing this scene through the crisp white curtains of her living room was Molly McGruger, owner and proprietor of the Green Shamrock rooming house. Her mind was concerned with thoughts far too prosaic to allow her to see anything except the two strange looking men coming from opposite directions toward the street light on the corner.

"By golly, those same two guys 'er meetin' at the lamp post again tonight. Must have pressin' business if even this snow can't stop 'em. Ther' he goes again givin' that other guy a box. What are they runnin',—a marathon? They've been at it now for two weeks, same time, same place every night. By golly; I'll bet me Sunday go-to-meetin' hat that there's a mite amiss in Dublin 'er me name ain't Molly O'Brien McGruger. Yessir, I'll bet ye," muttered Mrs. McGruger to herself.

"I'll not be lettin' anybody break the law on me front stoop while I'm aknowin' it. I'd better be callin' Danny at the station house before anything really happens." With these thoughts chasing each other swiftly through her mind, she turned to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, operator, give me the station house, hurry please. Yes, I'll hold on." She quickly glanced out of the window while she waited to assure herself that the men were still there.

"Hello, let me talk to Danny McGruger, right quick! . . . Danny, is that you? This is your mother talkin'. Listen now, there's a couple o' guys standin' out on the corner actin' mighty queer. I've been watchin' 'em since last Tuesday and I think you better come up and have a look at 'em. Bring some of the boys with you. One of these birds has given the other one a little box every night for the last two weeks. They might be crooks er dope peddlers er somethin', ye never can tell these days. I'll keep an eye on 'em till ya get here. Wait a minute." She ran over, looked out of the window, and scurried back to the phone with a new report.

"Danny, you'd better hurry now, they look like they're a-fightin' over somethin'. Goodbye". Again she hurried back to her post at the window in order to get as much evidence as she could to help convict the law breakers when they were apprehended.

"Sure and they look like a couple o' tough eggs to me. I hope there's a reward for 'em. I sure could use a little money this winter, with my rooms almost empty and all." A sharp knock at the back door brought her musings to an abrupt finish. She rushed to the rear of the house to admit her son and the other limbs of the law. Danny, a big Irish police-

man, entered with three of his comrades and started to shake the snow from his coat.

"Well, Mom, what's the trouble? Have you gone and spotted another public enemy number one or something? Where are these two desperate characters you've been talking about?"

"Right out there on the corner quarrelin' away fer dear life. You'd better go out and stop 'em before one of 'em pulls a gun er somethin'."

"O.K., Mom, they do look like they're up to no good. Come on, boys, let's get 'em and bring 'em in here. Maybe we can thaw something out of 'em." At these words they opened the front door and at gun's point, ordered the two men to enter the house. The surprised captives had no alternative but to obey the brusque orders of the four threatening policemen.

As soon as they were all seated in the warm and neat but rather shabbily furnished living room of the 39th Street boarding house, questions were fired at the newcomers from all sides.

"What's the big idea of using this corner for a meeting place every night? Don't you know that loitering is against the law?—And what's in that package? Come on, fork it over, mighty fishy business, this. I'll bet when we get ahold of that package there'll be enough in it to send you both up the river for a couple of years," was Danny's final jibe before one of the astonished men finally found his tongue.

"You can't do this to me. I'll . . ."

"None of your lip. We'll just have a look at that box that you're trying to hide."

"That's my own private property and none of your business, I'll have you discharged if you don't change that tune pretty quick!" the prisoner answered in a surly voice.

"Oh, a wise guy, eh?" spat Danny from between his teeth as he snatched the package from the other man's hand and ripped open the wrappings.

"What the . . . ? A measly dime! Are you trying to bluff me?" he yelled, turning red with anger. As he threw the box and the dime from him, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Like a flash of lightning he caught it up, fumbled with it until it was open and read with breathless anticipation. All of a sudden his stern face crinkled and his large frame shook with raucous laughter. When Danny finally was able to catch his breath, he sputtered out, "Paying off an election bet! Saints preserve us, what next?"

RENA KLEIN, Fr. 2.

Norris: "Guess what Rose is going to have for supper."

Fellow Commuters: "What?"

Norris: "Me!"

Trends in Winter Sports

PROBABLY there will eventually come a time when the world will know no seasons, and a person will think of June and January only as the time for taking an inventory of his business. He won't have to worry about the weather or what clothes to wear or anything of like nature, for all the buildings and all the vehicles of transportation will be either air conditioned or heated so that a constant atmosphere will be maintained throughout all twelve months of the year in his every environment.

This does not mean that there will be no winters or summers. It means rather that when we have winter, there will be also summer; and when we have summer, there will be also winter. Consequently, there will be no sport that will be associated with any particular season.

Bowling has traditionally been regarded as a winter sport. Already, however, we can go into any up-to-date bowling alley and engage in the sport in perfect comfort regardless of the torridity on the outside. Less recent is the advent of winter bathing; yet there was a time when to go bathing in winter was looked upon as no less than pixilation. Even ice-skating, although as yet it has not fallen completely, has not managed to escape this tendency. Although in this city one must be satisfied to wait for cold weather to go skating, he would find conditions otherwise in the larger cities of the north. It's been said that the Madison Square Garden prides itself on its ability to transform its arena from a ballroom into a ice-skating rink, or vice versa, in fifteen minutes. There are likewise many other sports that have for a long time been associated with certain seasons that today can be indulged in at any time of the year. With the introduction of still more facilities, each one more miraculous than the last, it does not seem too far-fetched to assume that there will come a day when all winter and summer sports will be entirely indistinguishable.

REUBEN MILLER, Fr. 3.



A Lesson on a First Lesson

"There has to be a first time for everything." Those of us who have gone through many "first times" know how agonizing those experiences can be. Therefore, to save those who follow me much pain, I am giving a lesson on first lessons.

Ice-skating is an art which definitely requires "first lessons". The first thing to do is join the R. H. S. That is a society indispensable to the happiness of neophyte ice-skaters. Just for the fun of it, you might

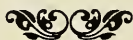
take a census among your friends, and you will find that all of the best skaters belong to this famous Rail Holders' Society. So that, then, is the first precept. Thus launched, you will be assured of at least a few moments of respite from the heavy cares of learning to skate on ice.

The rail, that friendly haven, naturally circles the outer edge of the rink. When you realize that you have let the rail-holding habit enslave you, you will leave the outer edge and skate toward the center. Here you probably will meet another difficulty. The fancy skaters do their swoops and turns in the center of the rink. It is a definite danger for a beginner to wobble into their ranks. They have no mercy and continue their gyrations with no thought of helping the stranded one to safety. Precept number two is to steer a course clear of the experts.

The third precept is leave your pride at home. No one will laugh when you do the "beginners' stop", because ice-skaters have seen dozens of novices stop. Beside that, no one will be looking at you anyway. I suppose you understand that the "beginners' stop" is the system of landing hard in a sitting position. It is a transfer from roller skating. But you will soon outgrow that unseemly method.

If you follow these three precepts, you will be spared much of the pain—literal and figurative—of the first lesson in ice-skating. If you forget any or all of them it will be regrettable, but do not in any case forget my final instruction. Before you go for your first lesson, check to see that there is a bottle of rubbing alcohol in the medicine cabinet.

MAXINE RIBAKOW.



Winter Fun

Don't you see the Stars and Stripes
Floating out on high?
Can't you hear the soldiers brave
Give the old war-cry?

See the ammunition stacks!
(Near the walls they lie)
And the camps of lifelong foes
As they fiercely vie.

Glowing hearts and bodies strong,
Fight with all their might.
Come on in and join the fun,
It's a snow-ball fight!

M. W., Fr. 1.

The Philosophy of a Strap Hanger

Meet Public Sucker Number One! Step right up and meet the marvel who actually pays to thrust herself into a crowded narrow aisle to be pushed, jerked and stepped upon. See the wonder child who risks her life running to catch a car so that she may become a target for unwieldy bundles and wet umbrellas. In other words, meet me.

Here I stand, one arm numb with the weight of heavy books, the other grasping a silly piece of leather. I, a fairly intelligent, courteous person, am made to act like a half-wit bumping into people and dropping things on them. I am a mere puppet whose jerky movements are controlled by the lurching of the car. Though to hurry I may wish, I must stop and wait endlessly for people to get on and off. I am no longer "master of my fate"; others control my destiny.

Anyone who rides the street car can sympathize with me, for who has not had the same thoughts? Cold, hungry, tired, poked, pushed and tramped upon, is it any wonder one becomes cynical? Fortunately, there is a humorous side to it all. Recall the surprised, injured look of the man off whose head the book bounced. Remember the all too apparent disgust of the conductor when the girl's pocketbook spilled. Charlie McCarthy himself, however, would have hard work making strap-hanging seem funny to the novice. It is the seasoned veteran who, confident of his balance and ability to hold his own, defies all laws of gravity while he stands and folds his paper.

MILDRED M. RAND, Soph. 2



A Public Broadcasting Service

In answer to the long-felt need for improvement in radio broadcasting, the National Committee on Education by Radio is presenting a plan. This plan is not something radical and untried: it is an organization that recognizes the basic assumptions of the present system of broadcasting, but allows for flexibility and greater adaptation of radio services to the needs of a specific public. For a demonstration of the proposed pattern, the committee points to Texas and the Rocky Mountain Region. These regions offer natural units which, in the case of Texas, happen to coincide largely with state lines.

Texas has a complete system of radio stations. Local stations serve as "party lines" for smaller communities; powerful regional stations act as "clearing houses" for the local stations which in turn may supply them with talent; the Texas Quality Network brings the regional stations material of state-wide interest; and the national broadcasting systems

make the final contribution. The advantages are experienced by all: school children, adults, program sponsors, the stations themselves. Such organizations as the Association of Texas Colleges, Boy Scouts of America, Texas Congress of Parents and Teachers, Texas Federation of Music Clubs, State Department of Public Instruction, and the Texas State Teachers Association are represented on the Texas Radio Council which guides, unifies, and integrates this coöperative public broadcasting plan.



This Business of Conversation

SOME folks talk too much. In a small group, one person often monopolizes the conversation, much to the disgust and constraint of the rest. He proceeds with much thought, dignity, and caution to expound a story or adventure. During the process, he is reminded of another episode. After this digression, his memory fails him—he cannot think of a certain person's name essential to the sense of the story. The whole group is left in suspense—but no matter, he raves on. At last when he has about finished, his listeners realize they have heard "that one" before.

Another fault in conversation is talking too much about ourselves. A human delights in telling in great detail about his operations; in relating the history of his life, enumerating all hardships and injustices; bemoaning his faults, or indulging in great portions of self-praise.

Very often two members of a group discover that they were residents of the same town or were students at the same college. The others are condemned to listen while these two refresh each other's memory with the "fast ones" they and their comrades pulled in the "old days".

Good-humored ridicule or banter plays an important part in conversation, but this is sometimes counterfeited by being "smart". It seems a pleasure to "run a man down" in discourse and make him ridiculous by exposing all his defects. It is just as thrilling and self-satisfying to search for possible faults in a master or great artist, and satirize him to a group.

These are some of the common errors of conversation. Perhaps you can mention many others. We see how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, as well as the most useful pleasure of life. What changes can we make for a more enlightening and pleasant exchange of thoughts and ideas?

I. G. NOLTE, Sr. 7.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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Assistant Editors

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JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Character

It is character that makes the man or the woman. This character will either insure or mar happiness. William J. Bryan once said "Character is the entity, the individuality of the person, shining from every window of the soul, either as a beam of purity, or as a clouded ray that betrays the impurity within. The contest between light and darkness, right and wrong, goes on; day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment; our characters are being formed, and this is the all-important question which comes to us in accents ever growing fainter as we journey, 'Shall those characters be good or bad?'" If a college student wishes the answer to this question to be "good character", he must realize that it is essential for him to participate in a variety of scholastic activities such as everyday classroom situations, athletics, social gatherings, and club work. Through class discussions it is possible for a student to develop broad-mindedness; through athletics and club work, cooperation; by doing difficult work, perseverance; by planning work ahead of time, foreight; through testing, honesty; and through associations with others, understanding. Our daily thoughts and actions, as well as the people with whom we come in contact, have their share in influencing this development. To make a success of college life, the student must have many of the said character traits. Moreover, adjustments in life situations of the future will be made more easily because the college has done its part in the building of good character.

J. HOLLENBERRY, Soph. 2.



A Plea For Smiles

Have you ever walked down the corridors of M. S. T. C. on Monday morning and noticed the large percentage of glum faces? It's true that most of us look as if we carry the weight of the world on our shoulders and are afraid we'll drop it. Of course, we have our troubles; an overdue unit, a neglected history assignment, or an unaccepted "Math" paper can make life seem unendurable; but will these trifles really matter fifty years from now? In a recent magazine article I saw and read of a "smile" school at which people are taught to smile; for a period of several weeks, clients are given lessons in the art and psychology of smiling. It was found by a series of tests that one's facial expressions produce a definite effect on other people. Give your classmates a "New Deal". You'll find it's refreshing to meet people who look pleased with life!

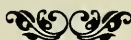
N. TROTT, Soph. 2.

On Ourselves

As I walked down the hall today, I heard a student remark, "It was a very *interesting* talk." As I sat in class today, one of my classmates said, "I have an *interesting* point which I should like to bring up." As I left the basketball game today a boy said, "Certainly was an *interesting* game." What-ever can be wrong with us that this one word must monopolize all our conversation? Have we slipped into one channel of speaking in which flows our meager lazy vocabulary? Can't we climb out and use more adequate and appropriate words?

All of us do a great deal of reading and thus come in contact with many more words than we use orally. We hear speakers use various words, yet we continue to allow our own speaking vocabulary to lag. We grant ourselves the privilege and laziness of using the selfsame words again and again—never considering that the majority of words have numerous synonyms which might be used in their place.

I am not pleading for lengthy or difficult words—it is not necessary to impress others with our command of language but it should be our purpose to present to them a clear picture of what we are saying, without using common stereotyped expressions. Be a little individualistic—don't join the mob—profit by others, but do not imitate them unless they are effective talkers.



Wise Words From Wits

Most people believe a mandate is a Sunday night occasion.

We must learn to forgive people for what they do; because what they do grows out of what they are.

Snow had padded the city with inches of silence.

It's a coat colder this morning.

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday; and all is well.

A. We have studied the cotton belt and the corn belt. Next week we are going to the wheat belt.

B. When are you going on the reducing belt?

Dr. Lynch: . . . And the professor, pretending that he was going to open a bottle of ether, opened a bottle of water. He asked the students to close their eyes and let the "ether" take its effect. In fifteen minutes they were asleep from the power of suggestion.

Gertrude: We could go to sleep in less time than that without even a suggestion!

The Library - At Your Service

Caldwell, Erskine, and Bourke-White, Margaret, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, N. Y., The Viking Press, 1937 (190 pages).

The most striking thing about this book is the unusual photography which it contains. Margaret Bourke-White tells how she obtained pictures which expressed exactly what she wanted to show. She and Mr. Caldwell visited the homes of the sharecroppers in the South and while Mr. Caldwell talked to the sharecroppers, she adjusted her camera in the corner. When the expression came, she took a flashlight picture. Not everyone was willing to have his picture taken. The leader of a chain gang threatened to shoot the authors if they took any pictures. Promptly they obtained written permission from the government, only to find that the leader could not read. Miss Bourke-White says, "It was up to us to read and reread the document with such emphasis, such dramatic eloquence, that he could not do otherwise than let us bring out our cameras and take pictures."

The unpleasant, yet undeniable truth is that "The South has always been shoved around like a country cousin. It buys mill-ends and wears hand-me-downs." This fact is presented in a vigorous, forceful manner. Mr. Caldwell cites actual incidents where share-croppers make less than one hundred dollars a year. He shows by definite examples that not only is the sharecropper's status extremely low, but also that of the landlord. Men and land are degenerating constantly.

What can be done? A new economic order must be planned. Mr. Caldwell suggests a non-political government investigation board. Education and organization of the tenants might help. Certainly better food and housing conditions would make the sharecroppers a little more comfortable, and possibly, more ambitious. Tenancy is a challenging question. It affects you.

KATHERINE FEASER.

Duranty, Walter—"One Life, One Kopeck", N. Y. The Literary Guild of America, Inc., 1937 (333 pages).

With "One Life, One Kopeck" Walter Duranty, the newspaper writer, turns from mere reporting to fiction. In writing his novel, Mr. Duranty does not give up his reporter's love for truth and fact, for his book is based upon knowledge that he gained in his many years as foreign correspondent to the Soviet Union. This fact makes the book doubly interesting. Not only is the story fascinating but the reader gains an insight (even though it is a limited one) into the growth and consequent success of the Communist movement in Russia.

THE TOWER LIGHT

The title is taken from the Russian saying "Dzizn Kopeika" which means "Life is a little kopeck" or as we should say "not worth a rap". It is a rather significant title. It explains what life before the revolution was to Ivan, the hero of the book, and hundreds of thousands of other Russian peasants. Through the story of Ivan, the author intimates that the lives of the Russian people were subsequently changed. The novel contains all the old familiar attributes of successful stories—thrills, adventure, laughter, tragedy and love; Duranty writes with a sure, swift, realistic style. The story will hold the reader's interest up to the startling ending.

As has been said before, the author merges his knowledge of present Russia and its history with fiction. Therefore, "One Life, One Kopeck" may be called an historical novel in that it reproduces a certain period of history and gives a greater understanding of that period.

S. COGSWELL.

Buhler, Dr. Charlotte, *Kindheit und Jugend*.

A cry, a kick, and the child is born, by no fault of his! From that day on, the new being is a dependent. First, care must be given him at all times; he must be fed at certain intervals and be put to bed regularly. Secondly, the baby takes life as matter-of-fact, not caring what others do or say; he is independent himself yet dependent on others. At first the child is almost motionless but gradually he awakens and gives notice to others that he is ready for the world. At this time the child begins to cry and even "holler" when he is irritated or uncomfortable. He finds the power to pull himself together; strange isn't it, that you can curl yourself up in a ball. By crying, the infant is exercising his face muscles and lungs. Soon the child becomes active; he moves and waves his hands and legs often rubbing or wrapping them together. Before five months he has acquired the art of scratching and the best way for seizing things; first, because of size or brightness of the object, then, more meaningfully in relating certain things to his surroundings. At six months the baby loves to take things and put them into his mouth, if that is possible. The bright rattle is his favorite plaything and he enjoys seeing people move; perhaps that's why he throws the rattle on the floor so often for mother to pick up. The last quarter of the first year shows a considerable development in both body and mind.

The second phase of child life is from the second to the fourth year. At this time the child begins to relate the objects he sees to use and place but not in the way of understanding "why" as we know it. Now we see the child busy with his play, which to him is work. What kind of working play does he do? We ask. There are four types of play:

the play using parts of the body as the arms or legs in walking, stooping and in clapping. The fictitious play is shown by the doll-mother feeding her doll and putting it through the most daring acts or when the small boy uses sticks to represent men, soldiers or animals and speaks to them as if they were alive. The reception play may be seen in story telling classes where the children sit open-mouthed and eager-eyed waiting for the next word to be uttered. At this age they are attentive listeners and observers. The last sort of play is that which is quite common to our eyes, constructive play. Here we have the building of houses, the drawing or painting of pictures, singing and playing toy instruments. Between the ages of two and four, the child learns speech habits and adults must be careful to speak clearly and distinctly for the child is ever ready to repeat the words of others. Parents will find children especially obedient at this period because they have learned to associate words with certain actions or movements.

Dr. Buhler's next division is that of children between the ages of five and eight. Now the child demands definite work or duties and is no longer content to imitate others because he wishes to use his own ideas in working. The child turns from the strictly imitative and fictitious to real things for which he will ask explanations. At this time the child finds most strength and enjoyment in group contacts. He plays with others, for help, for culture, for competition, for leadership and additional knowledge. The boy or girl desires a part in the work and play, serving and giving to others as well as to himself.

The fourth phase is that from the ninth to the thirteenth year. This is known as the period of intellectual turning; i.e. the child's interest is in himself and in the things about him. The child of this group is rather curious and eager to know about other children in the various parts of the world, about animals, snow, trains and other things. He is easily frightened by unaccustomed, deep, loud voices, by people dressed in black such as the chimney-sweep, and often by worms. The boys in this group love to seek adventure and bring home pockets bulging with queer stones, sticks, insects, strings, pieces of metal and live animals, especially frogs.

The last phase of a child's life is that covering the ages from fourteen to nineteen. Now we have the most trouble with the boys and girls; they are ever seeking for the truth. This age develops a special interest in one or more of many subjects such as sexual problems, ethical problems, religion, world relations and freedom; they now take care in selecting ideals, (especially movie stars) work, and their place in the social world. Before fifteen years of age boys and girls consider each other as friends; after that period they begin having "crushes" on certain individuals. From seventeen years on, young people begin to get

decided views and ideas of their own concerning the various things of the world.

So you see, we have the life history of the child from the dependent, helpless infant to the stage of early manhood or womanhood a being quite independent when compared to the new born child.

E. HELEN ROHNACHER, Fr. 2.

(Note—translated from the German by Miss Rohnacher.)

de la Roche, Mazo—*The Very House*; Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1937 (257 pages).

Anyone who has made the acquaintance of Gillian and Diggory in "Beside a Norman Tower" will delight in this new book relating their adventures in phantasy. Their charming personalities are so finely drawn that one feels that he has known the two for years. Elfin Gillian, who is five and a half, maintains a very supercilious and domineering attitude toward Diggory, her brother, who is just eighteen months younger. However, little Diggory is growing up fast and is learning to resist her strong personality. Both brother and sister seem avid for life, straining to absorb every detail, lest they miss anything of interest.

In the beginning, the two, with Mummie and Karen, are on an ocean liner, traveling from Canada to their native England. The new friends they meet, the seagulls, the icebergs—all make a deep impression on them, both thrilling and fascinating. In London, Gillian is terror stricken, when there is some misunderstanding over their hotel reservations; she is fearful that she will have to sleep in the streets forever and ever. After moving from place to place, Mummie finds, in Surrey, the very house that they had searched for. Here, life goes on in an even tenor, broken by a round of birthdays, a visit to the circus, going to school, and frequent arguments. The first day that Gillian enters school looms as an important milestone in her young life. The sprite is at the stage when every word and mannerism of her elders is imitated. Her vocabulary crops out many originalities. "Eyesights", she explained to Diggory, "are things that live in your eyes. It's very disagreeable when they go out." Diggory's practical nature is in sharp contrast to his sister's highly imaginative mind. He says, "Jerry is a lucky dog. He runs outdoors without dressing and goes to the lavatory wherever he wants."

Miss de la Roche does not probe deeply in their minds, but pictures their daily encounters with life in a true representation of childhood as it is. We share with the children the poignant tragedy that is theirs when they see two gaily romping dogs dashed to death against the rocks; and ecstatic joy when a puppy, a little Scot, enters their lives.

As he follows their adventures, the reader will feel nostalgia for his own by-gone childhood steal over him. Pleasant memories of those golden, blissful days will beguile the reader long after he has put down the book.

Teachers College Record

Assemblies

NOVEMBER 22, 1937

By means of a lecture supplemented with numerous slides, Dr. Dowell shared with us the experiences which she had this summer on the Gaspé peninsula.

The inhabitants of the Gaspé, the majority of whom are French by descent, are very friendly to visitors. They live in quaint, simple villages scattered along the coast; still use ox, horse, and dog carts; bake in out-of-door ovens; and fish for a living. The fish which they catch are either cleaned for salting right on the beach, or suspended to dry.

The women weave and cook. In their weaving and sewing they use the same primitive colors as they have always used, and the conventional patterns; e.g., the fir, the Virgin Mary, and fleur-de-lis. Dr. Dowell believes that the choice of colors is influenced by the verdure of the surrounding country.

In the display case, Dr. Dowell exhibited some of her souvenirs from the trip.

NOVEMBER 23, 1937

Dr. Albert Blumberg, taking the much-discussed Chino-Japanese War as his subject, made clear to us that though the war is an unprovoked act of aggression, it is not the fault of the Japanese people as individuals, but of their rapidly expanding industrial system, which requires both markets and raw materials.

Tracing the series of aggressive wars beginning in 1931 with the invasion of Manchuria and ending at present with the Japanese-Chino conflict, Dr. Blumberg stated that in all cases the American policy of isolation has failed. Only when the non-aggressor powers join in a concerted effort against the aggressor can the situation be brought to a head, he believes. Therefore, he is in favor of the bill introduced by Representative Lewis of Maryland authorizing the President to pass an embargo on Japan. He believes that each and every one of us can help by stopping the use of Japanese silk.

The constructive discussion which followed, on the part of the students, evidenced the fact that the speaker had driven home his point.

NOVEMBER 29, 1937

Dr. J. W. Sprowls, Professor of Psychology at University of Maryland, talked to us on Personality. He presented to us in a humorous and lively manner many points which are of common interest especially among teachers. Dr. Sprowls gave us several excellent conceptions of personality,

and related how character and temperament worked together to produce action which indexes a person. Besides this, our speaker led us to think about social intelligence. The presentation of the talk was well liked by the students, for it was wide awake, brisk, and witty.



Notes From the Glee Club

There were two important performances given by the Glee Club during the past month. On December first we had the privilege of singing at the Lord Baltimore Hotel for the opening meeting of the national convention of the American Vocational Association. As delegates to this convention came from all parts of the United States we feel that our message of good will has indeed been broadcast. Our program was the same as that given for the State Teachers Association, and was as successfully presented. Our gowns were used to fine effect for the second time.

Our second December performance was on the occasion of the Old English Dinner. Our contributions were:

"Lo How a Rose E'er Blooming"-----Prætorius

"The Christ of the Snow"-----Hungarian Carol arranged by Gaul

Entire Glee Club

"The Great God of Heaven"-----Traditional English Carol

Girls Double Quartet

Ruth Dudderar

Ruth Spicer

Jane Kimble

Dorothy Cromwell

Gwendolyn Sadler

Margaret Owings

Mary Brashears

Angela Matthai

Ruth Sperry

"Wassail Song"-----Gloucestershire Carol

Men's Quartet

Roger Williams

Reuben Miller

Leon Lerner

Norris Weis

"In Dulci Jubilo"-----Ancient German Carol

Men's Quartet

Edward Johnson

Basil Burton

Bernard Phelps

Merton Fishel

"Shepherds Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep"

Semichorus and School

Ellen Pratt

Ruth Spicer

Edward Johnson

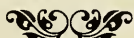
Francis Jones

Dorothy Vogel

Merton Fishel

A Busy Orchestra

A busy orchestra is ours. If you don't believe it, walk through the south entrance at 8:15 A. M. At such an early hour as this could be heard brass instrumentalists and a string player or two practicing carols and other pieces for the Christmas program. Those of us who were not engaged with the colossal amount of music that had to be prepared were doing extra chores. For instance, kept to the grindstone was inventor, musician, and now designer, John Klier. The orchestra costumes are the product of John's tedious efforts, assisted by five musician-seamstresses. Charles (Work) Haslup, whose hands are so often on the ivories, portrayed for a part of the time a noble English lord. The brilliant tones of the trumpets announcing the "Old English Dinner" were made possible by the trumpet section, Messrs. Wilde and Shepherd. And of course, you understand we all played together as an orchestra, in spite of the "chores" and histrionic duties.



A Winter Scene on the Dance Floor

Penguins parading around the walls, snowmen standing boldly on either side of the stage, an igloo under the glowing northern lights, and Charlie Vincent and his swing band. This was the setting for the Junior Dance on December third. The place of course was our auditorium, the time was from nine to one and the characters were faculty members, students and friends.

Beautiful girls in lovely costumes and good looking young men together did the "Big Apple", Paul Jones, and other popular steps. Souvenir Programs in the class colors, blue and silver, were the delight of every feminine heart.

Though the scene was a cold one the soft lights and the gay music added to the warm, friendly atmosphere. All too soon the tower clock told us that the Junior Dance had become a part of the history of Teachers College.

DOROTHY VOGEL, Jr. 7.



Sophomore Eight Party

Sophomore 8, avoiding the Christmas rush, had a party on Wednesday, December 14. Santa arrived promptly with a bag full of queerly shaped presents, each accompanied by an appropriate verse. He looked tired, so our adviser, Miss Barkley, aided St. Nick in presenting the gifts. All the gifts were received with good humor. Because of our pressing Christmas duties, it proved to be an "eat and run" party with food delicious to the last crumb.

Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

Well, another new year with its joys as well as its trials and tribulations. I suppose we all resolved on the eve of December thirty-first that we would improve our various faults and failings. We'll see how many were successful in carrying out their well-intended resolutions. (Note: My reporters are not very encouraging as to your possible success in "reforming". But don't let their pessimism discourage you.)

But getting down to business I find that my reporters have brought in some very interesting notes. We have long suspected hidden qualities in our colleagues, but who would ever suspect one of our more conservative members of having a weakness for rustling red taffeta.

Speaking of "weaknesses", information from reliable sources indicates that classes become more interesting when the instructor uses "American" rather than "English". "Hot stuff!" Miss Van Bibber.

One eye, two eyes, three eyes, four eyes . . . It has been suggested that Dr. Crabtree be added to the art staff. Her advanced ideas concerning picture-selection lean toward modernistic reproductions rather than actual likenesses. P.S. (Or were you just seeing double?)

To whom it may concern: Should you ever desire to change your profession, we can with all sincerity recommend you as a perfect tray-juggler. For further reference consult any cafeteria customer.

Miss Munn, don't you know the purpose of the rail and the line in the cafeteria?

Isn't it awkward when the camera-man catches you unprepared? A newspaper man at that!

Yes, Dr. Dowell, the Natural History Group agree that you eat a sticky apple most gracefully.

What does Mr. Walther do with the pile of books he carries home with him? It really becomes serious when Freshmen mistake him for a student teacher.

We all agree that Miss Prickett and Miss Weyforth did a good job of joint-conducting at the Christmas rehearsal.

Miss Woodward, where do you get the inspirations for your History of Ed. tests? Is it best to keep your secret formula to yourself?

Wanted: A baseball mitt for one of the instructors who can not seem to catch successfully the piece of chalk he must throw around while he concentrates on the deep mysteries of number.

Who did not find Mrs. Martin Johnson's talk at the Lyric more interesting than the conversation of her friend?

Thus ends our research for last month. My reporters declare that this job is a terrific one. Maybe the advent of the new year will bring us temporary relief from duty!

Alumni News

Married

Craig - Eney

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Eney, 117 Smithwood Avenue, Catonsville, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Isabelle Clarke Eney and Mr. Peter Vincent Craig, of New York City, which took place November twenty-first, at the Messiah Lutheran Church, the Bronx, New York. A reception followed at the New York home of Miss Virginia Van Vorst, formerly of Catonsville. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will live in New York.

Belair Alumni Meeting

The Harford County Branch of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College at Towson held the first meeting of the year in Bel Air on December fourth at two-thirty P. M. Miss Hattie Bagley was the hostess. A very enjoyable program was rendered by three talented young musicians of the town: Mr. Charles Irwin, student at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Maryland, Mr. Thomas Greer and Miss Mary Shaffer.

After the entertainment a business meeting was held at which Mrs. Rebecca Gilbert Craig, the president, presided. There was an enthusiastic discussion of ways and means to secure funds to contribute toward the cost of the vestments for the College Glee Club. It was decided to hold a series of neighborhood card parties, the first of which will be held on Tuesday, December twenty-eight, at Circle Inn, Belair.

The following officers were chosen: Priscilla Reese Stansbury, President; Mary C. Wright, Secretary-Treasurer; Rebecca Gilbert Craig, First Vice-President; Virginia Treacle, Second Vice-President; Sarah Sheridan, Third Vice-President.

MARY HUDSON SCARBOROUGH.

Cumberland

The Alumni of Garrett and Allegany Counties held a joint dinner meeting December sixth at six o'clock, in the Fort Cumberland Hotel, Cumberland, Maryland. They had as their guests: Dr. Lida Lee Tall, President of the State Teachers College at Towson; Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, Alumni Field Worker; Dr. John L. Dunkle, President of State Teachers College at Frostburg, Maryland; Dr. Charles L. Kopp, Superintendent of Schools of Allegany County, Maryland; Mrs. Caroline Walker Wilson, Supervising Teacher of Garrett County; Miss Winifred Greene and Miss L. Grace Shatzer, Supervising Teachers of Allegany County; Mrs. Margaret Spier Upham, former faculty member; and Honorable William C. Walsh.

Miss Lillian C. Compton, Assistant Superintendent of Schools of Allegany County, and President of the Alumni Branch, presided. Twenty-five graduates were present. After a delicious dinner, the guests were called, one by one, either to respond to a personal toast or make a speech. College songs and others written especially for the occasion added to the jollity of the meeting. Elizabeth McIntyre and Ruth Rice Wolford were in charge of the music.

This Alumni Branch also voted to participate in the main objective of the General Alumni Association for the year; namely, to secure funds to help pay for the vestments of the College Glee Club. Twila Brotemarkle was elected President of the Allegany Branch and Helen Albright Griffin, Secretary-Treasurer.



Campus School Program

IT was the night the dear Christ-Child came to the holy place called Bethlehem. In a country far away from Him, an old, old woman named Matrouscka sat by her warm fire, in great content, though the wind was drifting the snow outside and howling down the chimney.

Suddenly Matrouscka heard a loud knock at the door. She opened it, and her candle shone on three aged men standing outside in the drifts. Their beards were as white as the snow that fell upon them, and so long that they reached the ground. Their eyes shone kindly in the light of Matrouscka's fire, and their arms were full of precious things—boxes of jewels, and sweet-smelling oils and ointments.

"We have traveled far, Matrouscka," they said, "and we stop to tell you of the Baby Prince born this night in Bethlehem. He comes to rule the world and teach all men to be loving and true. We carry him gifts. Come with us, Matrouscka. Let us hasten to lay gifts before him!"

But Matrouscka looked at the drifting snow and then at the crackling fire. "It is too late for me to go with you, good sirs," she said, "and the weather is much too cold." She went inside and closed the door, as the old men continued their journey to Bethlehem without her.

But as Matrouscka sat working by her warm fireside, her heart was troubled; she began to think of the little Christ-Child and longed to see him, for she loved all little ones. "I must find him," she said. "I shall not be at peace until I look upon him. I shall go alone tonight to find the Christ-Child. And somewhere out in the quiet night I know He will be waiting for me—I must go!"

So Matrouscka hurriedly put on her long cloak and took her staff, and filled her basket with pretty things a baby would like—and she set out to find the Christ-Child. — But, oh, Matrouscka had forgotten to ask the three old men the way to Bethlehem. Up and down the road she

traveled, through woods and fields saying to whomsoever she met: "I go to find the Christ-Child. Where does He lie?" But no one could tell her the way.

Day after day she wandered, seeking the Christ-Child. Season followed season and still Matrouscka had not found him. At last the Holy season returned, the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Late that night into a country town Matrouscka wandered. Here the darkness seemed holy. Here a great multitude, all bearing gifts, moved silently as in a triumphant procession. Here were mingled the richly dressed in all their splendor and magnificence, with lowly shepherds from the outlying fields, humble peasants, and happy children with radiant faces. Over all there was a wave of good feeling which seemed to make the air softer and warmer. Then, through the silence of the starry night, came the strains of a glorious song. Its mysterious presence filled Matrouscka with great wonderment. She stopped—and listened.

Then slowly, as if in a dream, she followed the sound of the wondrous music.

Slowly the choir marched into the mighty church singing "O Come, All Ye Faithful". But still Matrouscka could not find the manger and the Christ-Child. She wandered in vain, trying to find the source of this music. Through the clear, cold air she could hear "Twelve o'Clock Striking", followed by the "Holy Mother Sings" to her child. Certainly this must be the Holy Mother singing to her Babe.

Matrouscka knew she was coming close to the music for the strains of "Cantique de Noël" were growing stronger and clearer. As if in a dream, a child took the old woman's hand and led her to the church where she found the children gathered and singing "Away in a Manger". Then immediately part of the choir sang again "The Russian Carol".

The choristers felt the joy of Matrouscka's heart when they joined in singing "He Is Born". Matrouscka laid her gifts at the Holy Child's manger while the Campus children left the church singing "Joy to the World", for Matrouscka had finished her journey.

CHARLOTTE HURTT.



Spotlighting the Mummers

This year the Mummers are working toward one objective—to prepare and present as many projects as possible. At present the group is preparing a comedy, entitled: "Enter the Hero" by Theresa Helburn. However, with many members out student teaching, the membership has been held open. So may we expect *you* at the next meeting?

RUTH R. ROSEN.

So What?

By W. NORRIS WEIS

Once again these insane ravings have escaped the eagle-eye of ye olde editor. Therefore they will be inflicted upon the chagrinned readers. However, there is a way to avoid them, but why should I tell?

Ships and shoes

E.A.F. didn't mention the twanging pains inevitably felt in the abdominal regions approximately two hours after the turkey and the accessories have gone to their final resting place.

* * * *

An unjust criticism has come to my attention. Thus, in our usual spirit of service, I am pleased to state that the picture on the cover of the December issue of the TOWER LIGHT was an exact reproduction of an imported Christmas card and that it was hand-painted by members of the staff. And if you don't think it was some job to paint 600 copies individually, ask someone who helped. An orchid to each painter for a clever and unique cover.

And sealing-wax

For your approval, I offer several of my New Year's Resolutions:

1. I resolve to do all week-end assignments on Friday afternoons.
2. I resolve not to spend more than three hours on each assignment for each class period.
3. I resolve not to wear the same tie for over one month at a stretch.
4. I resolve not to spend more than \$.75 for each lunch purchased in the cafeteria.
5. I resolve never to be late for a class.
6. I resolve never to miss a Towson car in the morning.
7. I resolve to clean out my locker at the end of every week (this includes having my gym uniform washed).
8. I resolve to have no more dates until school closes in June.
9. I resolve never to kiss another girl as Dr. Abercrombie says that kissing is unhealthy (maybe the girls will help me keep that one).
10. I resolve to sing tenor in the glee club.

Don't you agree with me that this is a good set of resolutions? What? You say you don't? Well, we can't say that we honestly do either. The above could more appropriately be called "revolutions".

Let's ALL make one good resolution and resolve to keep it. Come on, now. Altogether — one, two, three

WE RESOLVE TO COME TO THE TOWER LIGHT DANCE!

And cabbages

If you can't answer these, then you aren't very observant; if you can, then you'd better start minding your own business.

What sophomore boy ate several dozen bananas several hours before he was scheduled for his physical examination so that he would not be under-weight?

What basketball player has taken B.G.'s place with B.S.?

Who was John Wheeler's most enthusiastic rooter at the Hopkins game? You don't know? Why weren't you at the Hopkins game?

What freshman man was advised by a faculty member to go out and get in a good manly fight?

Who was the young lady to whom J.H. offered his ring?

And Kings

This was offered as a girl's answer to an honorable proposal:

"For you to love is natural;

For you to love me is wonderful;

For me to love you would be completion;

Pardon my incompletion!"

An Open Letter:

Mr. John Klier,

President of Men's Club,

M.S.T.C.

Dear John,

Why not see what ideas the girls have as to selection of entertainment for the Men's Revue? After hearing the discussion in the Men's Room, I'm sure you couldn't do any worse by listening to the young ladies.

Cooperatively,

W. NORRIS WEIS.

As the month's best example of unconscious wit, I offer:

Soph. 4 and 6 were having a phonics lesson with Dr. Crabtree. Each student had to read two words in which a sound was made, and after saying each word, the student was to make the sound which the words were to illustrate. D.F. came up with "man, me, mmmmm!"

I have permission to quote this one. Mr. Charles Leef, late of Japan, India, and points west (or should I say east?) remarked to me that in his opinion "the incoming Freshman girls equalled if not excelled the rest of the female student body in beauty". As Mr. Leef has just returned from abroad, we must all admit that he is especially well-versed in topography.

As the last word in any entertainment, I offer

The End.

Basketball News

The first Annual Teachers College basketball tournament was held on December third at Towson. The results were very pleasing to Coach Don Minnegan, for his team came through victorious. Towson Teachers defeated Frostburg Teachers in the afternoon by a score of 43-28; they also took Salisbury State Teachers that same night 50-32. Congratulations to the champs and the holders of the trophy which was presented to the winners.

Some of the later games were: Towson Teachers 52-Western Maryland Theological Seminary 29; Catholic University defeated the Teachers in a most unusual game. The regular first squad was delayed by machine motor trouble and the second team started and had to play an entire half before the first string arrived. A close game was lost to Elizabethtown when the two teams battled to a tie and an extra period had to be played. It was in this extra period that the Teachers were scored upon, thus losing the game.

Home games will be played on:

Jan. 14—Gallaudet University	Feb. 12—Elizabethtown
Jan. 25—Johns Hopkins University	Feb. 18—Blue Ridge
Jan. 28—Western Maryland Theological Seminary	Feb. 21—Loyola
Feb. 8—Western Maryland Theological Seminary	Feb. 27—Wilson Teachers College.

The Junior Varsity gives promise of a successful season for they defeated Kenwood in their first game by a score of 29-12. The J.V.'s strong defense held the Baltimore County team to a scoreless first half. Their pass work, rebounding and defensive plays were exceptionally good. Several games have been booked for immediately after the Christmas holidays:

Junior Varsity *vs.* Kenwood — January 4.

Junior Varsity *vs.* Franklin — January 5.

An outstanding basketball film will be shown on January eleventh at the assembly period. This film has been made possible through the work of six of the greatest coaches in the United States, such as Caulson of Pennsylvania, Bee of Long Island University, and Krogan of Notre Dame. This will be a sound picture explaining the game as it is played. All who attend will undoubtedly profit by the film. It is hoped that this timely inspiration will boost the spirit of the team to carry them through a most successful season.

The record of our basketball team so far is a creditable one. With the loyal support and sincere confidence of the student body as a whole we shall certainly be able to say the same at the end of the season.

LUTHER COX, Soph. 7.

Under the Weather Vane

"OUT OF THE FULLNESS OF THE HEART THE MOUTH SPEAKETH" — so runs the old proverb. Never has it been truer than at this glad holiday season. As we sit here thinking back over the months that have made up this last eventful year our hearts are over-flowing with gratitude to you who make it possible for us to enjoy the school life that takes place under the ever faithful weather vane.

We want you to know that we are thinking of you and hoping sincerely that those priceless possessions, health and happiness, will abide with you throughout the Glad New Year.

Our Miniature Chick Farm

The Second Grade has been transformed into a miniature hatchery. Seven baby chicks, named after their individual sponsors, are progressing toward the market road. They may travel by train, for that is the subject which is demanding most of the children's attention now. At each distressed "peep-peep-peep", teachers, children and janitors rush to render first-aid.

Visitors are welcome to call upon these strong and vigorous chicks, whose fluff is rapidly changing to feathers.

A Gift For Mother

The sixth grade boys and girls were very busy making Christmas presents. Most everyone made a lovely hearth broom as a present for his or her mother. The brush was made from broom straw and the handles were cut from branches gathered in the glen. After the straw was dyed, the handle was shellacked and the cord which bound the straw was painted in bright colors—the results were very lovely.

After the brooms were made the sixth grade people designed their own wrapping paper for them. The designs were many and varied—Christmas trees, poinsettias, holly, candles and bells. With the gifts went small gift cards also made by the children.

Some of the girls who did not wish to make brooms made hooked rugs out of silk hose which they dyed themselves. These also showed the results of careful thought and were very fitting gifts for mother.

Hour Books For Christmas Gifts

The boys and girls in the Fifth Grade made Hour Books for Christmas gifts. The covers of these books were made of wood, sandpapered and shellacked to a smooth finish. The books contained greetings to their parents such as "Peace" or "Joyous Noel". Greetings were done in illuminated letters on parchment. Then strips of fine, soft leather were used as lacing for the books.

The idea of making Hour Books for Christmas gifts arose from their study of book making during the Middle Ages.

Fourth Grade Activities

As a part of their Christmas celebration, the fourth grade were busily engaged in making gifts and Christmas cards. For their gifts, the children wove pocketbooks and flower mats on hand looms. For their cards the members of the class made their own designs, cutting them from linoleum and stamping them on paper. In the religious celebration the fourth grade sang the carols for the first time with the big chorus. Those who did not sing took part in the dramatization of Babouscka, given by the entire Elementary School.

Perplexing Problems

Making gifts for Christmas was an absorbing pastime in the third grade. Many perplexing problems arose. Nancy shed a few tears one day when she discovered after a half hour of earnest sewing that the stitches in the sampler she was making for mother had gone through her dress, and that she must either wear a patch or take them out. Alice devoted all of her spare time to a present for the entire family, but insists that the card which accompanies it shall read "From me to Daddy". Why not?

Activities of the First Grade

The first grade has been building its own furniture from boxes for a play house. The first grade has planted narcissus bulbs. It has been fun to watch them grow from bulbs into big plants with blossoms.



Terrible Tiny

TINY was the most mischievous little elephant in the jungle! His only ambition was to join the circus. Tiny's mother had told him stories about lands far across the sea where good little elephants belonged to a circus and did nothing but eat, sleep, and play all day. Tiny had made up his mind that someday he would join a circus. But Tiny was so mischievous that none would have anything to do with him. He was always playing tricks! One day, when Grandpa Jumbo, who had rheumatism, went to sleep, Tiny filled his trunk full of ice water, and squirted it all over poor old Grandpa, Grandpa sneezed six times in a row, and jumped up to run after his bad little grandson. However, Tiny ran so fast that he was hidden behind a tree before Grandpa had finished his fourth sneeze.

In school Tiny was just as bad. He knotted his classmates' tails and put boxes of empty peanut shells on his teacher's desk for presents. Every morning, when Tiny's mother called him to go to school, he would stamp his feet on the ground and cry, "I'm not going to school! I don't like to count, and anyway, elephants in the circus don't have to go to school."

One morning, after Tiny had tired himself chasing butterflies instead of studying his lessons, he stopped to rest. Just then he heard a low voice chanting a little verse. He listened and heard these words:

"Terrible Tiny's as bad as can be,
Doesn't know the alphabet, can't count up to three
He will never join the circus,
Always in the jungle you'll see
That simpleton Terrible Tiny."

When Tiny heard these words, he became very much ashamed of his stupidity. At that moment he decided that he would change into a wise little elephant. He looked about to see who had sung the song, and saw "Congo" the jungle fairy at the foot of a tall tree. Tiny thanked the fairy for helping him to mend his ways, and promised to get into no more mischief. Then he waved goodbye, and ran towards the elephants' school house singing happily:

"Terrible Tiny is terrible no more,
He's going to study as never before
To learn all his numbers and learn how to prance
And then in the 'big tent' he'll be able to dance."

MILDRED HAMENT, Fr. 4.



Freshman Seven Picnic

"Rain, rain go away,
Freshman Seven wants to play"

Freshman 7 held their party in the glen anyway. Are they glad? Did they have fun? You may ask the tower clock if they did. Frosted as a mint julep, they were more than ready to devour the hamburgers, fried potatoes, angels-on-horseback, and hot cocoa when the time came. Then, after Bernard Phelps wasted a delicious apple (Miss Tansil liked it), the majority of the group took Audrey Mercer and Bob Cox snipe hunting. Unfortunately snipes were scarce, and Miss Mercer was only able to bag two small ones. Finally, since dancing without music proved unexciting, and everyone was on the verge of pneumonia, the party broke up but everyone declared he would like to do it again soon.

MARJORIE COULSON, Fr. 7.

Red for Go - - 1958

"Dad, I found this dusty old health book while rummaging in the attic. And here's something strange in a section called 'Safety'—'When crossing streets, remember that Green means GO and Red means STOP.'—That's a mistake, isn't it?"

"Well, son, it is, according to our modern conception of Red for Go and Green for Stop. But I can remember that it hasn't always been thus. . . .

"Back in the days of '38 or so there were signal lights for street intersections. Of course, your generation doesn't know anything about intersections; they were eliminated before your time."

"Oh, yes, this book mentions intersections. They must have been dangerous."

"They were. That was the reason for the signal lights—to decrease danger. When the light was green, the traffic on one street would cross the other without hesitation. But when the signal was yellow, the motorists and pedestrians were to be cautious, preferably to stop, as the signal quickly changed to red."

"But how did the meanings of red and green come to be reversed?"

"Well, this signal system for a while was fairly successful. But then people became more hurried and anxious to get somewhere. So when a motorist saw a yellow signal, he would increase speed to be across the intersection before the signal changed to red. A motorist who had been stopped by a red light would begin moving a moment before the light turned green, so as to have a good start when it actually did."

"Goodness, Dad, didn't that cause accidents?"

"You have only to ask old Mr. Smith, the cripple, or invalid Grandmother Jones, what very often happened. . . . Now, sometimes it happened that such a hurried motorist found the light had turned red when he was half way across. He had to continue, thus forcing motorists for whom the signal said 'Go' to wait. Another time he found no traffic to interfere with his crossing on the red light; he silenced his conscience by reminding himself that he was in a hurry. Pedestrians added to the confusion by crossing streets on any color light there happened to be.

"It developed that more and more people crossed streets against red lights and more and more people had to wait for them on the green. Finally everyone did it; the original meanings of the signals were so neglected that they were forgotten.

"So it is that today in 1958 Red signifies GO and Green STOP!"

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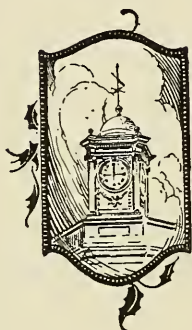
THE TOWER LIGHT



FEBRUARY

1938

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

FEBRUARY, 1938

C O N T E N T S



Cover DOROTHY SNOOPS

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 5

The Case of Karl Franz

REUBEN MILLER, FR. 3.

MY name is Karl Franz. Perhaps you wonder why I don't have a more spectacular name like Bismarck or Cæsar. That poor fellow over in the corner calls himself Alexander the Great, and right behind you there is Genghis Kahn. I am satisfied with plain Karl Franz.

Look at my eyes. Terrifying, aren't they? Like the black cavities of a living skull, aren't they? Well, why shouldn't they be? They know what it is to live in a damned inferno for countless years—with no one to talk to, with no one to love. They know what it is to suffer, to endure, to bear the most painful mental agony imaginable. They know what it is to go weeks without the taste of blessed sleep. They know—

No. No! Don't go—please. I am not insane like the rest of my friends here. Would to God that I were, that my poor mind could be at rest! My tired brain would not be conscious of the anguish I have experienced all these years. But no! His will be done. So does He see fit to punish me!

There was a time when I was young and happy and had sparkling eyes like yourself. Ah, but that was many, many years ago. Maybe twenty, maybe twenty-five. Who knows? We were studying music then at the Conservatory at Vienna. I say "we". I mean my beloved Florence and I. We were always so carefree and happy then. "Dumkopfe!" my professor would say. "When do you quit this foolishness and get down to some serious work?" And then we would all laugh and joke with one another. Life was so good then for my Florence and me.

Very soon we were married. Conditions took on an altogether different contour then. We had never stopped to realize that we couldn't go on as we had been doing forever. We had responsibilities now. We had to be self-sustaining, and—well, it seems things never went right after we were married. I guess it was all my fault.

THE TOWER LIGHT

It was hard for me to find work. I wanted a seat in the Vienna Philharmonic, but all the letters I had from the Conservatory didn't do any good. They always kept putting me off. "Come back next week," they would say; "we'll see what we can do then." And then I would come around again with my violin under my arm; but always it was the same old story. Next week, next week. . . .

I don't recall whether it was Florence's idea or mine to come to America. We had both heard of the many opportunities over here. All our friends implored us not to leave, but we thought we had lived on their good graces long enough. So we managed to scrape enough together to charter a third-class cabin. Ah, that was a glorious trip! I played to my Florence beneath the speckled sky, and she sang to me sweet Viennese lullabies. And the melodious rhythm of the flowing sea below was our accompaniment—like the soft, steady rumbling of a background of tympani. We were so happy with nothing to do but love one another and plan for the future. It was our second honeymoon.

When we arrived in America, I soon discovered that finding orchestra work here was just as difficult as it was back home. I was fortunate in managing to do a little arranging for a local publisher, but it amounted to almost nothing. It was about a year after our arrival that the baby came, and we soon found ourselves in a desperate situation. I turned to composing as a supplement to arranging, but it was practically impossible to find anyone who was interested in anything but jazz. It was then that Florence urged and besought me to give up my musical career and get a job—any job—just so we wouldn't go hungry. Of course, proud as I was, I couldn't see it. Oh, had I known then what I do now!

One night when I was especially anxious concerning a violin concerto I was trying to write, Florence burst into my study. "Oh, Karl, what shall we do?" she sobbed. "I can't bear it any longer. I'll go mad." I became indignant.

"I'm getting sick and tired of your complaints. What do you mean by coming in here when I am at work?" It was the first time in all our years together I had spoken to her like that, and she was taken aback. Yet she persisted.

"But there is no more food in the box. And they've cut off the gas supply I must have warm milk for the baby. Karl, please say you will look for a job tomorrow."

"Get out of here! Get out, I say. *Get out!* I should go out and do that damned dirty work? I'll starve first."

"But think of the baby. The baby, Karl. What has he done that we should let *him* starve. Please say you'll do it."

"No, no!" I cried.

And then—and then I did it. I killed her with my own bare hands. I killed *me*, Florence!

NOTE: "The Case of Karl Franz" is the prize-winning story for the Tower Light Short Story Contest, the author receiving first prize of two tickets to the Tower Light Dance.

The story following, "Gone With the Maid", is the winner of the second prize.



Gone With the Maid

DORIS KLANK, Fr. 3.

"THERE!" said Laurie, as she finished brushing her companion's lustrous, brown fur coat. Scarlett was preparing for her daily jaunt in the park and before she left, glanced in her full-length mirror. She moistened her naturally long, curly lashes, scrutinized her already perfect finger nails, and, with a look of satisfaction, left with her dear buddy. (Scarlett, a pampered only child, was not given her choice in the matter of a chaperone. Her mother firmly decreed that she always should be accompanied by her reliable Scotch friend.) The haughty Scarlett walked a little ahead of Laurie and held her well-groomed head high. Scarlett chuckled wickedly to herself as she saw men look at her admiringly; women, jealously. She met many of the same people on each of her mid-day walks and was, therefore, conscious of any strangers. Today she was aware of a rugged-looking but handsome gentleman with an aristocratic head, well-set on fine, broad shoulders. Her eyelids fluttered as he grinned at her but she quickly regained her poise and walked on. Laurie, also, saw the handsome fellow and coyly lowered her eyelids as he lazily grinned.

The following day, as usual, Scarlett and Laurie took their walk over the same paths. Scarlett had dressed even more carefully today and was confident that she was exceptionally pretty. Unconsciously she looked for the stranger and felt mildly disappointed when she had almost finished her walk without seeing him. "Odd that the park should be so empty on such a bright sunshiny day", mused Scarlett to herself. "My gracious!" she said aloud, "it's becoming dark. Oh! was that a raindrop?"

"Yes", answered Laurie, "and there's going to be a terrible shower. Let's run into this pavilion until the storm blows over. I knew I should have read the weather report." Laurie was concerned about her wet feet, but Scarlett was only thinking how glad she was that the stranger was not there to see her in such a drenched condition. Suddenly, they heard someone running; the intruder came up the pavilion steps in leaps and bounds. Panic-stricken, Scarlett thought of her bedraggled appearance and almost wept.

"What a downpour!" ejaculated the man, who was, as Scarlett suspected, the exciting stranger.

There was an awkward silence broken only by the tactful Laurie as she said, "I'm afraid we'll be marooned here for a good while, so we'd better introduce ourselves." Scarlett was horrified at Laurie's friendliness, but the man seemed really pleased. He cunningly introduced himself by his first name, Rhett. Quite a conversation ensued between Laurie and Rhett which Scarlett entered into only half-heartedly because she was thinking of how she must look. However, the rain came down in torrents for an hour, and, before the three parted, Rhett had an invitation to come and dine with Scarlett and Laurie the following week.

The dinner was quite a success, though Scarlett assumed her most precise manner. Laurie acted her natural sweet self, and Rhett made amusing remarks. Rhett called frequently after this evening but Laurie usually left the room when Rhett came to see Scarlett and Scarlett began to notice that he was more quiet when Laurie was not present. One evening in particular he seemed anxious to leave, and when he did, Scarlett watched. She saw him go around the back of the house. So she walked toward the kitchen only to stop aghast as she heard muffled whispers. Laurie and Rhett sat close together on the porch talking love. Scarlett, terribly humiliated, cried to herself, "I do lead a dog's life, I, a Pomeranian, have been mistreated by my Welsh terrier acquaintance, Rhett. Laurie, my long cherished friend — Laurie, my Scottie — has deserted me for that vile male Rhett."



The Inevitable

JAMES G. JETT

All black and white
The winter night
Lay silent and serene.

Where sky met land
A lighter band
Of sky came in between.

The sunrise soon
Would speed the moon
To other realms of space.

And shining day
Round us would lay,
Now freed of night's dark face.

Valentine's Day

IVAN G. NOLTE

THE festival of February fourteenth originated far back in folk and village customs. The valentine festival appears to have been a day of fun, dedicated to the little fellow with the bow and arrow whom we call Dan Cupid. Today the holiday is almost obsolete, but at one time it ranked with Christmas and the New Year in importance.

Most authorities agree that the holiday is named for St. Valentine, "the lover's saint". Emperor Claudius, at Rome, issued a decree forbidding marriage because he thought married men did not make good soldiers and were loath to leave their families for war. Since good soldiers were needed for warfare, he abolished marriage. The good priest Valentine heard, and was sad. He invited young lovers to come to him and secretly married them. The Emperor, when he heard of this, had Valentine placed in prison; there he languished and died a martyr to love.

So it is not surprising that the church made a saint of Valentine and dedicated February fourteenth to him. Roman youths and maidens honored the day and St. Valentine's Day came to be known as the "day for all true lovers".

A pretty origin and one which we like to accept is that "birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day." In the Middle Ages it was customary in England, Scotland, and parts of France for the young people to assemble on the evening of February thirteenth and draw names. Each person drew a slip—a "valentine"—from an urn or bowl, on which was written the name of one of the young people present. The person whose name was on the slip became the soldier's sweetheart for the year. Although this custom was at first confined solely to the peasantry, it later became very popular among the upper classes.

Gradually the approach of Valentine's Day came to be heralded by the exchange of sentiments written with flourishes upon scented paper and profusely decorated with hearts, arrows, doves, and other love tokens. Most of the valentines were written in verse.

A few generations ago the very name of the Valentine carried with it the breath of lavender, the scent of musk. Our great-great-grandmothers received the straps of ornamental paper with trembling hands, blushing as they read the tender love missives. The pretty verses were not mere sentiments to them; they were actual declarations of love.

Presently manufactured valentines came into vogue and took the place of individual sentiments. Men purchased their valentine favours

instead of writing them by hand, consequently valentines lost much of their dignity and true significance.

The custom of drawing for a valentine was at its height in England about 1480 and when gentry came together for the purpose of valentine-drawing, they usually concluded the sport with a dinner or party. Even now hostesses like to entertain on Valentine's Day because it lends itself so admirably to decorative schemes and because of the wealth of traditions surrounding it.



Are You Going?

"Is the New York World Fair in 1939 going to be just another one of those things, or something new and different?"

No one can answer this question with such certainty and authority as Grover A. Whalen, president of the Fair Corporation, under whose unceasing watchfulness and direction the exposition is rapidly progressing toward completion. This is his answer:

"It is indeed very well worthwhile making arrangements, financial ones if they be necessary, to visit the Fair, because the exposition is not going to be just another one of 'those things'. The pattern of it, in the first place, differs very widely from that of former international fairs. It will look toward the future instead of back upon the past."

"What the New York Fair intends doing is to show how much these improvements in all human conditions promise in the life of mankind in the years to come, how they will develop and expand and what man may expect in even greater benefits for the generations following ours. Even the most distant nations will be there, with their distinctive peoples and lavish displays of their foremost achievements in science, industry and art. The fair will provide a Magic Carpet on which the visitor will be able to float from country to country."

"It would interest college men and women to visit the Fair grounds this coming summer so they may see what tremendous progress we are making in creating this vast exposition. They will find numerous steel and stucco buildings already standing, several of them practically completed, awaiting the arrival of the displays of exhibitors. Especially will such a visit be memorable in view of what they will eventually see when the Fair is opened. There is always something interesting in seeing the before—and—after of so great an undertaking as this."

"Summing it up, can any American college youth afford to miss the New York World's Fair in 1939?"

I Did It!

BARBARA HAILE

Courage! That was what I most needed, as after fifteen minutes of steady trudging I stood gazing from a little shelf of level land on the snow-covered hillside. I held my breath. Far below I could see the pond, a gleaming sheet of ice. Today would be the test. Purposely I had avoided the usual skiing place where the tracks of skis twisted and turned like ribbons. This slope was as smooth as the icing of a mammoth cake, white, hard, and dry. And I was alone. The jump at the lower part of the hill was a short one, just right for a beginner, such as I.

I skied into position on the lower place, and rounded up all the instructions for jumping that I could remember. Then a sudden impulse carried me swishing down the slope with an almost unbearable anticipation gripping my mind. I straightened for the take-off, flinging away fear and dismay with outstretched arms; the wind snapped at my face; the vast emptiness sucked my breath away, producing a sinking consciousness; and I thought with marvelous clarity, "Good Heavens, my skis are turning! Body straight! Toes down! Forward with weight equally distributed!" I landed. Would I go over? No. Head up, blood pounding, my skis barely etched the hard surface as I raced toward the pond.

The pond was not as far away as I had thought. Indeed, I could picture myself crashing through the ice into the cold, deep water, I must stop! But how did one stop while going full-force? I did not know; so I decided to flop.

Stars rained in a sparkling shower, and the world rocked. I opened my eyes, still stunned. That crash ought to have broken every bone in my body, I reflected, while I painstakingly rolled to my side. Pulling myself to one knee, I managed to flounder upright on my skis.

The pool was barely two feet away. It looked frightfully cold, in the bitter, piercing wind, as I stood silently gazing at it. But I had a strange warm feeling inside. I had done it; I had made my first jump! And I was happy!

The Normal Eye

Did you know that at Bowie, Maryland, there is a normal school for colored teachers? The Maryland Normal School, as it is called, has this year 138 students, the majority of whom are girls, and nearly all of whom are resident students. According to the monthly publication, "The Normal Eye", Federal and State appropriations of \$300,000 are to be used for such great needs as dormitory space, additional classrooms, and a four-room building for a demonstration school. A four year teachers college course is contemplated for the fall of 1938.

This "Highbrow" Swing Music

JOHN KLIER

IT seems ironic that the first indigenous American music above the level of the folk-song should be so little understood in the land of its birth that it was left to be "discovered" by foreign music lovers. Yet there is more truth than novelty in the title of this article.

"Swing" music is a form of "jazz", and in America it is popularly supposed that everyone is familiar with jazz in all or most of its phases. Some of these imaginedly well-informed people like jazz so well that they enjoy little other music, and some of them dislike it so thoroughly that they will have none of it. Because the classics are supposed to be "highbrow", and because to be "highbrow" is an unpardonable social sin, one group generally accepts jazz simply because it is popular, the same way they accept "hill-billy" music and bad waltzes. Either because they are genuinely offended by popular music or because it is fashionable to show classical tastes by ridiculing jazz, persons of a second group call our modern American dance music vulgar, trivial, transitory, inane, unmusical, bizarre, immoral perhaps, and so on up into the syllables. Between these extremes there are people who prefer the classics but show their broad-mindedness by accepting the emasculated "sweet jazz" which bears a false resemblance to the waltz and other traditionally accepted forms. All of these people, however, whether they will have nothing of jazz or nothing else but, possess three points in common, leading to a good many fallacies: first, they place jazz in opposition to "the classics" (whatever "the Classics" may mean); second, they base judgments on the work of composers and performers who have no substantial claim to represent jazz; and third they have never heard real jazz, or if they have heard it, they have never really listened to it.

The answer to the problem, if it is a problem, lies with a growing number of "enlightened" swing devotees, who attempt to appraise jazz at its true worth, always being careful to seek the most authentic form of the idiom. This movement, if it may be said to have started in any particular corner of the world, started in Europe, where the radio stations and dance orchestras are not purveying constantly the less worthwhile forms of jazz. There the music lover who wants jazz must rely on the phonograph, a device which, by the repetitive nature of its music, encourages critical selection. These "swing fans" in Europe and America can be said to have engineered the third "discovery" of jazz in the world's music. The first "discovery" occurred about the time of the World War, when jazz bands rose from local popularity in New Orleans, Memphis, and other river cities, to national popularity. These bands found that they could make "big money" whether they played their best or just made queer noises. The second "discovery", about the year 1925, was accredited

to Osgood and other music critics who swallowed Paul Whiteman, hook, line and sinker. The remarkable thing about their writings is that men who seem familiar with only commercial and "symphonic" jazz, and with musicians who perverted rather than developed the art, can now and then contribute valuable discussions. The third "discovery" really dates from before the first one, but it has taken a long time to become evident. Almost from the beginnings of jazz some forty or more years ago there have been musicians and listeners who appreciated the best jazz and wished to see the highest development of its possibilities. They were a small and unorganized group during the nineteen-twenties, when the commercial "sweet" bands were achieving such marked success, but with the advent of the European movement there has developed a sort of international brotherhood of swing lovers.

It is the aim of this group to obtain for "hot jazz" its deserved place as an American contribution to the world's music. They do not approve the "swing" publicity with which commercial dance bands and composers have recently sought to tickle the public fancy, but rather they accomplish their purpose by demanding the best jazz for their own enjoyment and by exchanging views on it much as do lovers of classical music. They are unashamed of jazz, realizing that its unsavory reputation has been externally acquired, and that many of the criticisms of its musical shortcomings are made by people who have never heard the real thing or who have heard it only through a prejudicial barrier of previous associations. They have as little patience with popular dance idols as do those who enjoy only classics, for they prefer the vigorous life of swing to the mixture of sickly sentimentality and musical opiates purveyed by such leaders as Wayne King (who plays waltzes as badly as he does fox-trots). Swing converts, in order to satisfy their desire to hear more good jazz, are forming "Hot Clubs" in Europe, America, and elsewhere for mutual enjoyment and advancement of the art they admire. A few critics are taking up the cause publicly, and they are better informed than those who fell for Whiteman's abortive attempts to "symphonize" jazz. Their comments may be found in the European magazine, "Jazz-Tango Dancing", and in the American musician's paper, "Down Beat".

In the hands of swing devotees, the appreciation of lowly jazz appears as much a matter of musical education as do the classics. While realizing that "*de gustibus non est disputandum*" ("about tastes there can be no dispute"), they also affirm that tastes are developed by listening thoughtfully to enough examples or repetitions of music to determine exactly what is there and what it is worth, then deciding on preferences which are subject to further change. And that process sounds much like the method used to study any art.

(Continued in the next issue)

What is the Most Difficult College Subject?

Organic Chemistry is so rated. This was revealed in a study made by the Bureau of Educational Surveys, New York City. According to the study, science courses as a group are a major source of difficulty, with history, particularly ancient, medieval and European not far behind. Study of Shakespeare's plays rates "hardest" of the English literature courses.

The Tryst

J. M. C.

I may be tied, as with ball and chain
To an office, a desk, and a chair
I may be present, in body at least
In a room, but my spirit's not there.
It travels, so swiftly, mile upon mile
And rests on a faraway shore,
And my heart leaves my body and soars as a bird
And a smile lights my eyes once more.

For I'm keeping a tryst that I've promised myself
Where palm-trees line gleaming white sand
Where someone is waiting to anchor my heart
With the touch of a lean, brown hand.
And though months fade to years
And my chain holds me fast
To an office and desk and my chores,
Still my heart roams at will, and my spirit is free
On the moonlit Waikiki shores.

A Library Rendezvous

CLARA LEWIS

Chairs are scraping—
The bell has rung;
Freshmen gaping
To see what's done.

Students rushing
To find a book,
Teachers hushing
With a look.

Everything quiet,
All is well
Until we hear
Another bell.

Worth Seeing

HELEN FREITAG

Have you seen any of the amazing short features offered in the motion picture theaters that have exposed to the public daring and unbelievably clever rackets of various natures? At first it seemed that such actions as these pictures were depicting could not go on for long without being exposed and curbed by law, but these films show definitely how difficult it is for the law to find sufficient evidence for conviction or punishment of any of the persons suspected. To prove this, here is an actual case that occurred in Baltimore.

A middle aged woman of a generous and benevolent nature was constantly besought by people who, upon presentation of their credentials, explained they were seeking cash donations. Often this woman gave, believing these people honest. One evening, she attended a theater and saw one of the short features mentioned above. This feature showed how several people banded together and decided what "cause" they should like to help (in order to have a name that would appeal to human kindness) but because of their efforts they would "feel compelled to retain the donations collected." Finally police agents found ways of breaking up many of these organizations. The film ended with the advice that the "Better Business Bureau" be consulted if at anytime there was any doubt about an organization's right to ask for contributions. Within several days this woman received a request from just such an organization. She had compiled a list of the organizations to which she had given the previous year. The list contained fifteen organizations only three of which the bureau, after investigation, had found worthy and truthful.

Eight of the fifteen were directed and controlled by one man. One organization for the protection of orphans was controlled by one person and there was only one orphan to protect. Another organization for blind veterans was maintained by one man who had lost his sight in a drunken brawl.

What a revelation such films have brought to many. They are of definite civic value and picture producers should be congratulated for producing them.



Did you hear the one about the boy who, when asked how many brothers and sisters he had, replied, "I have four sisters, two married and two living".

Developments in Educational Method

AS a result of a two year survey made by the Federal Department of Education it has been discovered that many of the one-time innovations in educational method are no longer regarded as questionable accessories but the essential elements. Before discussing the different developments let it be fixed in the minds of all that the home will continue to be the dominant influencing factor in the life of a child despite the attention he may give outside institutions and agencies.

One of the present outstanding practices is the guidance programs carried on by Federal, State, and City governments together with the aid of the individual schools and teachers. Following the lead of the federal departments a majority of the states have made the program more extensive by including definite plans as guiding elements in their school systems. To this end the cities have set up school centers which provide equal opportunities for aiding each child with a teacher as counselor. This method has been found to be most successful. Along these lines the counselors have employed a variety of extra-curricular activities in the hope of developing better social behavior.

An important development hitherto considered unnecessary is that of changing the ordinary programs in order to make them more efficient. Skills and factual knowledge previously thought of as most important are now merely supplementary materials since the new type of test incorporates certain learning objectives and requires a fuller understanding on the part of the pupil. These tests are most helpful in the keeping of records on attendance, health, intelligence, achievement, aptitudes, and interests, enabling the counselors to plan more clearly and individually the program of the pupils. This efficient measuring stick is not confined to the grade schools but is used all the way from kindergarten to the CCC camps to prove the value of standards.

Since the amount of thinking and the behavior of its people naturally characterize a nation there has always been a certain amount of interest taken by the leaders, whether in the home or in the community, in behalf of character development. We have always known of such groups as the Rotary, Kiwanis, De Molay, Kindergarten of Youth, Y. M. C. A., Boy and Girl Scouts, and others. But recently, since the serious problem of delinquency was intensified by the World War and the depression of 1929, it has been necessary to make the character building programs more extensive and effective. Since nearly all children attend school and since the state and local school board recognize the importance of the home, they are striving for cooperation with parents toward a better type of citizen who will recognize his responsibilities and be willing to contribute to the improvement of his social group. It has been indicated that with

special efforts, improvement in character may be achieved through athletic programs as well as club activities. Direct results have been achieved through the study of teachers' marks and self-rating, through regular school subjects as well as discussion and first hand experience. The child being so very different from the adult in that he has no one uniform code of morals naturally must receive training in order that he may keep himself mentally awake and morally straight.

There is a growing necessity for more knowledge concerning the original works of nature and of man. Our museums have met this demand with surprising success. Visits are made to the museums and articles are sometimes brought into the classroom. In this way the pupils see and handle the objects in relation to their daily discussions. Such schemes give the teacher a chance to approach the child concerning his leisure time. The main obstacle encountered is the frequent indifference of the teachers with respect to illustrative materials. The teacher-training problem should therefore be taken more seriously because the child will invariably make such searching demands of the teacher as will necessitate his being well-trained in the arts as well as the other subjects. Different techniques of museum visiting have been worked out in order that the greatest number of children may derive the greatest possible benefits.

The total leisure time the average child spends either listening to a radio or attending photoplays would amaze most of us. Naturally these two vehicles must and do play a major role in influencing the understanding, habits and attitudes of our children. As a result, large groups have labored to improve the motion pictures and radio fare. Radio and films are so potent that they are included in the properties of many schools; however, their use as definite means of instruction is still in the exploratory stage. There is a growing awareness of the fact that educational films and broadcasts may be invaluable aids in the future.

To further one's education beyond the radio and films the libraries and their recently developed services are specially helpful. The school renders its greatest service to a child when it teaches him to choose his own reading matter and read intelligently. Since the trend in curricular revision is toward integration of subjects it naturally follows that the library is the best possible source of information for the pupil. Not only in the way of school courses but also as contributors to extra-curricular activities the librarians are essential to a child's success. Various philanthropic organizations and associations together with allotted funds maintain our efficient libraries from the standpoint of finances. But our libraries have received an added support and attention through the close harmony of teachers and librarians, the constant interest in the new book lists and attempts at instruction for school librarians. Increasing numbers of libraries are supplying materials and adding new sources of information to promote the good features of the school program.

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THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

What Is a Teacher?

FORTY-ONE children stood solemnly in military file outside Room 13. No one spoke—no one dared even to move. Miss Smith's eagle eye and stern countenance surveyed each of the children. My, how long could she expect to keep forty-one children absolutely motionless? At the brusque command "Enter Class!" the line filed into the room; each individual took his seat—still no word. Were they all deaf and dumb; were they incapable of any emotion? No indeed, they were all normal happy youngsters at home where mothers and fathers were friendly, where sisters and brothers were their comrades. They were happy on the playground where Miss Smith's watchful, critical eye could not catch John as he playfully pulled Jimmy's coat. They were normal children while on the way up the three flights of steps—that is, until they reached the last landing. Then the change! Mary didn't dare tell Sally that she had hung her coat on the wrong hook. Miss Smith never would have considered that "any excuse for talking in the corridor".

A visitor happened to pass through the third floor of the school—a visitor who hoped to gain some worthwhile experience that might help her in her new position as a supervisor. "Yes", said the Principal, "Miss Smith is one of our best teachers. Her teaching methods are excellent. Her management of discipline is remarkable." The young visitor entered the room. Miss Smith's stern countenance showed no quaver or hesitation. The lesson proceeded. Yes, the methods of teaching were fine, the children were learning subject matter; there was not the slightest evidence of any inattention or misconduct. But, at this point the young stranger hesitated—there was something lacking in the lesson, something of vital importance. Human understanding, friendliness, sympathy—no, Miss Smith had not shown any of these qualities. She was the teacher—her word was law—she was the "boss" with unlimited power to command.

As stated by educators "Education is preparation for life". *Preparing children for life*—the key to successful teaching! As a teacher Miss Smith had unlimited possibilities for helping to prepare many children for life. She might have explained to John that his failure to arrive on time would hinder his success in later life. She might have told Mary that it would have been better if she had politely asked Sally to move her coat instead of throwing it on the floor. But no, Miss Smith's only means of preparing children for life was the command "Remain at 3:15. Sit with your hands folded". To the children Miss Smith was a mere figurehead, a symbol of learning and intellect, but a mummy with no emotions, sympathy, or encouragement to spur them

on through their work. A great store of knowledge alone does not make one a good teacher. Far from it! Each child who passes through the hands of a teacher will expect to gain something worthwhile from his contact with her. It may be that she showed Harry how much better it is to play a fair game; maybe she taught Harold the art of being a good loser; or perhaps she helped shy Mary to play with the other children. If each of these children has learned the particular lesson the teacher had hoped to have him learn, she has accomplished a great purpose—that of helping to prepare individuals to fit successfully into the complicated structure of society.



What Is Good Taste?

One mark of a well-bred person is good taste—being sensitive to what is the proper thing to do and doing it. But too often we think of good taste as “society manners”, rather than our every-day actions in college or on the street.

The strain of college often wears off the social veneer and shows the markings of the character below.—The girl who is said to have good social contacts is not so impressive when she furtively eats her lunch during an assembly speaker’s address, though she would hesitate even to chew gum during the same speaker’s lecture, say, at the Lyric. Then there is the popular boy who will misbehave like a third grade child when the teacher is out of the room and the section chairman has to take charge.

The girl who stands politely in line at a formal reception often barges into the head of a long cafeteria line with no more excuse than her hunger, no greater than that of Customer Number Forty-Seven who has a meeting in fifteen minutes. Some students who would not think of rudely interrupting a superior’s conversation at a tea do not hesitate to run a noisy conversation as competition in a classroom or meeting. There may be others equally bored, but they have the tact not to let the world know about it.

The student who expects his pupils to respect him in his capacity as a teacher is not being very thoughtful when he caustically criticizes his superiors in education and experience in terms of disrespect. If he spoke of his fellow students in a similar manner he could soon write a supplement to “How to Lose Friends and Alienate People”.

Perhaps these seem like little things. But little things can show how *little* you really are. Isn’t it true that even though your own crowd does what you do, there are others of different groups who also form their opinion of you. And their opinion may shape your very destiny.

The Library—At Your Service

Books of Short Stories

Was there ever a time when you felt that you just had to read fiction or some other literature that was not an assignment? Short stories fill that need exceptionally well because they have rapid action, they reach a climax quickly, and they can usually be read at one sitting. Often they contain romance, or suspense, and are very satisfying to one's reading appetite.

In the library, conveniently located near the fireplace, is a group of short story classics (820.8) which contains many old favorites.

O'Brien, Edward, *The Twenty-Five Finest Short Stories*; New York, Richard R. Smith, Inc., 1931.

Here is a variety of stories by well known authors. The first story in the book is *A Tell-Tale Heart* by Edgar Allen Poe. It is a very gruesome story of a murderer who dissected his victim and concealed the body under the floor. He placed his chair on the very spot while he talked with three policemen. Was his guilt discovered? At the other extreme is Mark Twain's *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. Smiley had a frog which could jump farther than any other frog in the county, but he lost a forty dollar bet with a stranger. Why? Because while Smiley went to the marsh to find the stranger a frog, the stranger filled the Smiley frog with buck shot.

If you like *Rip Van Winkle* you will want to read *Irving's Sketch Book*, edited by Arthur Willis Leonard. It contains a number of stories written by the creator of Rip.

Some books of contemporary short stories may be found among the fiction books (call No. 2)—*Under 20* and *Golden Tales of the Old South* by Mary L. Becker. Don't fail to read fiction just because you haven't time for a thousand page novel!

Carmer, Carl, *"The Hurricane's Children"*; New York, Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1937.

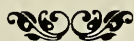
Of course, hurricanes might have children, but I never heard of any before. Who can they be?

Hurricane's children are really giants that proudly roar all over our United States that a hurricane was their father and an earthquake was their mother." The stories in this book are the products of our grandfather's fancies, our fathers'; our own. They are the imagination that Americans inherit . . . They exist because cowboys, miners, and all other active workmen believe in them and their physical prowess at dusk."

To anyone who has read Carl Cramer's "Stars Fell On Alabama"

will come recognition of several of the same folk-tales used in that book. The freedom and naturalness in the style are the same; the simplicity and humour are the same, but a little more pronounced in his latest book.

Some day when you feel like believing in giants, and feel like laughing just for the fun of it, why don't you pick up "The Hurricane's Children"?



Readiness for the 3 R's

THREE centuries ago Leonard Ayres published his "Laggards in Our Schools". He not only forced the educational world to recognize the existence of this problem of pupils who do not learn and the cost of such a condition existing throughout our public schools, but he issued a challenge to reduce failures. Elementary schools responded immediately by placing great emphasis upon the basal subjects—reading, writing, and arithmetic. Coaching classes sprang up like mushrooms overnight to provide this extra time for teaching those most obviously in need. At about the same time the testing movement arose. With the introduction of the standardized achievement tests, it was possible to check standards of achievement. By means of intelligence tests, it was possible to meet the problem by grouping the children into X, Y, Z groups. Then came the Diagnostic Testing and Remedial Teaching Epoch with special clinics for instruction.

Lately, however, people are becoming "Preventive Conscious". They have become aware of the fact that much money, time, and effort is being spent in remedial work, correcting difficulties which should never have occurred, and would not if they had been unconscious of Thorndike's concept of "Readiness".

"Through experience, teachers have learned that premature attempts to get children to learn, without readiness, result only in mechanical learning that fails to function, produce errors and confusion that have to be corrected later, attitudes of antagonism to learning, and the disappointment and unhappiness of failure. It is indeed heartening to find the attention of education centering now on 'Readiness' as one answer to the problem 'Failure'." (Jessie La Salle)

The January Issue of the Journal of the Education Association of the District of Columbia is devoted to this topic of "Readiness". As stated by the editor, "Readiness is not confined to reading. It permeates the whole school program." The articles included in the issue discuss ways of building up a good background of readiness for the 3 R's.

So You Haven't Time to Read?

"How can I read any good material when I have so much work that I can't find time to complete a book? So you wail when reprimanded for the shortness of your reading list. Well, be that as it may, it's still no excuse. Evidently you have forgotten that we have three departments in our library, and that the third one is simply full of paper-backed volumes commonly called magazines. The variety is very great—large and small, thick and thin, serious and humorous, educational and miscellaneous—all piled in neat little stacks on labelled shelves. Of course when one gets very ancient, it is tenderly laid away and zealously guarded by our Keeper of Magazines until some distant time when it will be disturbed from its sleep for a special assignment. However, if you find you would like one of these, it can be obtained simply by asking. If you don't care for educational articles and desire something in the line of fiction, Richmond Hall parlor has quite a supply of the more popular magazines.

"That's all very well", you argue, "but I want good fiction, not a lot of mushy trash, and I can't get that in popular magazines." Such an old-fashioned idea! Why many of our best known authors write for such magazines regularly; and their styles vary from the simple vividness of Pearl Buck to the elaborate lightness of Temple Bailey. All you have to do is make your selection, sit down, and in a short period of time read a very worthwhile and enjoyable article.

So don't say you can't find time to read, because by visiting the library or Richmond Hall, you can certainly find an article which will please you no matter what your tastes are.



These Freshmen

Are wondering what would happen if—

Someone put a microphone in front of Mr. Minnegan during one of the Basketball games?

The bookshop opened promptly at 8:30.

Mr. Walther had a map to use without interruption.

Mrs. Brouwer taught a class in diction.

We would like to tell—

Miss Van Bibber that we think she's a "prince".

Miss Bersch that we think she's a "honey".

Miss Birdsong that she's helping us in "Keeping a Sound Mind".

Mr. Walther that we don't know anyone half as witty as he.

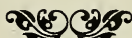
Miss Cook that there's nothing like a test to find out how much we have yet to learn all over so it will be much easier to forget.

(Continued from Page 15)

Frequently there are discovered certain children who for some unknown reason do not properly benefit by these guiding forces. These problem cases, often called delinquents, are taken care of by guidance clinics, recognized agencies for the diagnosis and treatment of such cases. The most efficient service has been rendered by these clinics. Fitting himself to his environment becomes a much easier problem for the child with this host of directing influences.

As a large proportion of the country's population completes its education in the elementary or secondary school the development material should be evaluated with special consideration of these levels.

Review of Developments in Educational Method Bulletin, Nov. 2—1937—
U. S. Printing office—by Charles Gross.



Do it Now!

In the January issue of the Tower Light last year the young ladies received suggestions to improve their technique, so being a member of the so called fairer sex, and unable to remain silent any longer, I wish to inform the gentlemen that we expect improvements on their part.

So, my men, abide by these rules and you'll have someone who would enjoy going to the "Tower Light" dance with you.

1. You are out with *her* tonight, so be attentive to her, the other girls *have* escorts.
2. Be spotless, she likes to be proud of you.
3. Don't chew gum, she'd rather hear the orchestra than your jaws.
4. Have an interest and intelligent look on your face, you asked for the date.
5. If you don't have enough money, tell the girl; we're not all gold diggers; if we like you well enough we'll walk.
6. Don't tell her you're in love with her, she knows you're not, and she doesn't expect you to say you are.
7. Be conversational, don't look at her as if she left you speechless, she doesn't even like that act when you are saying "good night".
8. Read a book on etiquette, practice it in college if you want to look natural when you're out.

Then she'll be saying, "I feel perfectly at ease when I'm out with him, I know he'll do just the right thing at the right time."

Teachers College Record

The Alumni Association in Action Again

Come play cards at Teachers College on Friday, February 18! The Alumni Association is sponsoring a benefit card party on that date at the College. You will have the special privilege of hearing the College Glee Club and Orchestra at 8 o'clock. Cards at 8:45 p. m. (Please bring cards). There will be attractive table prizes and numerous door prizes. Come and meet all the friends of the college.

News

1. Mrs. and Mrs. John Henry Fischer
(Young son) Miles Penington Fischer, December 23, 1937.
2. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Luther Sutch
Announce marriage of daughter Mary Anna and Mr. Albert Sidney Polk, Jr., on Thursday 23 of December 1937 (at home Corpus Christi, Texas).
3. Mr. and Mrs. George Obrecht, Jr.
(Young daughter) Georgia Gischel Obrecht, January 22, 1938.

Orchestra Resolutions

With the New Year came a set of New Year's Resolutions for the orchestra. Among these are:

1. Resolved: to do some sight reading at every rehearsal. A committee has been appointed to go through the files of music in Miss Prickett's room and select compositions that they think the orchestra will like. This music will be distributed at rehearsal; and every player, without any practice, will play his part.
2. Resolved: to have each member compose his part of a given selection. A group from the orchestra is going through music which is listed among the orchestra's favorites. One Monday the piano part will be given out, and each student will figure out his individual part with this as a foundation. After a week of preparation and practice, the orchestra will play the combined efforts of all its members.

We are hoping that these two projects will not only provide variety for rehearsals but will tend toward the making of more efficient musicians in the orchestra.

Not among our resolutions, but on our list, is a program to be prepared for the Alumni Association of the College which will meet on February 18. At this program we expect to see the whole orchestra represented.

Notes From the Glee Club

The most important experience of the Glee Club during the month of January happens to have been not a musical performance but the taking of an annual Glee Club picture. Instead of singing we "posed" in our gowns and although we were a long time about it we finally produced the best picture in the history of our club. It shows 105 of our members and our director in all the dignity of our new robes. One of the photographs is going to be included in a book of views which will be sent far and wide to advertise the college.

The musical phase consisted of rehearsals for a concert we plan to give on February eighteenth. The occasion is a card party at the college to raise money for the gowns. Naturally we are glad to support this generous undertaking and we plan to do our part by giving a concert.



Clothes=====Line

(With apologies to W. F. B. R.)

Did you know that the lowest temperature has been 17°?

Socks and white oxfords are seasonally out but comfortably in. Did you know that?

Did you know that M. W. (Fr.) is jealously and admiringly eyed by S. T. men because of her smart tailored skirts? Did you see that?

Did you know that P. B. (Faculty) looks "grand" in her green nubby wool? Did you know that?

Did you know that there are three inches (3) separating 1929-1938? Did you know that?

Did you know that there are about 19,000,000 bathtubs in the United States? That means we all have some chance for the Saturday night. Did you know that?

Did you know that there has been a lot of improvement in those who need it. Hair, shoes, and clothes show signs of a brush (not the same one we hope).

Did you know that some of you color combinations are not?

Did you know that there are only three hundred and thirty-nine more shopping days? Plenty of time to prepare for the next Tower Light Dance. But you knew that.

Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

Boag, the dog, has red spots on his ears, painted on in an even fashion. The eyes of Boag are very beautiful and they seem to be tacked up in the tops of spaces set aside for eyes; Boag's legs and feet end very abruptly—someone broke off his toes. And so, Boag is a very sad dog. Boag's eyes and ears never move—that is, if you look *directly* at him, *but*, if you turn your head to study the picture of Peter Pan taking some one on a joy ride in his swing, out of the corner of your eye you would see Boag wiggle his ears, roll his eyes, and look sadly at his toes. To know what Boag is thinking about, you will have to continue watching him out of the corner of your eye. Large tears dropped from Boag's two eyes; in fact, they were so large that a small piece of paper lying on the mahogany surface floated around in the salty solution. The boy, in the swing with Peter Pan, saw all this and asked Peter to take Boag along. Pan reached over, grabbed Boag by the ear and set him on the swing, and with one great pull at the ropes of the swing that fellow Pan and his passengers slid into space. They would have fallen into a big black hole but a cloud hit Boag on the nose, the swing stopped, and the three of them grabbed for two of the longest clouds. Boag had to hold on by his front legs. He couldn't depend on his toes to help him if he should slip, so he wrapped his ears around the cloud. He meditated on his condition for a while. The boy and Peter Pan were, by this time, sitting on the other cloud. They did not ask him to join them; they did not talk to him; they did not look at him. Boag wished he were back on the mahogany surface, though he could not blame Pan or the boy. They just thought he'd forget his lost toes. But how could he forget. He started to cry again. He felt his legs and ears singing through the cloud—his tears were melting the only thing he had to cling to. With one great drop through a long dark shaft he landed on this typewriter and just as quickly as the cloud melted, he became interested in the keys that jump up and down. Boag's eyes were interested in the words made on the paper. He liked the first word. The word was easy to read—it was easy to say—and he knew that if he could touch it there would be a soft feeling, especially if it were all wet with warm water. The first word was:

Soap—White soap, especially Ivory soap, never stays in place. There have been many attempts to find out what happens to it. In the faculty rest room—main hall—the mystery of the sliding soap goes on and on. On the wall there was pasted a sign—"Just Curious". The first question on the sign was: "Why does the soap slip into the waste basket?" and the second question: "Where do you take the soap from here?" The

keys of this typewriter started to pop up the answers written by a few readers of the sign but Boag jumped all over the keys and he said that it wouldn't be the proper thing to do. The soap game has begun—"Slide, soap, slide!" The soap game has taken its place with other faculty games—the last game being: "Desk, desk, who has the desk?"

Professional—Boag fell asleep. All of us, however, stayed awake in the last faculty meeting to listen to Miss Mae Kelly from Fairfax County, Virginia. The Virginia State Curriculum was explained to us in a very interesting manner. Boag was fast asleep and I was very sorry because I knew he would have liked to have seen the thickness of the study.

Dr. Lida Lee Tall attended the Progressive Education Association meeting in Washington. She was chairman of one of the study groups. Miss Irene Steele spoke at the same Association meeting. Her topic concerned itself with Children's Literature. Mrs. Brouwer arranged the exhibit from the American Artists' Group, Inc. Mr. Minnegan—Boag woke up and reminded me that this was not professional—but Boag as well as I would like to know where Mr. Minnegan got the name of Robert Taylor. Miss Keys and some sections studying foods cooked a dinner. *Letter to Miss Keys*—Do you need any tasters for your food? I'd like to apply for the job.

Dr. West has joined the list of sleepers at meetings.

Miss Joslin finally found herself driving to Washington with quite a car full.

Social—Faculty members were getting ready to attend the dinner at Glen Esk on the twentieth of January. Ever since they received the invitations there has been much talk about styles. Long, short, black, silver, fringe, or just plain middy-blouses and skirts?

And while we are talking about styles—that white scarf, Mr. Moser, is fetching.

Work—We heard that Fr. 5 and Fr. 7 are planning to finish their art work by working at night. *Letter to Miss Neunsinger*—Is this interest, the time element, or do you like the arrangement—a supper is involved. Watch your diet! If you like the supper, we believe you will take up this night work seriously.

Thanks—To all the office force and the helpers throughout the dormitory and the administration building for their continued willingness to serve us—with our good days and our bad days, our good dispositions and our bads ones, we keep on relying upon those people who make our daily lives run along more smoothly.

Exit—Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle—Patsy ran down the hall. Boag saw her, jumped off the typewriter and chased her out the front door.

Assemblies

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1937

Miss Birdsong devoted the first half of her talk to reading a paper she had written a number of years ago on the essential qualities of a successful teacher. The paper summed up effectively the ideals stressed in our courses here at college.

During the remainder of the time Miss Birdsong read lyrics from "Teachers Are People" by Virginia Church. Her selections had a wide range. Some of the verse like "A Vocation" and "Standardized Tests" was philosophic; some, like "Compliments" and "Jennie" proved to be humorous. Miss Birdsong's manner of presentation was informal but her mood was earnest.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1937

Mr. Bolton, of the Glenn L. Martin Co., spoke on "Aviation in Maryland".

After discussing in detail the points in the construction and location of Baltimore's new airport, which he believes will make Baltimore an important terminus of air travel, Mr. Bolton traced the history of aviation. Among the chief contributors to this development were Leonardo da Vinci, the Montgolfier brothers, Lilienthal, and the Wright brothers.

It seemed that the title of the speech would better have been "A Short History of Aviation" because the speaker did not have time enough to finish as planned. In conclusion he read excerpts from the logs of clipper ships.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1937

Miss Bader spoke on the "Beginnings of Christmas in Merrie England".

This member of our faculty traced for us the origin of Christmas customs in England, as we saw them come to life at our delightful Old English Christmas Dinner. Miss Bader told of the celebrations at the time of Alfred when festivity reigned from December 16 to January 6. Then we heard how, at the time of Puritanism in England, Christmas celebrations were illegal; indeed, housewives were fined for making puddings! When the Royal Family was restored in 1685, Christmas gayety presided; amid great rejoicing the Yule Log was lit, the custom of the Christmas candle practiced, and a brilliant climax reached in the Christmas dinner. There were all sorts of good things to eat—pies, meats, puddings, peacock pie—performing by minstrels, dancers, jesters, trained animals; then too, there were games and plays by mummers. Our student body, after listening to this address, were quite eager to see the feasting, singing, and mirth-making unfold before their eyes at our folk festival in imitation of their Christmas.

THE TOWER LIGHT

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1938

The week of January 10-15 was set aside, this year, as Founders' Week. On January 10 Dr. Tall spoke briefly about the past history of the college. In its seventy-two years of existence it has had six presidents. The first of these was Mr. Newell, who served for twenty-four years. Following him came Mr. Prettyman, Mr. Ward, Miss Sarah E. Richmond, Dr. Harry S. West and Dr. Tall.

Pictures of the presidents, of past classes, and of the school when it was located in Baltimore were flashed on the screen and interpreted by Dr. Tall.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1938

The program begun on the tenth was continued. After more slides were shown and discussed by Dr. Tall and Miss Scarborough, Dr. Tall introduced Mrs. Croker to the audience. A well known poet herself, Mrs. Croker presented to the school a copy of her book entitled *Three Hundred Years*. Some of the well known poets included in this widely publicized work are Poe, Lanier, Key, Randall, Reese and Mrs. Croker herself.

Mr. Frank Purdum, a member of the class 1893 and past alumni president, was one of our distinguished guests.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1938

Mrs. McComas of the Baltimore Art Museum lectured with the aid of slides on beautiful furniture. The slides were all photographs.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1938

Sir Herbert Ames

A very enjoyable and enlightening talk on Hitler and present day Germany was given by Sir Herbert Ames, former member of the Canadian Parliament and of the League of Nations secretariat, now a world traveller and student of social and economic conditions. Sir Herbert spoke of the Nazi party rally at Nuremberg where he, among others, was a guest of the German government. He said that the ringing of the bells in the city introduced a magnificent drama. Patriotic processions, and mass meetings were held to bind more closely the German people and their dictator. Hitler said, "No man is here alone. We all feel the strength of a *common ideal*."

In his final speech Hitler reviewed domestic and foreign affairs—"unemployment has been reduced from six million to forty-five thousand; Communism must be stamped out; good will with Italy is desired."

Sir Herbert met the dictator and thus was able to present a more intimate picture of him. In the limited time of the assembly period, Sir Herbert gave little of his usual clear political analysis, but confined himself to a graphic description of the grand show he had seen enacted.

Snoop Box

Before graduation it is our desire that two of our boarding men students do a little self-analyzing. Wake up, boys!! The girls have heard what you think of yourselves!

Why has that certain Ford changed its hour for coming in on Sunday night?

There definitely must be something up when one of the Junior girls decides to spend a whole week end in the dormitory. Work? We think not!!

The freshmen have a bridge club all their own. Girls! Girls! What hours!

Christmas holidays certainly did bring results for one of our Seniors. Congratulations, Beck!

We Have It - Can You Take It?

The day is fine
We all feel swell.
We come to school,
And with the bell
Begins our long enduring day
Listening to what "They" have to say,
First comes Walther on the run
It's 9:05, the lesson's begun.
He talks of China and the Samurai;
He dances, he prances; he won't answer "why".
Comes Miss Bersch demure and prim
She's out for an answer, she won't give in.
She talks of short methods, techniques, and skill
And why little children won't sit still.
Miss Joslin arrives with a nursery rhyme,
And won't we have a ducky time
Reciting poems about a turkey
Whom some dumb one calls Peter Perkey.
Across the hall Miss Birdsong sports
Reading out weekly book reports.
Then to Science with trepidation.
"What's two ways of coordination?"
But then to art appreciation hour
Where we find Mrs. Bernice Brouwer
All prepared with Sheldon Cheney
To read to us until we're zaney.
By this time classes are through
And, if you ask me, we are too.

Under the Weather Vane

North—east—south or west, no one knows just which way the weather vane on the top of the Campus School will point. Nor can anyone tell which way the activities under the weather vane may be headed. However, we do know that they will be going in an interesting and educational direction.

The pupils were invited to become the guest editors for the Children's Page of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Magazine for the month of January. Teachers and pupils felt it was an honor to be the selected school. One may well surmise the many interesting bits of news, editorials, poems and jokes that will be read in the Campus School numbers of that magazine. Here are a few selections written by the boys and girls!

At night the porter makes benches into beds
He turns off the lights.
Then you button the curtains
And lay your head on the pillow.

MARY ROGERS KING, *First Grade*.

Hustle! Bustle!

People in the station
Waiting for the train,
We must hurry with our fare
Hustle, bustle! Here and there,
"Tickets please! "The train is in".
Toot! Toot! Off again.
People travelling all the day.
Why not travel—it's so much like play.

WILTON ANDERSON, *Second Grade*.

The Train

We went to see a train at Camden Station. We saw Pullman cars and we saw how the seats were made into beds. I pushed the porter's bell—but no one came.

In the dining car the tables are fastened to the wall and they have one leg. The dishes are made of china.

The locomotive has a whistle and a bell. We heard the bell ring and the whistle blow. I saw a fire in the locomotive.

There was a train leaving the station and one coming into the station.

RUTH ANN HICKS, *Second Grade*.

The Train

The train goes dashing, dashing by.
Before you scarce can wink your eye.
It puffs, puffs, puffs like a dragon proud.
And roars like thunder in the cloud.

JANE MILSTEAD, *Third Grade*...

At the Station

The train was travelling very fast;
I heard the whistle shrieking loud.
As I was waiting it rushed past;
The smoke encircled like a cloud.

DOROTHY KELM, *Third Grade*.

A Race

I love to watch the trains race in,
I always wonder which will win.
The old freight rumbles down the track,
Smoke is pouring from the stack.
The streamline engine whistles shrill.
It makes the freight look as if it's still
On and on they go.
The freight is very slow.
They're turning round the bend,
Before they reach the end.
The streamline comes in first,
The winner from the coast.

LENORE HOFFMAN, *Fourth Grade*.

A Train

Swiftly, smoothly, down the track,
Comes a form that's shiny and black,
Just a guess, and then you'll know,
A beautiful Train—I told you so.
Now inside we'll take a peek,
Just to find you fast asleep.
Safe and sound and comfy too,
And when you wake your journey's through.

BARBARA BOULTON, *Seventh Grade*.

Jimmy and his Play Train

One day Jimmy and Dorothy were playing on the porch. Suddenly Jimmy said, "I am going to make a train and run it. I've quit playing sissy dolls". He got some crates and hooked them together. This made an engine. He was the conductor. He helloed, "All aboard for Washington!" That night when he went in the house he said, "Playing train is the best fun I've ever had."

DOROTHY GETTEL, *Fourth Grade.*



Athletic News

The Men's Revue will be held on March 18, and 19, Friday and Saturday nights respectively. Some of the outstanding features of the show are already under way including the style show, Alumnæ Quartet, Tiger Leapers, One Act Play and many other fine numbers. We are very fortunate in having been able to obtain the services of Joe Dowling and his excellent seven piece orchestra. This orchestra has played at Carlin's Park and is now enjoying its third straight year at the Alcazar. This organization is well known in Baltimore and has had more return engagements than any other musical organization in the state.

The intra-mural program has introduced new tournament play including Badminton which is in charge of Bill Ranft; ping pong, headed by Edward Hamilton, and fencing which is being handled by Jack Owens.

The basketball team is enjoying unusual success having won seven games. Two of the outstanding games of the year were those with Gallaudet College in which the pass work of the Teachers was brilliant. The score at the end of the first quarter of the home game was eighteen to one, and that of the return game in Washington thirty to nine. There will be several outstanding home games and a special attempt is being made to schedule them in the evening so that the entire student body may attend.

The baseball team has already started to prepare for the coming season. The battery men are working out. Some promising pitching material from this year's Freshmen class include the following: Cernik, Sher, McCarriar. The schedule is the hardest yet attempted by the Teachers College and includes Western Maryland, Hopkins, Elizabethtown, Frostburg, Salisbury and Loyola. Pitching holds the key to the teachers success.

So What?

by W. NORRIS WEIS

We haven't yet arrived at the logical reason why the efficient editorial staff which we have has erred consistently in allowing this nonsensical hodge-podge to slip by. What? You say maybe they are just short of material? Well, that may be so. I guess there may be some truth in the old adage that any cop will do in a pinch!



I Tip My Hat to

My friend who retaliated with the joke involving yours truly in the last issue.

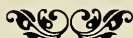
Mr. Moser, for his third percentage retest. (So do about 60 other sophomores, I'll wager)

Mr. Walther, for manipulating the lantern in the assembly, making the pictures fade in and out. He liked it, too.

Mr. John Schmid, with whom I am going student-teaching. Boy, he deserves it!

Dr. Dowell for sitting through a church service at which I played.

Anyone who'll send me in a few yards of news for next edition and sign his name.



An Open Letter

Girl Cheerleaders

M. S. T. C.

Towson, Md.

Dear Girls,

We hold no brief for organized cheering of any sort. It leaves us cold. But the saddest demonstration of all, it seems to us, is that given by the followers of athletic teams of either girls' colleges or co-educational institutions where the fair sex are definitely in majority. Girls' voices were never intended for that purpose and their best efforts are unconvincing. Instead of cheering, the dear things should scream. Women have always screamed much better than men. A mouse or two released at the crucial moment in a game, or a bat trained to fly about the bleachers, would help tremendously. (Apologies to C. B.)

Cooperatively,

W. N. W.

Good Odds

Betcha 8 to 1 that John Wheeler favors the Townsend plan.

Betcha 30 to 7 that no one tells Miss Birdsong who wrote that new song entitled "My Dear Mr. Shane".

Betcha 8 to 5 that Miss Weyforth doesn't practice singing "True Confession" in secret any more.

Betcha 75 to 2 that the anonymous person who mailed me a letter containing gossip for this column which dealt chiefly with the Mt. St. Mary's Basketball game was a girl. (R.S.V.P.)

Betcha 500 to 1 that one of the four alleged basketball players who accused me of associating his name with that of B. S. in the last edition is the alleged Romeo. (Betcha I know who he is!)

In our usual spirit of service, we wish to state that in spite of the usual unjust accusations, we do not have a narrow-minded editorial staff. In Mr. Leef's last article, "Learn by Deweying", he "CENSORED" his own article and wrote the footnote himself for humor. Let this be a lesson to you!

Our monthly nut story deals with the two screwballs who went out on the Chesapeake Bay in a row-boat fishing. They caught a goodly mess of fish. Just as they were docking, the first screwball said to the second, "Shucks, that was such a good spot, we should have marked it".

Said the second, "I never miss a trick. I marked an X on the side of the boat just over the spot where we were fishing".

"Oh, you dope", said the first nut, "how do you know we're going to get the same boat tomorrow?"

Which in turn, reminds me of the story of the Baltimorean and the New Yorker who were arguing about whose home town was the farther advanced in the science of rapidity.

"In New York", spoke up the Northerner, "I was going to work one morning and I passed a place where they were digging the foundation for a building, and when I returned home the same evening, the building was finished and the painters were leaving".

"That's nothing", retorted the native of Baltimore, "I was going to work one morning and I also passed a place where the contractors were laying the foundation for a building. When I passed the completed building on the way home that same evening, the owners were putting out the tenants for non-payment of their rent!"

And, so until March, So What and I say Cheerio! I might add that the next gossip column will contain no initials,—full names!

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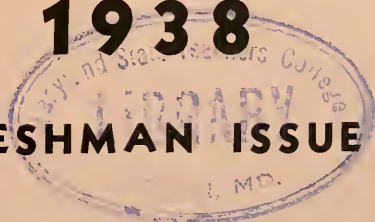
THE TOWER LIGHT



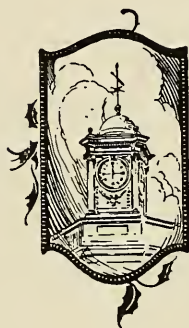
MARCH

1938

FRESHMAN ISSUE



THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

MARCH, 1938

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. IX

MARCH, 1938

No. 6

This Teaching

ERNEST J. BECKER

COMMENCEMENT orators have a stock of time-hallowed metaphors they take out of camphor as occasion demands and sprinkle about at strategic points in their addresses. Such phrases as "the open door of opportunity", "the threshold of life", "the unfolding scroll", and the like are life-savers for people who are compelled by circumstance to give advice to younger ones. But despite their triteness, these phrases do have real validity. To tell a group of high school graduates that they are standing upon the threshold of life, gazing through the open door of opportunity upon the broad, shining fields of high achievement is merely a flowery statement of a great truth. To be young; to have the great adventure which we call life still lying before you; to stride sturdily into the morning not knowing what new thrill each turn in the road may provide—that's something that comes only once in a life-time, and should be savored to the full while the savoring's good. But like all heady stuff it should be savored with caution and moderation, properly diluted with common sense. It's fine to stride into the morning, but it's well to know whether you're striding in the right direction, and where you'll be when night falls and the one thing you crave is a secure and comfortable place to rest.

Take the case of students in Teachers College—any teachers' college. They're striding sturdily toward a teaching career: at least it's reasonable to suppose they are, else why be in a teachers' college? Now the writer of this little piece has turned that career inside out for more years than you students have been on earth, and he knows what it takes. He knows too that people who haven't got what it takes shouldn't enter upon it, because they're going to be disappointed and probably unhappy. And here are some of the things that it takes:

1. A willingness to devote the best that's in you to the task, with no expectation of appreciation or reward.
2. An ability to control others by sheer force of character.
3. A love of childhood and youth, and a tolerance of their shortcomings.
4. A desire for self-improvement, and a willingness to make the sacrifices necessary to attain it.
5. A respectable command of good English.
6. A willingness to take orders gracefully, and an ability to carry them out intelligently.
7. A sense of humor.
8. Correction of any tendency toward the treasuring of grievances, or to over-much self-analysis.

If you can make a grade of 75 or over on that self-rating scheme, go ahead! The chances are that you'll be a good teacher and that you will find contentment and permanent satisfaction in the work.

I consider the profession of teaching second to none in value, dignity and challenge. It is a worth-while life-work for any man or woman who has the qualities of heart and mind that are necessary to its successful pursuit. But it should be entered upon only by those who are convinced of their fitness for the job. The course at State Teachers College supplies the opportunity for determining that fitness.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Becker was formerly principal of Western High School.*



Treasures

IOLA CLAY, Fr. 6

No treasure chest that I could build
Out of this fallen tree
Could hold the precious, magic things
That it has given me.

An oriole's song in summer wind;
Spring sunlight after rain;
Witch laughter on an autumn night;
Shadows where snow has lain.

So into quartered firewood
The ancient trunk shall go—
I'll count my treasures, one by one,
Before the fire's glow.

Reading the Bible

JANE ELIZABETH JOSLIN

WEEK in, week out, year in, year out, a request goes to some member of the faculty or to one of the students at State Teachers College to read the Bible in assembly the following Monday. Back comes the student's cheery answer: "I'll do the best I can—it will be an experience. When can you help me?" Seldom has an instructor given a flat refusal, and *never* has a student failed to respond to the appeal. At first, I made the mistake of saying, "Do you know anything about the Bible? Shall I assist you to make an appropriate selection?" There was usually a quick but confidential reply: "I think I can find my favorite passage" or "I read the Bible every day."

The word *Bible* was first applied to the sacred writings about the middle of the second century A. D. It is derived from the Greek word *biblia* which is plural and means *library* or *little books*. It was in turn derived from *biblos* which was the Greek word for *papyrus*.

The writing of the books of the Bible seemed to be an evolution. The Old Testament was written almost entirely in Hebrew. When Hebrew became a dead language about the fourth century B. C., it was succeeded by Aramaic, which like Hebrew belongs to the Semitic group of languages. The central figure of the New Testament spoke Aramaic. It is believed that he did not speak Hebrew, although he probably could read it. Aramaic is the oldest living language in the world, and is still spoken substantially the same way as it was in 1500 B. C.

About two centuries before Christ, the Old Testament was translated into Greek by a group of seventy scholars, six from each of the twelve tribes of Israel, under Ptolemy, King of Egypt, in what is known as the Septuagint (generally referred to by the Roman numerals LXX). The earliest manuscript copies that have survived date from the fourth century A. D. Out of a possible dozen manuscripts, the two in the British Museum, and the one in the Vatican are the most priceless. The experience of the German scholar Tischendorf in discovering in St. Catherine's Monastery on Mt. Sinai in 1844 not only the oldest and most accurate copy of the Septuagint, but the complete New Testament as well, is a thrilling story. One longs to be able to read it in the original.

Many scholars have had a part in the translation of the Bible from the Semitic to the Greek, to the Latin, and finally to the English as well as to over one hundred other languages. Forty-seven famous men prepared the King James version in 1611. Since the three oldest copies of the Bible in the world today were not accessible to them, the wonder is that there are so few inaccuracies in the translations. Dr. Bliss Perry

gives their work high praise in his delightful book, *And Gladly Teach*, when, in speaking of choosing books for a library, he states: "Omitting books by living authors, I shall certainly begin with the most fascinating book, or rather library of books, ever put between covers: the Bible. I have read it in many translations in many languages, but I vote this time with the majority—for the English version of 1611".

The recent archeological discoveries at Lachish, Palestine, confirm the contention of George M. Lamsa, authority on Aramaic, that the Bible was written down long before the beginning of the Hebrew captivity in Babylon in 486 B. C. As Mr. Lamsa has assembled in Philadelphia a collection of Aramaic Bibles and manuscripts that are extremely old, and as he is one of the few people of today who speaks Aramaic, his book *Gospel Light* is of interest to Bible students. *The Bible Handbook* by Thomas L. Leishman and Arthur T. Lewis and *The Book Nobody Knows* by Bruce Barton are best sellers, and justly so.

Among my treasures is a statement made by Dr. William Lyon Phelps years ago when he was on the faculty of Yale University: "I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but, I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. For in the Bible we have profound thought beautifully expressed; we have the nature of boys and girls, of men and women more accurately charted than the work of any modern novelist or playwright. You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

Only last month Secretary of State Cordell Hull expressed his convictions in these significant words: "What we need today, above everything else, is a universal and firm conviction that only if the thought and action of every one of us are guided by the spirit of the Bible, can humanity win through to our ardently desired goal of happy and contented life for all—Humanity desperately needs today a moral and spiritual rebirth, a revitalization of religion. There is no sure way to this supreme goal save adherence to the teaching of the Bible".

Recently I heard one of our students read from the Bible to the children in Public School Sixty-two with such appreciation that the children and I felt refreshed. Presently they rose quietly and recited the following words and the Lord's Prayer with deep sincerity and reverence:

"Before my words of prayer are said,
I'll fold my hands and bow my head,
I'll try to think to Whom I pray,
I'll try to mean the words I say."

And so I dedicate this little article to that class with the hope that

THE TOWER LIGHT

their whole-hearted interest in the reading of the Bible will somehow carry over to our assemblies as we pray:

Our Father in heaven. Hallowed by thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Let thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth. Give us bread for our needs from day to day.

And forgive us our offences, as we have forgiven our offenders; And do not let us enter into temptation, but deliver us from error.

Because thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever

Amen

Math. 6:9-13 (Translated from the Aramaic by George Lamsa in *Gospel Life*).



Thoughts at Twilight

IOLA CLAY

Oh! it seems so very easy
Just to laugh and smile and say,
"What a glorious world to live in,
How I love to live each day."

It looks so very easy
When days are bright and gay,
To laugh and be so cheery
And smile your fears away.
But yet it isn't easy
In the gloomy dark of night,
To "pick up" your old courage
And continue with your fight.

It also seems so easy
When your friends are really true,
But it's quite another matter
When they're gone and you are blue.

At the twilight of the morning,
When another day is dawning;
You can hear a distant voice
And your soul just seems to cry,
As you feel your strength flow back
In the breezy morning twilight,
"Buck up, my lad and carry on,
For others come although we die."

"Doggoned If I Know, Rodie"

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28

"**Y**E GODS! What's that thing, Bill?" The owner of the trim little cruiser plowing her way up the Potomac was pointing to an unusual sight. Some distance ahead a giant cross seemed to be rising from the dancing waters of the great river. As the sun struck its outstretched arms, a thousand lights danced back into the quivering, heat-filled, August air.

Bill scrambled forward and looked closely through the glasses. "Doggoned if I know, Rodie. Look at your chart."

"Nothing but a place called Blakistone Island, as far as I can see. Wonder what that cross is there for. What's it all about?"

"I wouldn't know", Bill shrugged his shoulders. Rodie set a course to miss the shallow water close to the little island, and the entire incident was forgotten.

Why didn't these two young men know that they were passing Maryland's most hallowed shrine? Why didn't they know that the little island was St. Clement's, the landing place of the weary but happy passengers of the *Ark* and the *Dove*? At the time of the erection of the cross, during the celebration of the state's Tercentenary, there was much press publicity concerning the dedication of the symbol on St. Clement's or Blakistone's Island. But such publicity is easily forgotten. For this reason, it becomes the duty of the teachers of Maryland to keep alive in their children an interest in the too often greatly neglected historical shrines. The two boys in the cruiser were unfortunately typical of many of our citizens. How many of our people even know that there is such a place as St. Clement's?

They go to Virginia, and visit Jamestown. In New England, they feel that their trip is incomplete until they have seen Plymouth Rock. But do they know the name of the landing place of the Maryland colonists? Is it surprising, therefore, that we have let our most significant historical shrine pass out of our hands? The island is now the property of the Federal Government, a part of the Navy target range of Dahlgren over on the Virginia side. We can never hope to regain this island until we have educated public sentiment, until every Marylander realizes what he personally has lost. And how better may we do this than by instructing children in such a manner that they will revere the landmarks of their state's historic past? The teacher has a definite part to play in acquainting children with the dignity and greatness of our own Maryland.

How Much Chance Has Anna?

“**A**NNA, take your work things to the back of the room. Three times this morning I have had to call your name.” Obediently the little girl with tousled golden hair and dirty, ragged clothing walked to the back of the room looking very much hurt.

Anna lives in a rickety shack by the railroad tracks on ——— Street. The street is only one block long and in very poor condition; cobblestones and cracked pavements make the feet ache; filth and din from the trains make the environment anything but healthy and pleasant. The dilapidated buildings on the sides of the street might well fit into stories of haunted houses; steps are unpainted and unsteady; shutters hang on loose hinges; windows are broken and dirty. The entire scene is one of degradation.

The child is in the care of an unusual looking person, her grandmother, whom she calls “Mother”. The grandmother may be anywhere between the ages of fifty and sixty-five. Her unkempt appearance and obvious physical unfitness make it difficult to tell her exact age. Several times when she has visited the school, the other children have stared at her in fearful awe. She is married to a shiftless young man of twenty-nine whose appearance is too horrible to describe. Her former husband died from a social disease. However, it was found that other members of the family had escaped the dangerous malady.

“But what,” we ask, “has happened to Anna’s true mother?”

It seems that even if Jessie should wish to have her child, her loose manner of living would have an even greater demoralizing effect on Anna than have her present home conditions. Jessie’s conduct, even after spending three years in a reform school, did not improve. She resumed her former mode of living. She disappeared several weeks after Anna’s birth and did not return until four years later. At present Jessie lives in the immediate vicinity of her family but not with them.

Various other members of Anna’s family have bad records and are often in court on various charges. To all this degradation Anna is exposed since her family take no precautions to conceal facts. Already she is conscious of the differences between herself and the other children in her class. Despite the fact that teachers try to be kind to the little girl who is a class problem because she is always so excited over her more enjoyable school life, how much chance has Anna to grow into a healthy young person?

The Classes

ABOUT the turn of the century, concurrent with the second generation new immigration and the influx to the cities, there arose a trend in this country, which arbitrarily I shall call "professionalism"; it was begotten of discontent, and ambition. Mrs. Sealaichis' son wasn't content to be a fruit store proprietor, Mrs. Malaiky's son wasn't content to tread a beat, as his pa did; Mrs. Farmer's son wouldn't stay on the farm. Or, rather their battle weary, gallant parents weren't satisfied to let their children continue in their ways, their familiar, suitable ways. Not the fruit stand, the policeman's beat, the farm!—these couldn't hold young America. They were to study medicine, law, pedagogy, even the ministry, be great men, care for their old parents, know no hardship or want—descendants of lines who had thrived and gloried in these two things. And so the four professions whose members are in the last analysis, the stiff upper lip of any nation, became glutted with persons inadequately suited by temperament and history for these fields, but marvellously suited for a fruit stand, a policeman's beat or a farm; now they are starving, or else existing, misplaced and realizing it. Some few have gone ahead. Schools educate for the next grade; not until the pupil approaches graduation is much stress placed on what the individual can do or should do, to make himself a well-oiled cog in a smoothly running society. What one should do depends upon his innate qualifications in comparison with others. *It is time men realized that on this earth a few are destined to lead, a few more to carry the leaders' banners, and the tremendous majority to exist.* The lack of a conservative and satisfied peasantry has always been one of this country's primary evils; it accounts in some measure for the glitter, the over-aggressiveness, the mercenary attitude of the nation. But in the casting of the lots the United States received this role, so I suppose the realization of anything such as I mentioned in the preceding sentence would be impossible. However, there should be, and this I maintain emphatically, a regimented selection of school youth, the majority to be educated for vocational (including all the manual occupations) tasks, others carried on as far as their suitability and capability extends; and for the very select few, educate them to the hilt, and the actual control of the government will consequently pass into their hands: in other words an intellectual oligarchy.

I repeat my dictum: *a few are destined to lead, a few more to carry the leaders' banners, and the tremendous majority to exist.* Better to ingrain in the members of each category their class responsibility and educate them to be useful and contented, than have them stumble blindly through life, victims of over-ambition, to finally exist miserably.

Taking the Brutality Out of War

HERBERT STERN AND SIGMUND SPRITZ

THERE has been a hullabaloo in the newspapers recently about taking the brutality out of that mass butchery more politely known as war—as if a machine could run without gasoline—as if you could commit a humane murder. This campaign has been organized and supported by William Randolph Hearst, that renowned lover of liberty and peace, who should have received the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts to prevent the Spanish American War. Noble as this plan is, we believe improvements are possible, and so we humbly proffer our earnest suggestions:

1. Due notice of air raids (15 minutes) must be given non-combatants. It's not "cricket" to assault a chap who is unprepared.
2. Poison gas shall be scented with sweet smelling perfumes so that soldiers will die with a smile on their lips.
3. Indiscriminate and unscientific bombing of civilians is not to be tolerated. A definite schedule of deaths will be drawn up by an impartial committee from the opposing powers.*
 - a. Children, 8 or under, will be slaughtered between the hours of 8 and 10.
 - b. Children, above 8, will be butchered between the hours of 10 and 12.
 - c. The hours of 12 to 2 have been especially reserved for women.
 - d. Men may be destroyed during all hours.
4. Bombs should be dropped from a height of 10,000 feet. This will help to prevent the noise of airplane motors from awakening sleeping children or disturbing the ill.
5. Bombings should not occur at meal times. The noise interferes with digestion.
6. Notes of apology should accompany each "accidental" bombing. This will help to preserve friendly relationships.
7. In order to relieve the pain and suffering of the injured, all wounded and maimed soldiers will immediately be put to death.
8. No more than 50,000 soldiers may be destroyed in any one day. When such a quota is reached, the war automatically ceases—until the next day.
9. No fighting will take place on Friday. This day will be celebrated and titled "The March of Civilization Day". The soldiers and civilians will listen to lectures by the leading generals on such topics as:

- a. The Proper Use of Gas Masks
- b. How to Bomb Crowded Cities
- c. How to Become a Better Marksman
- d. Chivalry and War
- e. The History of Submarines
- f. How War Develops the Finer Instincts of Man.

What mother would not be proud to sacrifice her son in such a humane war? What gentleman would not be eager to spill his blood in such an honorable uplifting pursuit, certified by civilization? But what he-man would be willing to fight, now that war is a sissy's game?

** This schedule can be changed without notice.*



Plea

MARGARET OWINGS, Fr. 6.

Thou, Mars
Curse of ages
Haunt us not, pagan god
We in youth have great heights to climb
Spare us!



It Can Happen to You

MATILDA WALPERT

The sky was losing the last of its rosy tints, a cold greyness was settling over the fields as a lone figure walked meditatively along the familiar path oblivious of the dying beauty around her. Her shoulders hunched dejectedly over her laden arms, grimly she trudged on, little heeding the roar of motors about her. Nor was any attention given to the questioning faces which now and then turned her way. People passed by; she spoke to none. Suddenly a rumbling noise sounded behind her. She quickly turned her head and saw the cause of this disturbance slowly coming over the hill. Instantly, as if she were being chased by mad dogs, she gathered her skirts and ran. Louder and louder grew the noise; faster and faster ran the girl. Desperately, she looked ahead and saw her destination not very far away. With one last spurt of energy she won the race. She leaned panting against a post as she read its sign, "Dunkirk Road". And the Eight car was slowing to her signal.

D

LEON LERNER

D—— was her name. It was all we knew of her, no more, no less. That was the inscription under her picture, which hung in the living room above the great, old-fashioned mantle-piece, and it was the only thing we ever called her. But D—— was more than a mere picture to us. She was a living, wholesome entity; so far as we were concerned, she was a real person.

It is unusual for a picture to affect people as hers affected us. Yet, I can truthfully say that she was with us constantly. So deeply, so fully had D—— ingrained herself upon our daily existence, that she came directly to influence our judgments, our way of thinking, our habits. She moved among us when we least expected it, and the spirit of her was in everything that we did.

Why should a mere picture influence us so? It had been with us for years—the dress of D—— was that of the middle eighteen hundreds. She might have been older.

It is a foolish thing to discuss her age, or anything of the past connected with her. She herself was young, always young and healthy and fresh, always beautiful as she stood above the mantle-piece. You looked at her face and immediately something caught your eye. Perhaps it was her black, straight hair, falling smoothly to her shoulders; her dark brown eyes looking at you and laughing, laughing as a child laughed; her teeth, straight and white and locked in between two red lips. It might have been her skin that held your attention—you could reach and touch it and swear that you had felt—not skin, but some smooth, soft texture, warm with the flow of blood, with no single flaw in it. You could stand and stare at her and forget—forget time and everything worldly. You felt that here was beauty of a kind that touched nothing finite; the image of her was timeless.

I have often thought that I should like to scrawl beneath her picture, if to do so were not sacrilegious, the words of Shakespeare which represented her so well:

“The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.”

How exactly that described her! Of course, she could say nothing to us. But what language, what words existed between us!

It might be that D—— lives today in the person of somebody. It might be that she will live a hundred, two hundred, even a thousand years from now. But one thing I know; so long as I am alive, she will be alive within me.

Why Another Notch Was Carved

DOROTHY JONES

JANIE laid her book aside and rubbed her eyes. "My it's getting dark", she thought. "I guess father will be back before long." She drew the curtain and looked out over the sea. The sky was getting dark and a strong wind was rising. Janie knew what the color of the sky and the fierce behavior of the sea meant.

A storm was nothing unusual in Janie's life. Ever since she could remember she had sat by the window of the old lighthouse in which she lived, and had watched the thousand moods of the sea. She knew them by heart. She would sit for hours at a time and listen to her father as he told her of the ships his light had guided to shore in the worst of storms and of the lives he had saved. Her mother had died when she was six months old and her father had been her only companion besides the large St. Bernard, King, that had been at the light house long before Janie could remember.

Just outside the door was a post upon which were carved at least one hundred notches. Every time King had saved someone's life his master had cut a notch on the post. He had saved Janie's life once. She had stood by and watched her father carve an extra large notch for her. She never passed the post without stopping and laying her hand on the notch, just to make sure it was still there.

She was six years old when that happened. She was nine now and surely she shouldn't be afraid of a storm. Perhaps it was because her father was away that she felt as she did. "He should be back by now", she said, half aloud.

No, her father was nowhere to be seen. She looked at the sun that was not yet covered by the dark clouds. It would be dark very soon.

The light! She had almost forgotten it. She ran up the circular staircase as fast as she could. Reaching the top she lighted the lamp and then watched the streak of light it made on the water as it turned around and around. She lifted her face, closed her eyes and said in a soft whisper, "Dear God, please help the poor sailors in this storm. Make them see this light." With a last look over the water she turned and made her way down to the kitchen to prepare supper.

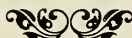
Finishing her task she looked down at King lying before the open fire. She spoke to him and he looked up at her with such a troubled expression it made her kneel beside him and take his head between her hands and say, "What's the matter, King? Surely you aren't afraid of the storm. How would you like to have something to eat?" She placed a pan of food before him but he did not touch it.

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Did she hear someone calling for help? She turned and looked at King. No, he did not act as if he heard anyone. But King was getting old and he could not hear as well as he used to. She listened again. Yes, she was sure she heard someone calling. She jumped up and ran to the door. King sensing her excitement followed close at her heels. She opened the door and waited for the light to turn on that side of the lighthouse. There, on the rocks was a small boat. It had been driven there by the huge waves. Again she heard a call for help. The voice was weak and hoarse like that of someone drowning. Before she had time to think King was off over the rocks and was tugging at some dark form. By the time she got to him he had dragged the figure to safety. Looking down at it she saw that it was a man. She knelt beside him and placed her arm under his head and waited for the light to turn. When it did she looked into the face of her father. With the help of King she dragged him into the house.

* * * *

The next day everything was as calm as could be. The sky was blue, the sun warm and bright. King lay on a sandy bar and watched Janie carve a notch on the post. He could not understand what she was doing, but looking at her father and the way he was smiling at his little girl, King knew that whatever she was doing was all right.



Ceiling

MARJORIE COULSON

Lying on my back on the luxuriant velvet of a mid-summer lawn, I gazed up at the heavens above. The mystery and beauty held me enthralled. Through the soft, baby blue directly overhead to the deeper, denser blue that I could see out of the corner of my eye, downy feathers, puffs of cotton, and fuzzy white kittens mingled and gently drifted out of sight. Now the entire canopy was as a pure turquoise, now wispy white, and now mottled, ever moving, turning over the hours, making time pass. As I looked aloft, my imagination turning the clouds into an army, the alphabet, a turtle, and other familiar things, an alien tumbled and twisted into view. It was the advance guard of a whole hoard of pushing greenish-gray clouds. They cast over all a dim, dusky light, and a thick cathedral-like silence. Then, as the weird cry of a bird breaks the night, the distant battle cry was heard and torrents of wet pellets struck the earth, sending every human thing to cover.

Swing Music

(Continued from Last Issue)

"*Swing*" is a term invented in England to replace the term "hot jazz", which was considered vulgar there. Swing is the only authentic jazz music, the lineal descendent of negro spirituals and "blues". It is not necessarily fast and loud, as popularly supposed, but rather it is "hot"—that is, it is played with a vigorous rhythmic feeling and a remarkably rich, vibrant tone quality. Swing is not just a method of playing any old thing, but it consists of a basic musical literature—the fox-trot dance tunes—interpreted in a rather free manner (although improvisation is not absolutely essential), on certain instruments. The trumpet best expresses the soul of jazz; besides this instrument, swing bands employ the trombone (or "slush pump") the clarinet ("gobble-stick"), saxophones, "traps" (bass and snare drums, cymbals and blocks), the piano, the guitar, and the bass viol. A few other instruments are more rarely used.

"Jazz" now includes so much that it ceases to have meaning unless you know what the other person is talking about. At various times the word "jazz" is used to signify ragtime (one of its ancestors), sentimental ballads in the late nineteenth century tradition (Irving Berlin), commercial "sweet" jazz, "swing", and a group of compositions by such composers as George Gershwin, Ferde Grofe, and others. This "super-jazz" departs so far from the idiom that it should be considered with symphonic music of a classical nature, even if it does show a slight jazz influence.

"Commercial" applied to music means, of course, that the composer or performer is more interested in money than in music. "Commercial" describes the trivial tunes ground out daily by Tin Pan Alley. It also describes the bands who play down to the customers' level instead of creating good music for those who enjoy it. Most dance bands are commercial; they stick closely to the tunes of popular hits, and fill in space with tricky arrangements. Their style is also known as "corney". Of course, there is good and bad commercial jazz, played even by swing bands, but none of it is to be taken too seriously.

"Corn" (variations—"corney", "off the cob", "corn-fed", "to shuck corn"). The adjective "corney" is often used in the same sense as "commercial", though it refers particularly to the manner of playing. It means old-fashioned, in the sense that it denotes styles that are no longer (or never were) accepted by the better jazz musicians. Corney styles range from the soothing syrup of Lombardo, Duchin, et al., to the old-fashioned barnyard "hot" styles of Clyde McCoy and Ted Lewis.

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In case you still don't see the difference between "corn" and "swing", try this experiment: Think of your favorite spiritual, and imagine Carmen Lombardo trying to sing it. Then imagine Louis Armstrong singing it. This, if done with an open mind, should be a clear demonstration.

And now some materials and methods for a course in swing appreciation:

First-hand music.—It is unfortunate that Baltimore bands are of the commercial variety, playing stock arrangements exactly as they are written. Bands such as those of Benny Goodman, Chick Webb, Fats Waller, and Louis Armstrong occasionally stop here. The best way to get good first-hand swing (so they say) is to attend a "jam session", that is, a group of musicians playing together for their own enjoyment after working hours. But such things just don't happen here.

The radio is not a tremendously fruitful source of swing music. Really good swing is as rare as good opera or symphony. Swing both good and bad may be heard on the Saturday Swing Session (Columbia Network). Occasionally recorded programs contain some swing, and bands such as Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, and Bob Crosby come on at various hours of the night. Even the best swing bands do some commercial or slip-shod work on their radio programs.

Phonograph records are the best source of good swing, here, as in Europe. The number of times you can stand hearing a record played is a test of the record—or of your sensitivity. Victor "Swing Classics" are usually but not always good swing. In choosing records, the important thing is the interpretation. A good band makes up for a tune's deficiency by improvising. Of course the best tunes should need no improvising, but as it happens they furnish the finest inspirations for such playing.

In the enjoyment of any art, the important thing is experience, but reading about it may help. This list, for the sake of completeness, has a number of books which are not particularly valuable references for the subject. The first two are recommended as a foundation for reading:

Armstrong, Louis, "Swing That Music" (1936)

If swing critics agree on one thing, it is that "Louie" is the world's greatest trumpet "Gabriel". He swings through his autobiography and gives some of his ideas of swing.

Panassie, Hughes, "Hot Jazz" (1936)

This is the bible of the "hot clubs" written by a French critic.

It is the most complete and authoritative book on the subject. Antrim, "Secrets of Dance Band Success"

Secrets of popular band leaders. You guess?

Osgood, Henry O, "So This Is Jazz"

Mendle, R. N. S. "The Appeal of Jazz" (1927)

These two writers have some good discussions and information, but they seem unfamiliar with the really significant composers and interpreters of jazz music.

Nelson, Stanley, P. "All About Jazz" (1931)

"All about Jazz" is a good estimate of what Mr. Nelson doesn't know.

Goldberg, "George Gershwin" (1931)

Goldberg, "Tin Pan Alley" (1930)

Spaeth, "They Still Sing of Love" (1929)

These three books present interesting side issues of jazz history.

They criticize the worst features of jazz, but what do the authors know of the genuine "jungle jazz"?

Frankenstein, "Syncopating Saxophones"

Those who think of the saxophone as the most important jazz instrument and who consider the "Rhapsody in Blue" a jazz composition will be interested. But what does this have to do with swing?

Schwerke, Irving, "Kings, Jazz and David"

Interesting on the origin of jazz, but not outstanding.

Whiteman, Paul and McBride, Mary M., "Jazz"

This poorly written book is a historical curiosity, but hardly a reliable reference.

General references such as Bauer and Peyser, "Music Through the Ages", and Howard, "Our American Music", usually repeat Osgood's mistakes in condensed form.

The subject of this article may easily become a cause for hot disputes (no pun intended), especially among those who hate to hear the truth about their favorite dance band or tune. To these I can only repeat, "De gustibus non est disputandum". I say the same to anyone who, after really listening to the best swing and investigating its claims, still prefers the classics.



A Thought on Music

ROSEMARIE CALLAHAN

What is music? Who knows? Perhaps it is the breath of God folding like a blanket about the earth.

Music brings inspiration to the strong, relief to the weary, peace to the restless, comfort to the sorrowing, and strength to the weak.

“Les Ecuelles”

GERTRUDE AMOSS

“Why”, you say, “do you write about something which you dislike?” Why do people write volumes about subjects such as war, crime, and death? Simply because the writers are attempting to solve a problem that will inevitably face the coming generations. I, too, am attempting to be a benefactor of the human race and to make life easier for posterity by discovering a solution to the problem of “les ecuelles”.

“Les ecuelles” is French for dishes, the dark spot of my life, and of every person,—man, woman, or child, who has been caught in the throes of kitchen duties. As revolutionistic as it may be, I say without fear of being punished that I would be well satisfied if we ate with our fingers from pieces of paper.

I am no barbarian; merely a “modern” who has tired of being a slave to a towel and thousands of slippery, soapy, sudsy dishes.

Some person must have originated the idea of using china dishes (it may have been Emily Post), which, after each meal, must be washed and dried and put away. In approximately five hours, the insignificant articles must be removed from their places, used, washed, wiped, and put away again. What a time-wasting, useless procedure!

One solution that has been offered is that of using paper plates. This, however, is only a partial solution, because one still has to put them on the table and take them off again. The first conclusion at which I have arrived is that people should not eat at all.

Recently an electric dish-washing machine was invented. What in the world was the man thinking of? The contraption only washes the dishes. What I want is an apparatus that removes the pesky things from the table, washes them, dries them, and puts them away.

I have been told that this attitude is called laziness, because when grandma was a girl, the daughters often “did” dishes for families of ten and twelve. I merely reply (with apologies to English teachers) “Them days is gone forever.”

Perhaps it *is* laziness, but since I have reflected I have come to the second conclusion (with more apologies) “Time may come and time may go, but dish-washing goes on forever.”

On Having Straight Hair

RUTH LIBOWITZ

An unwilling hand reaches under the pillow and pulls out a wrist watch. Involuntarily, half-closed eyes strain themselves and see that it is exactly seven fifteen A.M. The flinging off of warm blankets and a mad scramble to be the first one in the bathroom takes place fifteen minutes earlier than usual on this particular morning. There is a feeling of anticipation in the now fully awakened bones and brains. Soon I shall be standing before a mirror in breathless expectation of performing a miracle.

I take a deep breath then carefully (and hopefully) pull out the first curler in my hair. Despite the fact that dozens of hairs come out with the curlers, the result is not exactly encouraging. In between deep breaths, hurried fingers, groans, and handfuls of hair, I pull each curler out. My hair looks as though I had had horripilation. Optimistically, however, I tell myself that the curls will certainly look more presentable once I've put in a few bobby pins here and there.

To make up for lost time, I swallow my breakfast whole, and dash out the door to the street car with approximately three molecules of oxygen left in me. The first person I see is a classmate who greets me with, "What did you do to your hair? It looks horrible!" To avoid further mocking I agree and then nonchalantly change the subject. I try to console myself by thinking, "It can't look *that* bad; others always exaggerate."

After I reach school, my agony increases. The girls sympathize with me for having straight hair and they take turns trying to comb it so that I will look less barbaric. They, too, give up in despair, deeply thankful that they have less-anger-provoking hair.

It seems to me that the hand of Fate has taken hers in mine and will not let me create the wonders I had dreams of creating. I am positively convinced of this when in the late afternoon, clouds gather and it starts to rain. Whoever said that a "woman's hair is her crowning glory" owes me an explanation.

A la Gertrude or Friday

STEIN

As the point of the street car pointed its way towards the distant point at which the point of the tower was just visible, I realized that the point of my thoughts was pointing towards the distant point as well. From the pointed remarks overhead in the street car, I gathered that the utterers were concerned with the rate at which the point of the street car was pointing its way into the sky amidst just visible points of trees. Now, the point of this story written with a pointed instrument is—just what is the point?

Black and White and Read All Over

CHARLES GROSS

Amid the drone of typists and typewriters already at work, reporters dash into the office, twirl their hats upon the hat rack with never a miss, pull up the small swivel chairs to the desk, and once more stake their ability against the critical eye of the public. Such is the daily scene at any large newspaper office. The type is set up, the papers are run through, and before long bundle after bundle is seen tumbling down the long chute into a waiting truck. Within a few hours even the far remote farm houses are reading the news of the day.

Think of the convenience of the daily newspaper! We pay only two cents a copy, a nickel on Sundays, and receive in the most compact form accurate, dependable, well-written articles, with never a lull of interest, keeping us ever abreast of the times.

It is safe to say that there is hardly a person who doesn't make a habit of reading the paper, if it be only a five-minute glance. Naturally those who are always on the run, so to speak, do very little lengthy reading. Their reading period usually comes on a street-car or subway, where their trained eyes merely take in the headlines and possibly a few of the major articles. On the other hand those who look forward all day to the evening paper certainly derive no end of enjoyment from its many pages. The children probably have the first chance at the paper as both child and paper arrive home at about the same time. It is more than likely left in a rather jumbled order. However, it makes very little difference since Mother and Father read it from front to back, including the comics, so where they start matters little.

The paper in the house saves many a step, so many in fact that the real value is never appreciated. If the mother is accustomed to doing her marketing on Saturday, she makes out her list on Friday evening from the wide variety of advertisements and spends only half as much time at the store the next day. Many times the children are required to refer to the paper as related material in their schoolwork. All members of the family enjoy the comics, human interest columns and the editorials.

Despite the incomprehensible value of the daily paper its purposes are varied. For instance, if Johnny needs a new cover on his books and there is no wrapping paper in the house, newspaper is used temporarily. If he is clever enough, he may enjoy some comic strip he might have missed or get a new slant on that detective story. When trash is burned we generally wrap it in an old newspaper to hold it together. After setting it afire, we stand off and watch it burn, but can't help noticing

the close resemblance of the flames, shooting up through the pictures of German mobilization, to the hell fires of war.

Telephones and telegraph lines might claim their speed, and mail might claim its privacy, but when one desires world-wide news in a condensed form, excellently written, he invariably turns to the newspaper.



Turning Pages

JOAN BIALCZAK

Last week I discovered grandmother's diary hidden in an antique trunk in the attic. Imagine the fun of finding your own grandmother's diary! Curiosity, once aroused, refused to be checked and I opened the new found treasure with eagerness and care. Anxious to secure the ideas and contents of the diary, I scanned its pages and snatched short sentences from its lore.

Oh! Here's a page which relates grandmother's hatred for washing dishes. (So my dislike for dishes is hereditary.)—Now grandmother is trying to ice skate. (I'm told that she fell because her skirt had twisted about her ankles. Could that be the only reason for the fall?)—Grandmother is spanked for fighting with the "town bully", Erasmus Skint. (Today she approves of a sound spanking when it is due.)—Jimmy Stooks pulls and jerks her pigtails so grandmother grabs his few hairs and does the same. (If only I had been a witness at that time.)—On her sixteenth birthday grandmother is permitted to stay at her girl friend's home until late in the evening, that is until nine. Grandmother demonstrates her maturity by putting up her hair to be envied by her younger friends. She is the tallest girl at the village dance. She is self-conscious while dancing with "Stubby" John Jones.—On this page she tells how she meets grandfather and writes that she began loving him by admiring his curly black hair! (It's amusing to look at grandfather's bald head today.)—Grandfather proposes for the fifth time and is accepted. However grandmother cries the following day because she is so happy. (It's better to cry before you are married than afterwards.)—At the wedding, Lady Guinevere, grandmother's pet cat, strolls purring into the church and Daisy Spillington, the little ring bearer, stumbles at the foot of the stair.—There are many blank pages after that entry because grandmother was very busy during her married life and had no time to write in her diary.

I wish there were more in the diary, but there isn't. I close the treasured book resolving to write daily in my dairy. Perhaps some day another girl will have as much pleasure as I have had in "turning pages".

Ode to Student Teaching

With no apologies to "The Raven"

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary,
Came a rapping, gently tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door.

"Oh daughter dear come now to bed
Your once blue eyes are now so red
The lessons that you plan tonight
Tomorrow you'll no doubt rewrite.

Your cheeks that once were red as a beet
In nine short weeks are gray as a sheet
With body and mind but not with heart
You slowly begin a new health chart."

Play out of doors three hours a day
Good health with you will always stay
Yet you yourself for exercise
Three groups in reading supervise.

Eat wholesome foods and chew them well
Your bones will grow and muscles swell
Yet you must snatch a hurried bite
Because there are eight boards to write.

Be sure to have nine hours rest
That body and mind may do their best
Yet you yourself can sleep but two
With ditto work and plans to do.

"O daughter put your work away,
Tomorrow is another day.
You cannot show enthusiasm
If your mouth's a yawning chasm."

But as I lacked the time for bed
I merely changed my dress instead.
Another school day had begun.
Oh what joy! Oh what fun!

"Now", said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

As It Was

HENRY STECKLER

In the days that followed the entrance of the freshmen into the college they became more and more interested in their new surroundings and in time managed to outgrow the timidity and uneasiness which had made them uncomfortable. The thing which helped them most toward this was the attitude of the upper-classmen; the entering class were regarded as their equals. The freshmen were immensely pleased because of this fact and began to appreciate their college and think it the best institution of learning they had ever known. Soon they were giving much to show their gratitude. They could now care for themselves so they went headlong into all phases of college activities.

As the years pass by may the freshmen continue performing their share in making our College a better and more efficient house of learning.



Freshmen Should Be Fresh

L. L. L.

We mean by the above heading that freshmen ought to be mentally alert; in short, they ought to be everything that the word "fresh" denotes; it is a name that ought to be carried out literally.

This is so because freshmen have an advantage over the upper classmen in being labelled as they are. Like all other young brothers and sisters, they will have an unbounded enthusiasm and a violent determination to do things. They will have a curiosity which will lead them into active fields of investigation. And once interested in something, they will become seriously concerned and will work "like the dickens" in carrying out what they think should be done. Consequently, there is hardly a chance that they will become stodgy and so wrapped up in books that they will forget all about playing and having good times. Set a tune going, and they will dance; put a good basketball game on the floor before them, and they will make the most noise; bring them all together at a party, and watch how quickly the food disappears!

We think that the foregoing qualities are healthy ones and quite necessary ones. We believe that everybody ought to have them. We know they are typical of people who are young in spirit and fresh in mind. And with this in view we insist that the word "freshmen", as applied to that group of students, is not a misnomer.

Hands Across the Ink-well

RENA KLEIN

The good old custom of hand-shaking originated with the Romans. They clasped each other's right hand not only to prove their sincerity and friendship, but also to safeguard themselves against being stabbed by the other fellow. The ancient custom has been brought down through the centuries and is still used to show signs of friendship, but sometimes it is applied to stop the use of red ink in institutions of higher learning.

The demoralized remnant of the old Roman handshaking is still used today by the demoralized descendants of the old scholars. Some of these people are students in colleges all over the country who learn "apple-polishing" from the upper classmen in order to handle the faculty, instead of polishing up on their psychology with the professor in order to handle their fellow men. In simpler terms, the whole process follows the old adage that "an apple a day keeps the red ink in the inkwell".

To this type of student there are two reactions, both of which are equally asinine. First, there is the attitude of admiration which really faded with the era of long waistlines, raccoon coats, and Rah-rah boys. A few students still maintain this point of view, and several of such misfits in the same college can really inoculate weaker-minded classmates with the A. P. streptococcus. The opposite reaction is such that occasionally a student who needs help from an instructor is reluctant to ask for it for fear that he may be accused of being a carrier of the dreaded disease. Such attitudes are truly ridiculous, for viewed from either angle, the student is a weakling.

Harmonious relationships could be achieved with less contention if it were recognized that the members of a college faculty have had much experience with human nature and have been in the teaching profession much longer than any student who is prone to candy his personality for an instructor's approval. Neither are teachers potential racketeers nor dupes.

The day of the college huckster is gone; the day of the true scholar is here. So please observe that all the pieces of "fruit" are off the same apple-cart and those that have the highest shine are often rotten to the core.



Books That Gather Dust

L. L. L.

Someone with a keen mathematical mind will someday come along and point out that the dust accumulating daily on thousands of books would fill a hole as large as such and such a mountain, or all the rooms

in a building so many stories high. There may be some exaggeration here, but it cannot be denied that the number of books on the country's library shelves which yearly remain untouched is stupendous. There are as many such books as there are, let us say, daily colds, and that is no little amount.

Actually, such a situation is very sad. It means not only that important and valuable facilities are going to waste; it means, also, that a great percentage of people who should be reading are not reading. It means that men are turning away from an extremely important source which makes for culture and for improved intelligence.

Exactly what class or what group of people are disregarding libraries would be hard to say; we believe that this omission is widespread and among all levels.

The question here is, are we ourselves, individually, guilty at all? Do we use our own library enough, not only because we have to, but because to do so is real pleasure. Are we as well acquainted with the Enoch Pratt and the Peabody libraries as we should be? Do we know what books are in the various museum libraries? These supplement our own college library and make the number of books available to us as great as those of any magnificent library anywhere in the world. It is hoped that we shall take advantage of everything that is offered us. Not to do so would be unfortunate.



What's on the Air for March?

Reported by BERNICE EISENBERG

The Office of Education of the United States Department of the Interior has announced the March programs of two of its radio series—"The World is Yours" and "Brave New World".

"The World is Yours" may be heard over the Red Network N.B.C. on Sunday afternoons at 4:30 P.M., E.S.T. in cooperation with the Smithsonian Institute.

On March 13 the program will be called *Conquest Underground*. This will deal with man's penetration and exploration of the earth's depths in search of minerals necessary to modern human existence.

On March 20, the program will be entitled *Rockets and Planets*. Here will be illustrated the conditions which will face rocket flyers if they should ever succeed in reaching and exploring the planets.

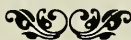
On March 27 there will be a program called *Saving the Forests*. At this time there will be discussion of how much America's forest wealth has been used, and what conservation measures must be taken to save the rest.

The "Brave New World Series" may be heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System on Monday nights at 10 P. M., E.S.T.

On March 14, *Wings Over South America* will be presented. In imagination the listeners will have a birds' eye view of Miami, the West Indies, Trinidad and Latin America.

On March 21 the program will be entitled *Down the Pan-American Highway*. This will be a travel guide from San Antonio, Texas to Argentina, touching upon the seaports, capitals, and jungles of Latin America.

On March 28 there will be a program called *The Land of Music*. This will be the first of four broadcasts on special phases of Latin American culture. There will be included folk songs and symphonies, and the development of the dance.



Little Urchin

BETTY KAUFMAN, Fr. 4

(With apologies to *the* poet)

The dirtiest urchin that I've ever seen
Was weary and haggard and scrawny and lean;
A pitiful waif, all alone in the mob,
And as I passed by I could hear a faint sob.

Turning quickly about, I asked, "What is it, son?"
He stopped short for a moment, then started to run,
For how could he know there would ever be one
Who would teach him, encourage him, help him have fun?

For some unknown reason he trudged back to me
And lifting clear eyes that were blue as the sea
He shyly said, "Mr., I just wanted to say
I didn't have a reason for running away".

He turned quickly about, and was lost in the crowd;
I stood stunned 'til an auto horn, raucous and loud
Tore me from my reverie. I stifled a sigh
For the boy who returned and ran off again.

Why?

The Library - At Your Service

"THE PRODIGAL PARENTS" by *Sinclair Lewis* has just been published and is being received with great pleasure by his admirers. This novel is a typical product of the author's pen in that it depicts the life of a particular class of American people, but the fact that Mr. Lewis has written in a rather humorous style somewhat lighter than has been his wont makes the story doubly entertaining.

The reader finds unfolded before him the affairs of Frederick William Cornplow of Sachem Falls, N. Y., manufacturer of automobiles, and member of the great American middle class. "F. W." looks after his business faithfully, manages an occasional round of golf, and remains casually in love with his plump, comfortable, middle-aged wife, Hazel.

Our hero is, however, not without his troubles. The poor man is sorely beset by his twenty-eight year-old daughter, Sara, and his collegiate son, Howard. These two disturbing factors in the life of F. W. Cornplow made his children consider him a mental case because of his strange prejudice against paying huge bills and continually getting his dear children out of all sorts of scrapes. For example, Sara does her bit to turn her father's hair gray by enthusiastically joining a fiery young Communist in his struggle to overthrow the Capitalistic system of government. She cannot understand her father's ridiculous refusal to contribute to the "Cause" which would ruin him along with the rest of the "tyrants of Capitalism". Sara turns Communist with such vim and vigor that it is finally up to Fred to rescue her from the toils of the law with money made under the obnoxious system she sought to undermine.

Meanwhile, Howard sees to it that his father does not become bored. He exchanges his favorite pastimes of having automobile accidents and getting into scrapes at college for the more exciting one of marriage. F. W. is given the honor of presenting his son with a job, an apartment, and the necessary funds with which to "start housekeeping".

About this time, poor Fred begins to feel the weight of his cares so keenly that he starts to consider retirement. Sara, thinking that there must be something wrong with a man who tires of keeping his nose to the grindstone, consults a psychiatrist, thus causing her father to lose his temper completely. He gathers up the mildly protesting Hazel and catches the first boat to Europe. His pleasure is short-lived, however, for a desperate plea from Howard's wife recalls him to America. Howard, finding himself unequal to the responsibility of married life, takes refuge in drinking heavily, and Fred finds it his job to make a man of his son. So unfolds the account of F. W.'s trials, hectic for him but entertaining for the readers.

Aside from the interesting account of Fred's troubles, there are some worthwhile character studies. Mr. Cornplow as the harassed and bewildered father, Sara as the superior and dictatorial daughter and Howard as the weak but likeable son, all help to make the story a success.

Mr. Lewis ridicules the frenzied present-day interest in Communism and commends what he calls "the revolt of parents against children's revolt for freedom". This last fact should make the book interesting to young and old alike, for the parents' side of the story is for once brought out.

In any event, "The Prodigal Parents" is an entertaining novel well worth anyone's spare time.

IRMA SENNHENN.

EARHART, AMELIA—*Last Flight*—N. Y.—Harcourt Brace and Co.—1937

This fascinating book was written by the courageous aviatrix, Amelia Earhart. One has to read this book in order to understand what a gallant woman she was. Those of you who admired her will have a deeper understanding of the book than could be put into words.

Amelia Earhart attempted this flight because adventure, new experiences, and an added knowledge of flying and of people made the trip alluring. But she always seemed to have in mind what she once said to her husband—"Some day, I'll get 'bumped off'. There's so much to do, so much fun here; I don't want to go, but . . ."

In "Last Flight" one finds shining adventures and heroism and most of all the wonderful character that must have been Amelia Earhart's.

BELLE WELCH.

ERTZ, SUSAN, *No Hearts to Break*, New York, D. Appleton-Century Co. 1937.

Horse racing at Govans, Seamen's homes at Fells Point, old colonial mansions at Homewood, on South Street, the Chase mansion between Lexington and Fayette Streets all help to paint the picture of early nineteenth century Baltimore presented as the setting of "No Hearts to Break". Even in those early days Baltimore had gained the reputation of "the city of the most beautiful girls in the world". When the most beautiful of these girls meets a handsome dashing Frenchman, what could be more logical than a romance? The girl is Betsy Patterson, eldest daughter of a Baltimore merchant and the Frenchman is of course Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon.

Betsy is discontented with life in America. This leads to a strained relationship between Mr. Patterson, a staunch patriot, and his daughter. Her own brother Robert said of them, "They ought never to have met".

The visit of the Emperor's young brother to Baltimore seems a blessing. Here is a way to reach the glamour of Europe. Despite the obstacles placed in the path of true love, their courtship is followed by marriage.

The happy couple sail for Europe to receive Napoleon's approval. When the ship reaches Portugal, Jerome's decision changes the entire course of their lives. Betsy leaves the continent and sails to England where her son is born. She dedicates the remainder of her life to further her ambitions which she believes will be fulfilled in her son. "No Hearts to Break" tells how well she succeeded.

Miss Ertz is English by birth, but much of her life has been spent in the United States. Her books are written in a very realistic manner, and she does not change history, even for the sake of better fiction.

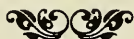
Through travel, Miss Ertz has gained a wide background of knowledge about people and countries which serve as a setting for the story. Through conversation with her friends of all social ranks, she has gained much insight into human emotions. These influences help her write the vivid character portrayals which she presents in the book.

Betsy was a mature, determined and shrewd woman. Her good and bad traits are neither lauded nor excused. Through her intelligence, economy, ambition, pride and stubbornness she rose to her place in the world. Jealousy, concealed in her youth, penetrates her guardedness later in life.

Jerome is not the dashing hero Betsy believed, but a weak scapegrace who is easily influenced by others. Only two things matter to him—spending money and flirting. Yet he was forgiven by many because of his winning personality.

To those who enjoy realism, history, romance, biography, or to those who just like to read, "No Hearts to Break" is heartily recommended.

MARY KROEN.



"Now, Jimmy, we're going to take up words—I want you to use the word 'miscellaneous' correctly in a sentence."

"Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head man in this country and Miscellaneous the head man in Italy."

—"Claw".

Teachers College Record

From A Full Heart

The moon was forgotten in clouds, the air was chilled with snow flakes, and the roads that lead to S. T. C. were icy. But what a contrast to the cold of that winter night of February 11 was found in the college auditorium!

Glowing colors and gleaming sequins topped by radiant faces gracefully mingled to Billy Isaac's genial music. Soft lights enhanced the cellophane sheen of the splendid Valentine heart — the symbol of sweethearts. And there was warmth in the hearts of the staff for those who made successful the Tower Light Dance.

Notes From the Glee Club

February has been a busy month for us. We gave three concerts during one week and planned others for future dates.

On Thursday, February seventeenth, we sang for the Forty-First Anniversary Day of the Founding of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. On Friday, February eighteenth, we performed for an assembly in the Campus School. As close as we are to the Campus School it was the first time we ever sang for the children. On the evening of the same day we sang at the Alumni Card Party, held in the Auditorium. We were particularly glad to do this because part of the proceeds of this party are to be used to help pay for our robes.

We looked forward to February twenty-second with a great deal of enthusiasm. We invited over thirty interested members of the Glee Club of previous years, and had a singing festival during assembly time.

Our next appearance will be in the form of a radio broadcast during the last week of March. At this time we will give a program over the air to aid the local units of the National Red Cross in the annual roll call.

Orchestra Calendar

The calendar of the Orchestra was almost covered with red letter days for the entire past month.

On February 17, Mr. Baker played *Larghetto* by Nardini at the special meeting of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers.

The next evening, February 18, the entire orchestra shared in presenting a program for the Alumni Card Party. To conclude the "Month of Events" the Orchestra played in assembly on George Washington's birthday.

Assemblies

JANUARY 25, 1938

Mr. Odenhal:

Mr. Odenhal brought his unit of W. P. A. Federal Music Project to play for us. Coming under the same authority as our art exhibit and Glen project, this organization provides employment for musicians who lost their jobs due to the advent of the talkies. The group aims to offer music of high calibre to those people who are not usually able to hear it.

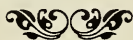
The program was extremely entertaining. Following the colorful "Overture to Orpheus" by Offenbach the orchestra played the familiar and melodious "Blue Danube" by Strauss. In lilting style the orchestra concluded with "Three Irish Pictures" by Anson.

FEBRUARY 10, 1938

Mr. Harold Manakee:

Mr. Manakee, an alumnus of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, who writes for the Baltimore Sunday Sun, spoke on the groups of immigrants other than English who settled Maryland. Mr. Manakee likened the melting pot of America to a stew in which the foreign immigrants were the ingredients. The desired outcome in both of these instances is not a new unrecognizable element, but an equally-blended mixture. Mr. Manakee said that about one-half of Maryland's population today is of German descent. Their prominence among the early settlers may still be seen by the "German-English" schools and the German folk societies. Other early settlers were the French, the Scotch-Irish, and the Irish. Our own city of Baltimore was named after an Irish village.

Mr. Manakee, as a teacher in an Americanization Class, pointed out that foreigners are not so very different from native Americans. He concluded by telling us of some of the quaint and lovely customs still retained by the foreign elements in Maryland.



MILLER TALKS ABOUT:-

MEN'S REVUE

The tenth annual Men's Revue will be held on March 18 and 19 in the college auditorium. Some of the numbers listed for the revue are: 1. Style Show which will be furnished with special scenery and lighting by Hochschild, Kohn and Company. The show will include twenty-five people who will present wedding attire. Others who will be garbed in formal afternoon attire; some in business and sports wear. 2. Rhythm

chorus composed of very fine singers. 3. Alumni Members' Quartet.
4. Play to be given by members of the Junior Class.

The Men's Revue will be the biggest Alumni meeting of the year. Joe Dowling and his seven piece Alcazar orchestra will swing it from 9:45 to 12:00 P. M. Friday night, and Chieftains, a six piece organization, will play Saturday. Tickets for the revue are good for either Friday or Saturday night.

BASKETBALL

The half-way mark having been reached and recorded, our courtmen now will prepare for that final swing down the home stretch. Looking back over past performances we may feel justly proud of our team's work during this court season.

Through untiring efforts and a willing spirit, the State Teachers College Quint has developed into one of the best in the history of the college. The tenth victory of the year was accomplished at the expense of the highly touted Elizabethtown College five by a score of 42-28. E-town invaded Towson holding victories over such strong opponents as Blue Ridge, Wilson, Gallaudet, Juniata and Susquehanna.

Tremendous improvement has been shown by the first team which rates with the best in the state. However, the team has been greatly handicapped by lack of height. The Teachers hope to secure a berth in the Maryland Collegiate League. With the scheduling of Washington College at Chestertown, the Professors play every team of the Collegiate League except St. Johns and Western Maryland.

BASEBALL

With the dust of the gym still lingering in midair after an eventful basketball season, the State Teachers College baseball nine prepares for its greatest season. Coach Don Minnegan anticipates a heavy hitting team but at present lacks a first string hurler. Danny Austerlitz, number one pitcher of last year, will transfer his skills and techniques to daily classroom procedure. Sokolow, Massicot, Goedeke and Weis are others lost because of practice teaching. The schedule this year composed of ten games shapes up as the best ever played by a Teachers nine. Included on the schedule are Hopkins, Loyola, Western Maryland, Elizabethtown, Salisbury, Frostburg and Blue Ridge.

GIRLS' DOINGS

Tip it off at center,
Dribble down the floor,
Put it in the basket
Score, Score, Score.

The girls welcomed February 14 with the annual inter-class basketball games. In order to portray the significance of the date, St. Valentine visited each guest during dinner at the dormitory.

Five Sophomore teams, four Freshmen, two Juniors and one Senior team contested. Although the final results are not yet known, it seems the Sophomores responded wholeheartedly to the scoring.



Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

AS Boag chased Patsy out of the building, Dr. Tall stepped to the window of her office. A streak of brown dashed down the gravel path. Patsy was running away from the other dog—the dog with the lost toes.

"Oh, dear me," sighed Dr. Tall. "There goes Patsy. I never thought she would allow such a funny dog as Boag to chase her around."

Sigh, sigh, sigh. The last sigh slipped out of the crack in the window and hit Boag on the nose. At that he stopped. The spaces left for his lost toes bumped against the gravel pieces. How that hurt! Boag sat down and decided that he couldn't chase the President's dog around in that fashion. He barked for Patsy. By this time Patsy was ready to round the corner at the bottom of the hill. She heard the bark and quickly made a complete turn around the sign marked "Road Closed".—Up the hill again—. She reached Boag and sat down beside him. They were both tired but Patsy knew (from a woman's point-of-view) that she had won. She gave Boag a smile and Dr. Tall returned to her desk—satisfied that Patsy had not been frightened at all.

Boag and Patsy sat there and looked up and down the road. They wished that classes would change so that they could hear the bell and then run up and down the steps with the students. The bell rang—the dogs ran into the building. Boag remembered seeing (the last time he was running around the faculty rest room) a sign about "Slide, soap, slide". He was curious to see if anything new was happening. He jumped to the top of the table and hit his head against a strange arrangement of white objects set in a row. Teeth? He wasn't sure that he had ever seen such things on a table before. So he dismissed that thought from his mind. Someone came into the room and Boag quickly hid under the chair. Hurried feet came toward the table and there was much exclamation from the person making the hurried entrance.

The exclamation: "Thank heavens! I'm glad no one saw my 'bridge'—or did she?" Boag watched the white arrangement disappear into the owner's face.

All this time Patsy had been searching for her companion. She stood in the hall and barked. Boag joined her and they soon were exchanging nice bits of news—

Noise—

Miss N., Miss M., and Miss K. (from the campus school) were called down by Miss Keys for making too much noise.

Request—

That faculty members see more movies so that they will know all about Robert Taylor. (Note: There should be some integration, correlation, or just plain relationships between two *great professions*—the moving picture profession and the teaching profession).

Freshmen or Babies—

Boag fell asleep as Patsy told him about what the faculty members did when they were babies. He realized that this was *idle gossip* and his ears were so tired that when they dropped down his eyes closed, too. However, Patsy didn't notice this and her little voice (which cracked occasionally) went on and on.

"Of course I know just what they did when they were babies," she said. "Take my boss for instance;—she insisted upon making knots in her hair. When they were combed out, she'd cry and cry—but she'd make the knots again."

A student walked past the dogs. A catalogue dropped from his arm and fell at Patsy's feet. Patsy placed her paw on it because she needed to be sure to tell Boag about each of the faculty. "Now Boag", she continued, "this will help a great deal. Let me see: the boss, check that! We discussed her baby pastime. Oh yes—Dr. Abercrombie. When she was a baby she ate aspirin tablets. Miss Bader drew pictures on the wall; Miss Barkley made mud pies; Miss Bersch always had a dirty face; Miss Birdsong played with matches; Miss Blood colored pictures in pattern books; Mrs. Brouwer matched colored thread; Miss Brown played in the woods; Miss Cook wrote numbers on a blackboard; Dr. Crabtree sewed buttons; Miss Daniels jumped up and down."

Patsy looked at Boag. "Wake up, Boag; I want you to hear the rest of this." She poked him in the side with her nose. Boag woke up and Patsy continued, "When Miss Dief was a baby, she threw flour all over the kitchen; Dr. Dowell greased chairs with lard; Miss Keys broke windows; Dr. Lynch cut heads off flies; Mr. Minnegan squeezed the cat; Mr. Moser marked up tablecloths with numbers; Miss Munn caught lightning bugs; Miss Neunsinger was so lazy she didn't even cry; Miss Prickett beat a drum; Miss Roach saved red ribbon; Miss Schroeder cut holes in the tablecloth; Mrs. Stapleton dug holes in the furniture with

the best fork; Miss Steele spilled ink over everything; Miss Tansil ate peanuts (when no one was looking); Miss Van Bibber slid down the banister; Mr. Walther took all the ivories off the piano; Miss Weyforth took the pickles out of the jar and tucked them away with the linen; Miss Woodward ripped all the red woolen mittens her mother had just stored away."

"Patsy", interrupted Boag, "What about Miss Scott, Miss Joslin, and Dr. West?"

Patsy looked quietly at the catalogue cover. "Dear me", she said, "This is an old catalogue. I am glad you checked off the names. Let me see—Miss Scott swallowed marbles; Miss Joslin made soap bubbles, then blow them through a piece of cloth—such fun! Dr. West took clocks apart. Do you know something, Boag? That crowd of babies must have been *terribly* bad!"

"One good thing", replied Boag, "you just made it up". Patsy was disgusted. "Why did you say that? I was having so much fun imagining it was true. Now I am very sad—so sad—I am crying. Oh, Boag, I am crying."

Boag ran a short distance away and looked at her. It is a safe thing to keep away from a woman when she cries, he thought. And so he sat down and looked at her while she wept softly. The tears started to fill a little indentation in the floor. Someone walked by. Splash! The tears flew into Patsy's face. That brought her to her senses. Although her dream of "what the faculty babies did" was shattered, she soon forgot her worries. She ran in the direction of Boag and they started on their way out the front door.

A Vignette

JOSEPH ROSEMAN

A bell rings; commotion starts;
Pupils grab for their books
No more teacher's sour looks
Period over; light are hearts
Teacher says, "Was that the bell?"
Pupils answer, "Yes, Miss Jell."
Teacher stern—"I'm not through yet
Your psychology, don't forget.
A test next Tuesday you will get
Covering all books which we have met."
Teacher smiling, "You're excused,"
Pupils glum, "Are we abused!"

So What?

By W. NORRIS WEIS

Once again we greet you. We think you need a change! (Ed. note—Thank goodness!) We welcome a rest of course. As this is the Freshman issue, we conceived the bright idea of having the column written by a dashing blonde freshman jokester, who really should turn out a good lot of keyhole facts. You probably will think that it is very good. If you do, better call a doctor!

The Sophomore issue will be the wonder work of a fair-haired young lady of aforementioned group. We'll be looking for you.

Introducing the So Whatter of the Freshman Class: Thomas Lee McCarrier!

So What?

T. L. McC.

Notes on the Tower Light Dance:

1. D. S. was present, but where was Joe 3rd?
2. Which two Freshmen seemed to enjoy each other's company most? Why?
2. What was the dark object which attracted the attention of B. P. and J. S.?
4. Why wasn't W. N. W. at the Dance?
5. P. M sang creditably at the affair. Could it have been that the second song was sung for ——?

Casual observations:

1. Some of the boys rave about the U. of M. coeds. Methinks they should look around them and take their bearings.
2. Is the eternal triangle putting in an appearance in Freshman 4? We imagine that something may break very soon. Keep alookin'.
3. One-shot Stottlemeyer had better be rechristened Romeo. What do you think?
4. A certain freshman consistently forgets where to get off the No. 8 car when going home in the afternoon. He appears to be so engrossed in his conversation. I won't tell you who he is, but his initials are L. L. L.
5. Who is the auburn-haired young lady who loves to walk down to the first-fare with —— well, I'd just as "leef" not say.
6. Watch for the "First Annual Freshman Auto Cross-Country Race"—Maxwell vs. Cleveland! (May I enter the school Franklin? W. N. W.)

7. The Freshman girls think that the boys should all wear formal attire to the College dances. Well, howabout it fellas?
8. J. R., that gay Freshie, seems mightily attracted to the Junior girls.
9. Well, it looks as if J. W. has gone off the Townsend plan again.

After reading several of my Big Brother's jokes, I guess I can get by with these:

My two favorite songs of the month—

"I'll Be Don Ameche in a Taxi, Honey"

and, *The Drunkard's Song*—

"Just a Little Foam for the Old Soaks".

Betch'

1. Betch' 10 to 1 that our baseball team is better this year than it is expected to be. Why surely, I'm going to play!
2. Betcha' 5 to 1 the Freshman Dance is going to be a howlin' success. Don't believe it? Come and find out!
3. Betcha' 100 to 1 that you can't guess who is going to be elected the President of the incoming Sophomore Class.
P. S. We guess John Shock.
4. Betcha' we never get an opportunity to write this column again!



Snoop Box

For reductions in having suits pressed, see three members of Senior 7. We're glad you managed to get to the dance on time!

Why did the tallest Junior boy change partners at the last dance?

Why is "Personality Preferred" being read by so many dorm students?
Can it be solely for pleasure?

Why were so many letters secretly discarded on February fourteenth?

We certainly enjoyed the fruit and candy one Senior received on Valentine's Day. Does *he* always bring those things from Hagerstown?

Why has one Junior (R. V. D.) suddenly turned her attention toward recipes and instruction offered in bread making?

Perhaps there should be more "ham sandwich conferences" after dances. Speak from experience — did you enjoy it?

Senior Scoops

We understand that Dorsey has the new job of night watchman on Dance Nights.

Pauline, did you enjoy your quart of ice cream?

Why the sudden culinary interest among a few Seniors?

Junior Jollities

Are freshmen boys considered dignified enough to be escorts of juniors?

Does Hazel Moxley have sleeping sickness?

Has C. H. learned not to tease certain people in the College?

Sophomore Snoops

"Wil-de" "Roop" last?

Baker, be careful or you'll get your ears boxed in geography class.

What "Kitty" likes to ride the library wagon?

Freshmen Frolics

Where the "Heck" is McCarrier?

Why can't our Barker (not Patsy) get in by 10:00 P. M. on Sunday nights?

Are hair "beaus" the only kind available—Freshman 1?

Why was Joe of Freshman 7 pursued by so many ladies on a certain Saturday night? (Some of the girls would like to know your formula for popularity, Joe.)

Who wrote those "love notes" recently appearing on Henrietta's door?

Faculty Fun

What is the matter with Dr. West? Did those four-hour Science classes on Saturday make you lose your interest in dancing?

Aren't our girls good looking enough to bring Mr. Walther to his feet? (We mean on the dance floor, of course).

Coach Minnegan, we are terribly worried about that front lock of hair. We suggest that you wear a cap during games to save it.



A hick is a person who looks both ways before crossing a one way street.

Under the Weather Vane

February found the activities in the Campus School many and varied. In reply to the plea for the infantile paralysis fund, the Campus School collected eleven dollars and twenty-five cents (\$11.25).

As part of the celebration for Boy Scout Week, the scouts of the Campus School had a program, February 11th, for the pupils in order to tell of some of the activities of their organization. The program began in true military style by scouts marching to the stage and placing the national and state flag. After that, Charles Wietscher, drill officer, led the entire assemblage in the salute to the flag. We were amazed to learn through the history, given by Bill Middendorf, that there were 7,000,000 members in this organization, started in 1910. The interpretation of the flag signals by Bob Buck and Bill Osburn was most interesting. A first-aid demonstration was given by Bill Weaver and David Lee Brooks. The entire program was under the direction of John Seidel.

While studying Medieval life, the fifth grade became very much interested in fairs. On Washington's birthday when the fathers visited the school we presented a cross section of a day at the famous Stourbridge Fair in England. Merchants from Venice, Genoa, Spain, and the Far East were there to display their wares. We had with us jesters, minstrels, and acrobats of great renown to amuse everyone. Through the cooperation of every pupil our room took on an air of medieval festivity, and we excitedly anticipated the great event of the year, Stourbridge Fair.

Watch the rock garden! Have you noticed that the snow drops are in bloom? From now on the garden will be of continuous interest. Before many weeks pass the garden will burst forth in blooms of all the rainbow colors. Always, beautiful colors of flowers make one wonder that if "some where up around the throng, God's cup of glory has overflowed".

Are You A Greenback?

In the seventh grade history class recently the discussion was centered around the Sherman Act of 1875 which assured the people that for each greenback brought to the Treasury a gold dollar could be secured. In giving a report, Ruth told the class that the government would give a dollar in gold to every greenback which came to the treasury.

The Magic Planet

Quite by accident I found myself resting on the most beautiful planet imaginable. It was light green and yellow with a purple ellipse around it. All of a sudden it broke in half. Down, down, down, I fell

until I came to a strange land with strange looking people and trees. I met a little girl who had had the same experience I'd had. An old man told us this was the planet where everything could talk. An odd looking duck came up to us and said, "Would you like to look around and see our beautiful land?" We did and had a lot of fun . . . The next morning I woke up early and saw a queer looking bird. It said, "Come on my back; we are going to a strange planet." I got on, but all of a sudden I fell off. I hit hard and found myself in my own garden. I was back on the earth.

MILDRED GENE HARTLEY.



An Accident Adventure

RUTH BOULTON

Quite by accident I found myself resting on the most beautiful planet imaginable. I started wandering around to see what interesting things it contained. When I turned a corner I saw millions of cakes of ice floating along in a river at my feet. On the center one was a queer structure that looked like the witch's house in Hansel and Gretel. I jumped on the ice cake nearest me and floated toward the center one. When I landed on it, I found that the house was made of my favorite sweets. Joyously I started to eat. Then suddenly I repeated my prayers loudly for around the corner of the house came a sour-faced man. He grew terribly angry at me for spoiling his beautiful home. He reached out and grabbed me, and before you could say, "Jack Robinson", he threw me off the planet. But that was too much, and I woke up to find Miss Kestner shaking me, and saying, "You have been dreaming for two hours". When I came out of my daze, I found the whole class laughing at my, what they thought, very funny act.

Development of a topic sentence. (Sentence given.)



Did you hear about the cow that drank purple ink and mood indigo?

A: "You'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo when it comes to eating."

B: "Why?"

C: "How else could she eat?"

I wish I were a moment
In my professor's class,
For no matter how idle moments are,
They always seem to pass.

—"Texas Ranger".

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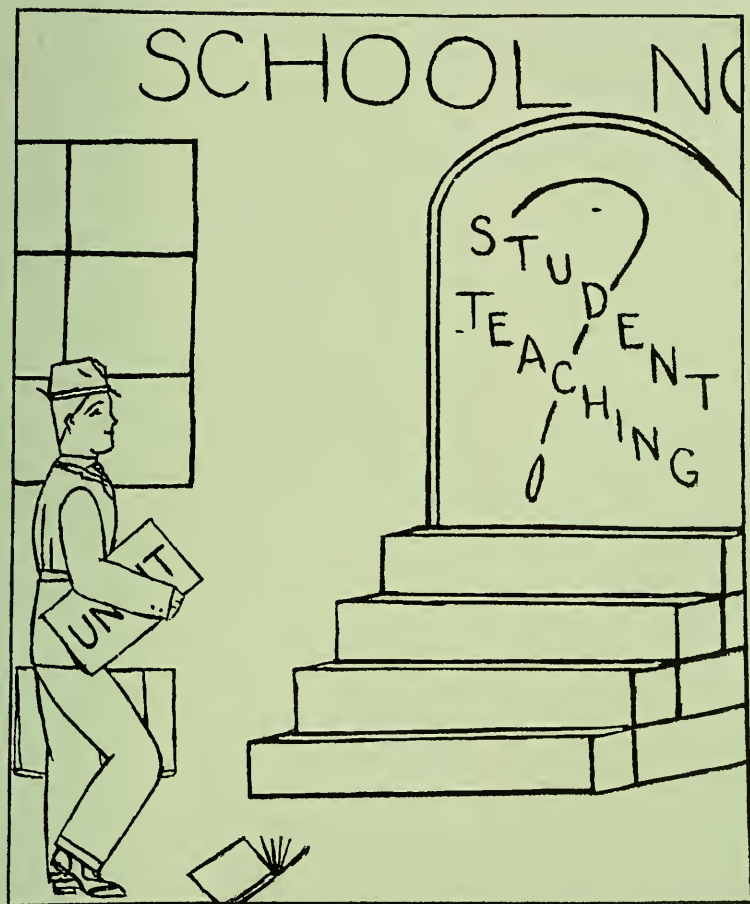
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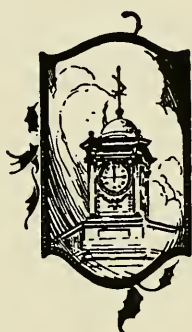


APRIL

1938

SOPHOMORE ISSUE

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

APRIL, 1938

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Cover Design.....Solomon Pressman

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

APRIL, 1938

No. 7

Saturday Voyage

PEARLE BLOOD

A GRIMY snub-nosed ferry pushes lazily against the Light Street dock. Although there is still a whole hour before leaving time, passengers are already drifting aboard. You approach the amiable-looking man in the ticket booth. He looks you over. "Coming back today?" You nod. "Fifty cents." Ticket in hand you follow the others.

Your fellow passengers are no ordinary commuters scurrying home after work. Housewives who arrived on the early boat for a day's shopping expedition struggle aboard with their spoils—hat boxes, suit boxes, toys for the children, huge paper bags of groceries. A group of men with fishing paraphernalia swing lustily across the gang-plank. Here comes a whole family with generously-filled picnic baskets; there are a young man and a girl with eyes only for each other, and minds intent for the moment on finding a quiet spot. Colored men, women and children arrive with bulging paper suitcases, baskets, dripping tin wash basins, old shoes and curiously-shaped bundles. On the lower deck pleasure cars and trucks rumble aboard.

It is three o'clock. Then the ferry whistles, but does not start. A deck hand calls, "See her anywhere?" "Nope, she ain't in sight." A few more minutes pass. Then a voice shouts, "There she comes!" "She" bumps over the cobble stones, turns a precarious corner, and rolls into space left for her, a great express van from St. Michaels, evidently one of the "regulars". The whistle blows again. The chain is fastened, the run-way drawn up, the engines started, and the ferry is off on her two and a half hour trip to the Eastern Shore.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Ship-yards, lumber piers and factories slip by. The Locust Point marine terminal is close on the right. What ships are in today? There is Fort McHenry. How green and peaceful it looks. Seven ships are tied up at the Canton terminals. Business must be better. Now the river is wider. Squat oil tanks dot Fairfield and Brooklyn. Acrid yellow fumes rise around Curtis Bay. You are glad the wind isn't from that direction. The new city airport comes into view. Is that the Bermuda Clipper anchored there? Here comes a tug with a freighter in tow. What flag is it flying? The sailors wave. A sailboat speeds along. That must be fun. Sparrows Point stands out black and heavy with smoke, but opposite is a hazy green shore, and in the distance the fragile, lacy radio towers of Annapolis extend dimly skyward. The water becomes a little choppy, the shores recede. This must be the bay.

You look again at your fellow passengers. The housewives are resting or chatting with their friends, or perhaps sampling a cheese cake from one of their bundles. The fishermen are playing cards, and drinking beer, and finally exchange a little money. The young man and the girl have found their sheltered nook; the family group have already begun to devour the lunch. Children are being lost by distraught parents, and found again by irate ones. Passengers who are just going "for the ride" face the breeze at the front of the boat or bask in the sunshine in a protected spot. Some, to whom the trip is only a tiresome way of getting from one place to another, try the oblivion of sleep. Many hang around the tiny lunch counter, whose menu suggests everything from fried chicken to hot dogs. There a bright-eyed young lady wipes off the counter, makes sandwiches, calls orders, serves them, chews gum, and carries on gay repartee with the customers, all with the same high degree of efficiency.

Ahead is the shadowy fringe of the Eastern Shore. As it resolves itself into trees, marsh grass and buildings, the passengers begin to gather their belongings and wander forward. A crowd stands on the dock. Some are there just to see the boat come in, but most are meeting friends and relatives, back from a day in the city, or coming home for the week-end. Parked automobiles await the travelers. A motor train on the siding hopes for riders.

When the disembarking passengers have left, you ask how long the boat will remain. There is time for a walk. The purser takes your return ticket as you get off, and promises to remember you. You walk along the dusty road toward the country. The motor cars and the train pass. Soon you turn back, for this is the boat's last trip. Safely on board again, you unwrap your sandwiches on deck, or dangle your feet from a high stool at the lunch counter. If you crave entertainment after your lunch, you insert a nickel in a conservative-looking

cabinet, which bears a card reading, "Member Maryland Automatic Music Association". It boasts a repertoire of twelve tunes, any of which may be selected by pushing the appropriate button.

Outside the western sky is red, the stars come out, the channel lights blink, the Norfolk boat slides gaily by, a tug chugs past. On the dark forward deck there is a soft singing and shuffling, as two pick-aninnies with childish abandon dance to their sister's voice. A flare rises from the slag dumps, the city lights begin to twinkle. The lights grow clearer, the gong of a distant street car carries across the water. As the shores of the basin close in around you, the hum of the city grows. The ferry creaks into its slip, and stops with a final thud. You and your fellow passengers, suddenly looking very commonplace and in a hurry to get home, crowd across the gangplank. The voyage is over.



Student Teaching

JEANNE KRAVETZ

And it came to pass that a great multitude went into the schools—even as others had gone before them. And, hearkening to the words of the council of the unbelievers, loathe did they feel to go forth. And they did meditate day and night. Indeed, they were weary with groaning, sore afflicted and smitten by the yawning gulf before them. And when the day did come, they went forth quaking. But there wondrous works did they behold and sweet grew their hearts thereof that they should do likewise. But when they beheld the great forces before them, they grew fearful and their courage fainted within them. But they remembered the laws of learning and put their trust in Dewey. And during their sojourn at each center, great things came to pass—the children increased in knowledge, skills, and attitudes. And therefore did the judges, as they watched from day to day, rejoice and say, "I will sing praises to the instructors at State Teachers College, for by them thou art girded about with might and through the greatness of thy powers, shall thy mark increase tenfold." Wherefore did they all give praise and declare the glory of Student Teaching. When they returned once more into the fold, then were their mouths filled with laughter, and their tongues with singing. Then said they among the students and faculty, "We have seen great and marvelous things, verily, we have done great and marvelous things. We are rejoiced."

Repetition

ROSE O'CONNELL

FIVE year old Bobby, a very lonely little fellow since the recent death of his mother, glanced in his father's study as he passed the door. Then he joyfully exclaimed, "Daddy! I didn't know that you were home!" and raced over to the chair where Robert Hamilton, Sr., sat. "Why, Daddy," the little boy said reprovingly, "look how you're sitting in that chair, and you always make me sit up straight!" Then as he looked more closely he continued in a softer voice, "Oh, you're asleep! That's why you're slumped down like that. Well, I'll just sit here and wait until you wake up." For a few moments his eyes strayed around the room, but then suddenly he exclaimed, "Gosh, Daddy, have you been playing 'Cops and Robbers'? You must have been, 'cause here's your gun on the floor."

Just then his grandmother came into the room. The smile on her face gave place to an expression of horror. Stifling a scream she exclaimed, "Bobby—Bobby, come here to me at once!"

"Sh, Grandma!" whispered Bobby. "Daddy's asleep. Don't wake him, 'cause he looks so tired. 'N you know what, Grandma? He must have fallen asleep playing 'Cops and Robbers'—see, here's his gun", and with these words he stooped to pick it up. His grandmother screamed and swayed against the door. Her husband came running down the hall just in time to catch her.

Suddenly Bobby found himself outside of the room with the door shut in his face. "Daddy!" he screamed. "I want my Daddy!" Strong hands lifted him up and carried him away.

The next day he was sent to visit his cousin. He had a grand time and stayed for a week. When he came back, his grandfather called him and said, "Bobby, your daddy has gone to visit your mother, and he loves her so dearly that he won't come back to us."

Later that same evening, Bobby slipped into the library just in time to hear his grandfather say to his wife, "I know it's hard, Margaret, but it was the best way. Death is better than disgrace."

At the time, those words meant little or nothing to Bobby; but years later his grandfather told him the facts, which were so pitiful and few. When Bobby's mother died, his father went to pieces over the loss of his beautiful wife. He took to drinking and gambling, and as a result he owed more money than he could pay back in a lifetime. The "I.O.U.'s" were piling up; and when their holders became insistent, Robert Hamilton, Sr., chose death rather than the disgrace of being branded as a man who didn't pay his bills.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Years passed and Bobby grew to manhood. He dropped his childish nickname and was now called Robert Hamilton, Jr.; he held the position of president of the only bank in his small home town.

Through his position, he met and fell madly in love with a society girl, Laura Compton. His grandfather tried to tell him that Laura was nothing but a pretty-faced, gold-digging girl, but Robert would not listen to him; and after an extremely short courtship, he married the girl.

Even as the years went by and Laura demanded more and more money to maintain her "social position", Robert made every effort to give her all she asked and never once thought of her as a selfish, self-centered person. However, as her demands grew larger, Robert took money from the bank and invested it. From the returns he expected to pay off his wife's debts and have enough left over to replace what he had taken.

Luck went against him, and two days later he heard that he had lost all the money. All through that day he waited on customers in a daze; and as soon as closing time came, he jumped in his car and aimlessly drove around the outskirts of town.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to a solitary person, who was strolling along the road in the shadow of the trees. Terror clutched his heart when he recognized the man as the bank examiner. That could only mean one thing. To-morrow he, Robert Hamilton, would be branded as a common thief when the bank examiner discovered and revealed the theft!

As an idea suddenly came into his head, he turned his car about and drove like mad to the bank. Peterson, the night watchman, was quite surprised to see his president at such an hour and in such haste. However, he made no comment except for a "Good evening, sir," and continued his rounds of the building.

Robert went to his desk and sat there figuring and racking his brain for some plan to conceal his theft. Hours rolled by, and scraps of paper piled high in the waste cans. Finally the night-watchman, who had decided that a cup of hot coffee would taste good to his hard working president, left the bank and made his way to a restaurant down the street. Ten minutes later he came back with a cup of steaming hot coffee in his hand and opening the door of his president's private office exclaimed, "Pardon me, sir, if you'd only stop a moment I'm sure—."

"Hands up! Don't move!" voices commanded out of the darkness of another room leading from the office. The cup clattered to the floor, and coffee stained the rug as the night watchman pulled out his guns. A series of shots followed and then a hand-to-hand tussle, sending guns in all directions over the floor. While this was going on, one of the

THE TOWER LIGHT

the bandits was working at the safe; and finally when he was successful in getting it open and taking the money out, he and his companions gathered up the guns from the floor and fled.

The wounded watchman crawled over to his president's chair. His horrified eyes discovered a blood stain under it, and the blood that formed that stain was rapidly trickling from a hole in the president's head.

"He's dead," groaned the watchman. "Oh no he isn't, I think I saw his hand move—or did I? I—I—can't tell—the blood—my eyes—" and then he fainted.

The next day the newspapers told the sad story in their blazing headlines. "PROMINENT BANKER KILLED BY HOLDUP MEN—HAMILTON, JR. FOUND DEAD WHEN CORONER ARRIVED."

The whole town turned out for the funeral. The little country church could not hold the large crowd; therefore, many people stood around outside straining eyes and limbs to get a look at the casket of one of the most prominent and well-liked men.

A few days later, Robert's aged grandfather went down to the bank to get his grandson's personal belongings and strong box. When he opened the box, he saw a small envelope addressed to him in Robert's handwriting. He opened it, and a tiny piece of paper fluttered out. On it was written "Death is better than disgrace," and underneath in almost illegible writing was scrawled "Like Father—Like Son."

The old man got dazedly to his feet, put on his hat and coat and walked from the bank. A friend passing on the street stopped and expressed his sympathy and then added, "It's terrible to think that an *bonest, up-right* man like Robert should have to be murdered by low, law-breaking criminals." The man passed on unanswered, and Robert's grandfather continued on his way down the street muttering to himself, "Robert—*killed* by holdup men. That's what they all think. Yes—yes—that's what they're all saying. Margaret—Margaret must never know. *Nobody* must ever know!" and taking a match from his pocket, he reduced to cinders those tale-bearing words, "Death is better than disgrace. Like Father—Like Son."



Teacher:—And the Vandals came down and picked up everything that was loose and what wasn't they pried loose and put everything into big bags. Thus the city was sacked.

Isn't She Awful?

PAUL O. MASSICOT

Isn't she awful; why I can't understand how anyone likes her! Now you take that dress she had on yesterday, it just matched her disposition. What, you liked it? Why it looked like a wall paper advertisement.

Oh, hello! Mary, we were just saying how well you looked yesterday. It was one of last year's dresses made over? Now aren't you the clever one.

Yes, we are having a lot of work these days. I don't know where to begin. You know, I really learned something today. I always thought fossils were very old women, and you know what they are? They are stones! You say you learned that in the sixth grade. Well you always were smart. Have you done any psychology? You've finished next week's assignment! How do you do it? If I meet you in the Browsing Room, you'll help me with it! You are sweet; I'll meet you at 3:10.

Did you come to the dance? Wasn't it fun? Did my feet hurt when I got home! John just can't stay off my feet. You say you felt like going to another dance when it was over. Well, I guess I'm getting older and can't stand much anymore. We went to get something to eat after the dance and you know what; John kissed me good-night. He's a devil, he is. Don't you think he's handsome? Yes, I know his nose is a little crooked, and his front tooth is out; but if you look at him right you don't notice it.

There goes that bell, thank goodness I have a free period. You have a class. Well, so long, Mary.

Isn't she swell!



My Spring Dream

HARRY LEVIN

I dreamed a dream of spring and romance,
Of daffodils, roses, and a fairy's dance.
I dreamed of singing birds,
Oh! Not to be described by silly words.
The dream I dreamed I know is real
Its golden touch, its magic feel.
Though winter's here, to me 'tis spring,
For flowers and birds my dream did bring.

Federal Aid for Educational Expansion

CHARLES GROSS

A COMMITTEE, consisting of some of the most able economists, educators, and personnel directors in the country was appointed by the President in September, 1936, for the purpose of discovering the value of the already installed systems of Federal aid and the additional need of this type of assistance in the general field of education. It was discovered, after a year's work, that a large majority of our schools throughout the nation are still not providing the necessary educational service to prepare the youth of America for effective living nor are they interested in the preservation of our democratic institutions.

This committee has recommended a new series of appropriations to begin July of this year and graduate to the height of \$199,000,000 by 1944. In contrast to this enormous sum deemed necessary for adequate training, the states are at present receiving only \$54,000,000. A certain point, concerning this allocation of funds worth more than a mere mention, was included in one of the individual committee member's report. He stated that no state is entitled to receive Federal aid unless it does all in its power to equalize the educational opportunities within its own borders. Evidently a number of school districts in the country have been noticeably delinquent in attempting to correct such faulty situations since there is an existing difference of \$100 between the amounts spent for education per child per year in the cases of two children of neighboring districts.

The new grants are to be distributed in a number of directions, reaching out to all forms of education in spheres of greatest inequalities according to the joint decisions of Federal and State officials. Benefiting by this allotment of funds are the elementary and secondary schools, universities, teachers colleges, State Departments of Education, the N.Y.A., the C.C.C., some private schools and the different districts and territories of the United States. Since more than half of the states are predominantly rural, there are nearly twice as many children in the country as in the city and since the farm population has a decidedly smaller income than that of the urban centers, Rural America is feeling the greatest need for aid and should therefore be proportionally cared for.

The aim of this extensive research and planning for allotment of provisions for the expanding and equalizing of educational opportunities has all been done to bring education out of the doldrums, to prepare a better crop of citizens from the youth of America.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a resume of a report by The Advisory Committee on Education, Washington, D. C.

Two Pictures

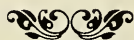
EVELYN A. FIEDLER

“Il Penseroso”

The anemic sun casts a straw-colored glow on the bare limbs of trees. Those are dead limbs—they are stretched out as if they had given up in despair and become rigid, stiffly moved only by the wind that is a culminating effort of winter. The voice of the sparrow, waiting for the return of his neighbors, is brave but betrays his sadness. Sorrow is in the very air—the gloom of the Earth is reflected in the clouds. There is a sound of suffering—a little child, weeping. The Earth is putting forth an agony of effort to accomplish something—but seems to have failed in its struggle—all hope is futile. Will life never come?

“L’ Allegro”

The radiant sun sends its yellow gleam upon the limbs of trees. Those are stretching limbs, yawning after a nap. Little green leaves have burst the doors of their gray prisons and have made them cradles in which they are rocked by a tender, caressing breeze. A robin sings a joyous song of greeting to his returned companions. There is the happy laughter of children gathering the flowers the earth has put forth. The appearance of death has been overcome; Nature invites all to experience the glorious blessings Spring offers.



Treasures

Some treasure gold.
Some grasp at fun.
Others for fame
Must strive.
I grant them all
Their worldly goods.
I just love
To be alive.

Gardenitis

VIOLETTE HODDINOTT

RISING above the worries of galoshes, furlined gloves, and Rem, a garden jostles its way through crowds of winter thoughts to a secluded corner in the minds of thousands of suburbanites early in February.

Even in March when the potential diggers may attempt to buy seed and new implements, "gardenitis" is not considered perilous. The malady is generally contagious; it may be contracted by boys under the age of fourteen years who are not yet subject to the de-energizing effect of growing up; literary minded matrons too, have been known to be attacked by a disease called "Back-to-the-Earth Movement" which is not unlike the disease under discussion.

When the first pink buds burst open and fresh, tingling smells are emitted from the renascent earth, the patient is moved to physical activity. Sufferers under observation have been allowed to barge outdoors after supper each night, dig madly in the fresh earth, cast seed into furrows, and then water the hole. This work is practically always within the limits of a thirty-six foot square, but the worker returns to his home utterly exhausted and sleeps soundly. Such conduct exacts heavy toll from office duties the following morning, but he who is affected will repeat the procedure nightly with slight variations throughout April and part of May.

Activity slows down and almost ceases during late May and all of June. It seems that the afflicted feel that the garden can be left to its own resources.

However, in early July restlessness is noted. The patient insists upon presenting his family and friends with worm-eaten tomatoes, small, thin ears of corn, and bitter lettuce leaves. He seems to believe firmly in the products of his labor and becomes sullen and morose if sufficient praise is not given the vegetables. This stage continues through July and some of August.

It has been noted that the malady lasts anywhere from six to nine months, depending upon the length of the growing season in the place where the patient lives and plants. Usually, in our part of the country, by September the fifteenth all signs of the disease are gone and the patient appears to be normal. However, in every case observed the trouble has broken out again in February and the same symptoms and effects are noted. There are no crises and no foreign germ can be found in the blood of the patient. Doctors have high hopes that with the event of penthouse apartments the malady will be conquered.

Here is a problem for our scientific minded younger generation which complains that "everything's been done before".

Doorknockers

MAY LOVE

Doorknockers are divided into two groups; beggars and canvassers. When a man has acquired bushy hair and several layers of the good earth on his clothes and body, and when his clothes are ragged and worn and shabby and he has lost all his friends, he is a beggar.

A beggar comes to your back door, knocks weakly and retreats when you answer, mumbling an apology and asking humbly for a bite of bread or an old coat. If you refuse him he says no more but shuffles off. He never argues with you, but often stands at the door until you have to remind him that you answered him once.

However, when a man takes his last dollar to put a crease in those checked trousers, brush up that plaid coat, and buy a spotted tie to go with the outfit, he is a canvasser . . . providing he is effervescent with compliments for the housewife.

The canvasser stands on your front porch like a king on his throne, and offers you a few moments of his precious time while he shows you the product the whole world is using and which you naturally want to have in your own home. Refuse him, and he runs a comb through his slick, black hair, gives you a Clark Gable smile with teeth in it, remarks soothingly under his moustache that you misunderstood him and begins telling you what a lovely home you have and that you don't look a day over thirty. Certainly a person of your intelligence realizes the excellence of this product.

Beggars and canvassers are alike in many ways. One is that they both can be trusted—to worry you to death. Neither will they fail you. All doorknockers are highly explosive, and are dangerous in inexperienced hands.



A New Version

"Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellation.

Interrogatively and inquiringly do I question your constituent elements
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere.

Similar to a carbonaceous prism suspended in the celestial firmament."

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets around.

What's Your Batting Average?

A POTENTIAL PROFESSOR

THE staff of the *Tower Light*, constantly on the alert for new features and articles to please its readers, again scoops the journalistic world and presents for the first time an intelligence test that is as accurate as it is possible to make an intelligence test. If you can pass this test you are a person of rare intelligence and will undoubtedly go far in your chosen profession.

Directions—

Read the following questions over carefully. *Think* before you answer. After you have completed filling in all the blanks, enclose your answers in an envelope along with a copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and send to the *Tower Light* office. The person making the highest score is entitled to a trip to Atlantic City at his own expense.

Here are the questions—

1. Could you tell offhand in what year the present college building was erected?
2. Can you tell how many members are on the faculty?
3. How many students are enrolled in the campus school?
4. How many students are enrolled in the college?
5. A certain sophomore goes around the building annoying everyone because the straps on his book bag are always dragging the floor. Do you know his name?
6. Do you know the name of the oldest member of the faculty? (that is, oldest in the point of service)
7. What freshman is becoming well known for his renditions of "Rosalie"?
8. There are thirty-seven students in the college who habitually go to sleep in the assembly. Do you know their names?
9. Who was Dr. Tall's immediate predecessor?
10. Who makes all the noise in the men's room?
11. Who wrote with chalk on Mrs. Brouwer's new picture screen?
12. How do *you* know?
13. Whose honey are you?
14. Are you sure?
15. What members of the faculty are found in "Who's Who"?
16. What great event comes off in May, here at the college?
17. Give the name of a show (if possible) that was better than the Men's Revue.

18. Would you say the number of vernaculars spoken here at the college is nearer to ten, eighteen, or twenty-four?
19. What two members of the student body have advanced a theory that will supplant the "planetesimal hypothesis"?
20. What event is about to take place in various high schools around the state which is of vital importance to the future of the college?



Verbal Nonesense

LEON DONNER

resin—a dried grape; as, he could eat resin after resin.

amour—a tool; as, he drove the nails in with his amour.

affection—that which causes a disease; as, the disease was the result of a minor affection.

a la carte—an Italian wagon.

Amazon—bewondering, strange; as, what he saw was Amazon to the eyes of any man.

languish—a form of speech of a group of people; as, the people spoke in a strange languish.

calorie—the second balcony at Fords; as, they watched the show from the calorie.

cache—to capture or seize; as, he tried to cache the man.

calcium—an open air theatre; as, the Romans held many plays in the calcium.

coax—an instructor in athletics; as, he was a well known football coax.

coke—a refreshing drink; as, he drank a coke to refresh himself.

commend—to remark; as, he made a favorable commend about the school and its organization.

phosphate—a mask; as, he wore a phosphate in the play.

console—a government official; as, the office of the console was in Washington.

binnacle—a card game; as, he loved to play binnacle with his friends.

coed—a set of laws; as, a coed of ethics.

caption—a head official, a leader; as, he was the caption of the team.

caramel—a desert animal; as, a caramel has a hump.

centaur—a congressman; as, he is a well known centaur.

caucus—anything decayed; as, the animal's caucus was all that remained.

champagne—a hero, a victor; as, he was a champagne boxer.

chemical—funny, humorous; as, the joke was a chemical one.

fable—weak; as, the old man was very fable.

singe—an easy task; as, it is a singe to do.

chafe—a leader; as, an Indian chafe.

The Eighteenth Century Coffee House

JESSIE HOLLENBERRY

The dictionary defines a club as "an association of persons united in a common interest, meeting for good fellowship, or for a common purpose". In the days of Dryden and Addison, the people of England had no organized clubs or clubhouses. They did, however, have coffee houses. These coffee houses reached their greatest popularity in London for they provided a place where the Londoner could meet his friends, hear the latest news, look over the recent journals and literary pamphlets, have a cup of coffee, and entertain a guest; all for a penny or two. It was most convenient for him to make appointments with his friends in a particular part of the city and to pass the evening at small cost. Since this was true, the fashion spread very quickly; the coffee house became an institution of London and other British cities.

No one who could pay for his cup of coffee was excluded, but there was a great difference between the various houses. Every profession and rank had its own coffee house which took its color from the locality. There were those with a literary atmosphere, and those given over to political discussions. The greatest of all clubs devoted to literature was the Literary Club, founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson. Each political party had its own coffee house where a man went to hear the opinions of politicians and the latest court and city happenings. Steele in "The Tatler" commented as follows on the difference between the many coffee houses: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's chocolate house; poetry, under that of Will's coffee house; learning under the title of the Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you shall have from St. James' coffee house". Since the coffee houses were the organs through which the people expressed themselves, Steele visited the various houses and printed the news he heard in his weekly paper.

With the passing of time a change took place in the original simple coffee houses. By the time of Samuel Johnson some of them became mere places of eating and drinking; others were almost entirely devoted to gaming and drinking. Still others developed into modern literary, social, or gaming clubs. When this change occurred, the coffee houses lost their wide reaching political influence and became similar to the clubs of today.

That Fellow With a Line

I LOVED it—I just ate it up. What beautiful phrases, what true sentiment he presented. His eyes were so trustful, his words so elegant. Why not believe him, it sounded so real, so truthful. After all, I had always believed my eyes were beautiful; my fingers, long and graceful; my teeth pearly white. Even if he were the first to voice his admiration, others had certainly thought it. A warm spot was growing in my heart. To make sure of him I said, "Oh, I bet you tell that to all the girls." A moment later I was sorry I had said that, for such a hurt, surprised, and reproachful look I had never seen on anyone's face. I was convinced, he really meant it! Ah, how I enjoyed listening to one who my beauty extolled, my virtues praised and my intelligence lauded. My confidence grew and I really felt good. I knew I looked well—for he had said so. He said my eyes were as blue as the heavens, my lips as red as rubies and my teeth pearly white. Ah, such originality, what deep cognizance of my value. It was wonderful that he should notice tiny things of which I was so proud. No one else had noticed the graceful tilt of my head, the soft roundness of my arms. At last I was being appreciated, at last I was being taken at my full worth. I was very happy. I was sure I could always be happy.

I had to leave him to say hello to a friend nearby. It hurt me to leave and I knew it hurt him. Later when I returned I saw that he was gone. I searched and found him behind a large fern. I went over. He was talking to Helen. What could he see in her? Why everybody knows she's a "jerk". What's that he said? No, no, it can't be right. I must be hearing things. Her fingers aren't graceful. It's all, all, all a lot of "tommy rot". Her fingers aren't graceful. Oh, I thought he meant it. Horrors, I believed that rascal. Oh, I'm so unhappy! I went over to see Jane and perhaps cheer up. Jane was glowing with an inner light. I wondered why she should be so happy when I felt so low. I was soon to know for Jane could no more keep anything to herself than a leaky bucket can refrain from leaking. She had met the only one. He really understood her. He told her of her great intelligence and wit. He appreciated her. He noticed her soft arms and graceful fingers. He praised her vocabulary and her style of speaking. He said that she—and on and on and on. I listened patiently but I was surprised for Jane was rather homely. I asked who this dream man was. It was—yes, the very same one. What a lover and what a line!

Blue Monday

REUBEN MILLER

You hear the bell ringing and start in a-singing, glad that you're through for the day;

To the lib'ry you hurry and, midst all the flurry, take the volumes that you've hid away;

To Miss Yoder you barge so that she may them charge, and let you go off to your biz;

And then while they're checked, you wonder by heck why you have to go through all of this.

When you're finally through with the routine and to your locker you walk light of heart,

What a setback you get when you find that you're met by that guardian of musical art—

After all of that trouble you find that Miss W. stands in the hall front and center!

So you try to sneak past but you feel an arm grasp at your shoulder bidding you enter

The portals of song. "Here's where you belong," you hear a familiar voice say;

"Come in here, you worm. How dare you, turn from the Glee Club rehearsal today?"



Father: "Mary, who was that man I saw kissing you last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

—*Exchange.*

What senior has more "cents" since the winter carnival?

According to Sydney Carton an enzyme is the lowest commissioned officer in the U. S. Navy.

The quality of chocolate is not strained;
It nourisheth him that buys and him that chiseleth;
'Tis tastiest of the tasty; it becomes
The college student better than his gum.

ANONYMOUS.

Sixty Minutes; Life and Death

BERNICE EISENBERG

The emergency light in the dim corridor of Forest Hill Hospital was signaling Nurse Fergeson to the operating room. By the hysterically rapid blinking of the light, she knew that she was being called to an emergency case. As she moved rapidly down the corridor, she presented an image of efficiency. Her black hair was drawn tight under her "fly-away" cap of white organdy. Her crisply starched apron and skirts swished around her firm legs. Fearless, determined she was, as she pushed open the swinging doors and entered the Surgery. Everything was in an undertone of well-ordered hustle and hurry as she made ready for the operation. After her sterile, clean unpressed gown and mask had been tied on, she took her place at the right of the operating surgeon. A single moment—everyone stood poised, ready to begin.

"Scalpel", the doctor requested from Miss Fergeson. With automatic speed and skill each instrument was lifted out of the tray, and put into the steady and waiting hands of the surgeon.

Forty minutes of intense strain and labor, and the operation was successfully over. The patient was wheeled out and the orderlies began their task of cleaning up. Nurse Fergeson took off her mask and gown. She washed her hands and left the room.

Down in the main corridor the light was again blinking—children's ward calling Nurse Fergeson!



Horses on the Hill

EUNICE KIRCHENBAUM

I saw some horses on a hill,
An etching, black and white and still
Except for tails which switched to try
To weave a pattern in the sky.
I saw some horses on a hill,
I see them now; again I thrill.

A Thought

JAMES JETT

Through the twilight of Winter I see
Cheerful Spring beck'ning gaily to me.
Winter's sunset is yon crimson bird
Whose sweet note is Spring's awakening word.

"Die Hard"

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

THE old man got off the train at the station. He stood for a moment gazing from beneath shaggy eyebrows at the crowd milling around him; then he slowly wended his way to the street. He appeared to be in his late sixties; he carried a battered black suit case.

When he reached the street the traffic pounded an unmerciful tattoo on his aged ears, and the sunlight reflected from the buildings across the street blinded him with its brilliant glare. He waited patiently for the policeman to blow his whistle, then crossed slowly. In the distance he saw the black framework of the "L" and heard the rumble of a train of cars going by.

The old man walked on and on, eagerly scrutinizing the street posts. He seemed perplexed. At last he inquired of a window shopper, "Pardon me, friend, but could you tell me how I can get to—street?"

"Five blocks down," the man said pointing to the right.

The old man walked in the direction he had been told, ignoring the advances of numerous cabbies who approached him with the hope of getting a fare. His suitcase seemed heavy and he changed hands often. He came to the address he was seeking, a dingy office building wedged in between an alley and a warehouse. He paused and surveyed it before going in. The shadows under his eyes grew deeper, the wrinkles in his forehead spread as he looked.

He went in and asked the clerk where he could find Mr. Stark. The clerk pointed abruptly at the register. The man turned and looked down the list until he found the name he was seeking.

One elevator carried him to the fifth floor. He alighted. Before him stretched a dirty narrow hallway lined with many doors. He came to the number he was seeking, and opened the door. There, in a two-by-four anteroom sat a girl carelessly typing a few papers. The old man said, "Is Mr. Stark in?" The girl said that he was and went into the office to get him.

The old man let his heavy suitcase drop from his gnarled fingers, and without taking off his coat, which was very threadbare, he slumped into a chair.

After some time the girl returned and said, "Mr. Stark is not seeing anyone now. Could you come back later?"

The old man said, "Tell him it's his father."

The girl looked at him queerly and walked back into the inner office. After a tiresome interval Mr. Stark came out. He was a big

fellow, taller even than his dad. He had once been handsome but now his faced seemed lined and puffy.

"Hello, dad. My I'm glad to see you," he said in a forced manner.

The old man smelled liquor on his son's breath. He glanced at his son's suit. It was pressed but very shiny. Then he said, "How have you been, Frank?"

Without answering, his son beckoned him into his inner office. They entered, and Frank closed the door. The room was meagerly furnished with a desk and two chairs. A single window broke the full monotony of the bare wall. No sign of a paper was on the desk.

Frank pulled up one of the chairs for his father and sat down at the desk. Neither spoke for several seconds. Then Frank, without attempting to answer his father's question, blurted out, "How's mother, dad? Why didn't she come with you?"

The old man said, quicky, "She's fine. I wanted her to come but she said she had to stay and look after the farm. She's always afraid—well—afraid something will go wrong, you know."

Another silence ensued. Then the old man cleared his throat and said cheerlessly, "Frank, there's no sense in our beating around the bush. Why did you write us that you were doing so well and send us money, when in reality things were going so badly with you? You know mother and I would not expect you to help us under those circumstances. We've always managed to get along somehow and we could do it again. I happened to be in town, so I dropped in expecting to see you in good health, but I find you in this condition."

A look of hurt pride spread over Frank's soft face and his voice quavered as he spoke. "I knew you wouldn't expect it of me, dad, but things really did break for me until recently and I could well afford to send you the pittance I did. I was ashamed to discontinue it when my clients began to drop off, because I know what a struggle you and mother have trying to make ends meet out there on the farm."

"Why don't you come back to Linville with me, boy? You could set up a practice there and begin all over. The country air would do you a lot of good, too. You need a rest, badly."

Frank replied, "No dad, I'll stick. I've started this business and I'm not through yet." A strange, determined look spread over his face.

The old man rose and took the whiskey bottle from its half-concealed position in the desk drawer. With trembling hands he poured himself a drink and downed it hurriedly. He said, "Frank, I'd like to have taken lunch with you, but I have to go over to the slaughterhouse and then hurry home. Good by. Don't forget to write us."

He smiled warmly at his son. A faint touch of pride revealed itself

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in that smile. Frank helped him into his overcoat. Then, taking his suitcase in his hand he plodded down the corridor.

Frank went in the inner office and sat down.. He got out the whiskey bottle and started to pour himself a drink. Something powerful made him pause. Quietly then, he tossed the whiskey bottle, still half full, into the wastebasket and began to work on the few papers he had in the desk drawer.



Ruth rode in my cycle car
In a seat back of me.
I took a bump at fifty
And rode on Ruthlessly.



Homework

He parked the car,
He jumped without,
And as he held the door ajar
The girl stepped out.

They lightly tread,
Their fingers clasped,
But when they saw the scene ahead,
They stood and gasped.

The lake was still,
The water blue,
And through the trees upon the hill
The moon shone through.

"I told you so,"
He said with glee;
"There is no place like this to go
For green algae!"

M. W.

Ebb-Tide

F. E. FANTOM, '34

Softly the sun
Now glides on its way
Home to a bed
Made of clouds.
Glistening and yellow
Sparkled and jeweled
Tinting its jaunt
Down to earth.

Quietly now comes
The ebb-tide of life
Hearts now be joyful
But sad.
Crying and smiling
Loving and free
Winding their way
Down to earth.



Double Trouble

IRVIN EPSTEIN

Auto, auto, you're such a trouble.
You make my money seem like a bubble.
Every time I take you out,
You always seem to yell and shout,

"Get me gas!
Get me paint!
Feed me oil
Or else I'll faint!"

The way you shout,
And the way you holler,
One might think
I'm a Rock-o-feller!

Now, if you don't stop these spending ways
Soon 'twill be another one who pays.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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MARY E. McCLEAN

Assistant Editors

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EVELYN A. FIEDLER

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RUTH DUDDERAR

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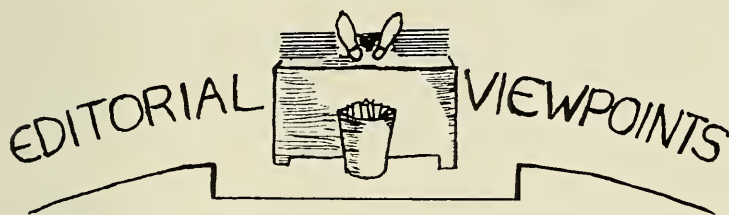
BELLE VODENOS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor



"TOWER LIGHT Deadline—today!" That is the ultimatum which sends shivers of excitement into the TOWER LIGHT editors' anxious hearts. For weeks they have been submitting frantic "Please write" announcements for assemblies, boring their friends with the standing request, and "putting the pressure" on section representatives. But material has merely trickled in—here a page, there a page drops into the basket. It looks as if some of the rejected material in the "bonepile" (filing cabinet to you) will have to be resurrected.

And then on the afternoon of the Deadline Day the dam is broken and a young flood resolves into a whirlpool of spellings to be checked, grammar to be corrected, too-pointed points to be censored, handwriting to be deciphered—all to be led into an orderly stream of typewritten articles. Then come hours of painstaking triplicate proof-reading, selecting, cutting, assorting, assembling, patching up—during which processes the material makes three round-trip transforming-excursions to the printer.

But when the last trip from the printer is completed, the joyous notice goes up: "TOWER LIGHTS are here!" Section representatives rush for their stack among the neatly ordered rows and a few minutes later readers in classrooms, the library, or on the street car are turning to the gossip column.

What do these readers say about the TOWER LIGHT? These are typical criticisms:

"I don't see why you don't print a lot of good jokes and stories like the University of ——— magazine. They have a lot of good original stuff."—"I think we buy the TOWER LIGHT because we want to read something of college interest. So you should have articles of just college interest."—"Why don't you have somebody draw some simple cartoons like they do for other college magazines?"

There are other suggestions which sound equally valid but which we could not follow if we wanted to—because (1) we haven't the money, or because (2) we do have to uphold certain literary standards for a state teachers college publication. But the inevitable "Why don't *you* do this"

or "Why doesn't the TOWER LIGHT do that" overlook the fact that the editorial staff corresponds to class officers: the editorial staff unsupported can no more make a successful magazine than can class officers alone make a successful class dance. We may want college-interest articles, good stories and original cartoons, just as much as the persons who made the suggestions. But we can fill space only with what is contributed; if no one writes what is desired, how can we print it?

The moral of all this? EACH STUDENT IS IN REALITY A MEMBER OF THE TOWER LIGHT STAFF AND AS SUCH IS VASTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING THE TOWER LIGHT. We "Eds" are only the clearing house.



Greetings! Auf Wiedersehn!

HENRY NORMAN STECKLER

Why such a title? After you have read and cogitated over this article somewhat, the reason for this antithetical appellation will seem obvious. To those Sophomores who are returning to us after being actively engaged in demonstrating their ability in the class rooms of our many elementary schools we extend our heartiest and sincerest reception. You may now free yourselves from that air of affectation and be your true selves. You may relax and look back over your experience and ask yourself if you have done your best; if not, resolve to do better the next time. Remember, when the supreme test comes again, the result is always determined by what has gone before, by preparation made to meet it. So to you we can merely say, "Get to work."

Our attention is next turned toward those who are going out for the first time. You are receiving the golden opportunity that you have been expecting. Do not bury your talents in a napkin. You have the ability; then why not use it? As you work in the early hours of the morning over lesson plans remember that sweating early in life will prevent suffering late in life.

Nil desperandum! Never say die!

The Library—At Your Service

The Late Mr. Lewis

CHARLES LEEF

I HAVE felt so strongly about Mr. Lewis' most recent book, *The Prodigal Parents*, that I am impelled to question the validity of Miss Irma Sennhenn's review of that book in the *TOWER LIGHT* of March. We are informed that this publication "is being received with great pleasure by his admirers", and "this novel is a typical product of the author's pen". As to the first contention, it is a matter of opinion. Undoubtedly the joyous clamour of the Philistines among his readers has been great; they have accepted it as a veritable Book of Apocalypse. But I know that among the many of his admirers who are inclined to be more sensitive and profound, the coming of this book has been a great sorrow. The master has gone from them and they are left with the realization of disillusionment. Can it be, they wonder, that the brilliant crusader—white hope of American letters, has abandoned the noble quest to enter the real estate business with friend George F. Babbitt?

But there is scarcely any question as to whether or not *The Prodigal Parents* is a typical Lewis book. It is definitely *not*. True enough, the subject matter is familiar, but the style of treatment and the social outlook with which it is imbued is the result of rapid cumulative degeneration which commenced with the potboiler *Work of Art*. This latest book has only a most superficial resemblance to such considerable pieces as *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*. It has none of their clarity of insight, cultural positiveness, or effective and skillful satire. It is a complete departure from the method of significant interpretation and has fallen as a result to outlandish folklore. The story is artificial in that it is not representative. The more thoughtful of today's young people are slandered perniciously—they are made to appear as degenerate young ingrates who plot insidiously to play havoc with all of the images of American righteousness and respectability. The construction has become a low order of verbal slapstick. Ostensibly, the sole purpose of the book is to recant publicly the vigorous invective against Mr. George F. Babbitt delivered in happier years. The pæan eulogizing the Middle Class to be found in these pages, attributing all of the human progress from digital opposition to vector analysis to these righteous brethren, will no doubt appease the Collegium of Philistines.

CHASE, STUART, *The Tyranny of Words*: New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1938.

"Please say what you mean!" How many times has this request been directed to you? Could you say exactly what you did mean? Undoubtedly not. People today do not say what they mean, according to Stuart Chase in his attack on the present day language. Here are a few of his examples: "Did you read Walter Lippman this morning?"; "Have you seen Mussolini's note on Spain?"; "Did you tune in on Nicholas Murray Butler?" No one read Walter Lippman; one read the newspaper. How absurd to think of tuning in on Nicholas Murray Butler! Mr. Chase points out similar absurdities in the fields of science, economics and politics.

Mr. Chase says that he began the study of semantics, the science of words and their meanings, when several book reviewers misinterpreted his books. Then, although he was by no means the first person to work along these lines, he set out to find if people really said what they meant. He found that most people did not. Words are used, the meanings of which are abstract. Very often the reader has little idea of what the writer is trying to say.

And to teachers! Mr. Chase says that all too often the teacher is speaking in an altogether different language from that of the children simply because she does not make concrete statements. Let us be especially careful in our choice of words so our classes know what we are talking about.

Whether you are a writer or a reader, a speaker or a listener, you will enjoy Mr. Chase's enthusiastic treatment of a vital subject. And you'll profit by it, too, because you will be more careful in trying to say exactly what you mean, and you will demand that your writers and your speakers do the same.

KATHERINE FEASER.

TARKINGTON, BOOTH, *Rumbin Galleries*: New York, Literary Guild of America, Inc., 1937.

This latest novel of Booth Tarkington's, *Rumbin Galleries*, is full of adventures, one following another. It is positively miraculous how Mr. Rumbin, the owner of the galleries, gets himself into so many precarious situations, and equally miraculous how he gets out of them so gracefully. His two assistants, Georgina Horne and Howard Cattlet, are quite naturally implicated in all their employer's escapades. These two provide the love interest of the story, with its inevitable outcome.

Mr. Rumbin is portrayed as the fat, jovial art dealer, and a very subtly sly one. But the reader could do just as well without his broken English. Miss Horne is the charming secretary whose gray eyes infatuate young Howard Cattlet. Howard, a college graduate, becomes an art

dealer's assistant quite by accident. Surely it was not his intelligence or unusual alertness in seeing the hidden meaning of even a slightly uncommon situation that helped him in procuring the position.

There is no definite plot to the story. Mr. Rumbin, after employing Howard as his assistant, jumps enthusiastically into procuring an ideal client. Mr. J. Kingsworth Hollins is the victim, though quite accidentally. Mr. Rumbin, instead of selling Mrs. Hollins some pictures, redecorates her apartment and interests Mr. Hollins in "objets d'art". Mr. Hollins, in turn, sends his business friend, Mr. Milton Wilby, to the galleries. Mr. Rumbin sells him, unknown to himself, a worthless forgery, and has to do some very quick acting to get it back and out of circulation. This problem of forgery comes up several times within the course of the book, but is always successfully coped with.

Unexpectedly Mr. Rumbin has the occasion to do business with the most famous of all art collectors, Mr. Halbert. This gives him much prestige in the eyes of the other dealers. It is Mr. Rumbin's turn to condescend to speak to those men who formerly viewed him with distinct scorn.

Rumbin Galleries moves up to 56th street. Howard's salary is raised to equal that of Georgina's, so that Howard may feel perfectly at ease when he asks her to marry him.

Taken as a whole, the book is rather interesting. But I would not recommend it to the person who is looking for a book that will keep him completely absorbed from beginning to end. *Rumbin Galleries* leaves the reader with a feeling of futility and utter lack of enthusiasm. There is no doubt in my mind that Booth Tarkington has written better novels.

DOROTHY SISK.

ZWEIG, STEFAN, *The Buried Candelabrum*: New York, The Viking Press, 1937.

In the literary world today, Stefan Zweig stands out for his rejection of naturalism when every other writer is clamoring for it. He leaves to others the labored and painstaking descriptions of the confusion of life and devotes himself to the ancient and traditional art of story telling. This is the purpose of all his works and particularly of *The Buried Candelabrum*. Here is a human legend told simply and yet with a rare emotional quality. It retells an old Jewish story of the seven-branched candlestick which once stood in the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem and which Titus brought back with him to Rome after the destruction of the Temple. Here it stayed until the year 455 A.D., when the Vandals plundered Rome and carried off the solid gold Menorah with the rest of the loot. A little boy, Benjamin Marnefesh, was among those who had a final glimpse of the sacred object,

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and it is chiefly his story to which the book is devoted. For eighty-eight years, he wandered over the world following the lampstand and finally won it from Justinian after the sack of Carthage. Then he buried it in an unmarked grave in the Holy Land hoping that once it came to rest, the wanderings of his people would cease.

Zweig has made no effort to do anything but simply relate a story; there is no searching for reasons behind actions and practically no characterization. There is just enough description of time and place to identify the scenes.

Yet through the entire book runs a sensitiveness and poignancy which should place this book with the better volumes of its kind.

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN.

NATHAN, ROBERT, *Winter In April*: New York, Alfred A. Knopf.

Do you remember when you were fifteen and fell in love with a man who was twenty-five? Do you remember all the heartache, pain and ecstasy of that period?

This story shows the tolerance and understanding of grandfather, who has grown wise with age, of Ellen, his granddaughter, when she becomes infatuated with his young German exile secretary. Grandfather's simple, unaffected philosophy in regard to her emotional growing-up is reflected in the simplicity and naturalness of the author's style.

Mr. Nathan's choice of words makes us understand the adolescent Ellen, the gentle exile, and the sympathizing grandfather.

Wouldn't you like to relive this period in your life?

MARY HUTTON.

CURIE EVE, *Madame Curie*; Translated by Vincent Sheehan, New York, Doubleday Doran and Co. 1937.

One of five children born of a consumptive mother, and an intellectual worn out by work — this is Marie Sklodovski — later Madame Curie — the discoverer of radium.

The struggles, tricks, and happiness of her entire life and that of her parents and family is told.

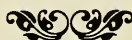
After the death of their mother and sister, Marie's father tried to train and educate his children as well as possible. Every Saturday for years, the father, his son, and three daughters spent the evening in pursuit of literature. The now old man recited poetry or read aloud, while his children listened in rapture. Because of their father the four children lived in an intellectual atmosphere of rare quality known to few young people of that age.

As a young girl, Marie was a self-sacrificing sister who worked as a governess for three years so that her older sister could have the educa-

tion she wanted. Her sister helped Marie when her turn came to get her education in Paris. It was here that one of the sweetest and oddest love stories happened. Marie, a Pole, had struck love and marriage out of her life. The poor girl, disappointed and humiliated in the failure of her first idyll swore to love no more. Pierre Curie, a Frenchman, had devoted body and soul to scientific research, had married none of the insignificant or nice little girls who came his way. He was thirty-five years old. He had loved no one until he saw a woman genius. He said "Women of genius are rare". Marie and Pierre worked side by side on a study of the magnetic properties of various steels, and after two years they were married. Two years later they were blessed with a baby girl.

You are probably saying, "What about Marie Curie's discovery of radium? I will try to tell just enough about that to arouse your interest. The discovery of Henry Becquerel's about uranium fascinated the Curies. The question in their mind was to find out the nature of this radiation. Marie was given the free use of a little glassed in studio on the ground floor of the School of Physics where her husband taught. Her first result after several months of hard work was that Marie Curie found a new element—radium. Did or could Marie stop here? Experiments from 1898 to 1902 were carried on. The never ending hard work of the Curies is told in detail in the later pages of this book written by the youngest of their two daughters.

VIRGINIA ARNEAL.



Spring Session

MILDRED HAMENT

Outside the wind blew bitter and cold;
The trees stripped of leaves stood naked and bold
Snow lay on the ground so still and white,
An image of winter in the still, dark night.

Inside music played light and gay—
Figures were twirling in colorful array,
The windmill was turning, tulips were in bloom,
And happy laughing voices echoed in the room.

Defying the weather—turned out much fun
With gay atmosphere substituting for sun,
The Freshman Dance was in full swing,
The whole class thought they made quite a fling.

Teachers College Record

Alumni News

I. *Executive Committee Meeting:*

On the evening of January 26 the Executive Committee of the Baltimore Unit of the State Teachers College Alumni met at the home of Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough to lay plans for the February meeting of the Unit.

It was agreed that the meeting should be held at the Maryland Institute on February 12. Mr. Bergen was instructed to invite Miss Louise Carper, Vice-principal of School Number 228, to address the meeting.

Mr. Gersuk presented an article on dues, which the Constitution of the Association has lacked, and the Committee approved it in a slightly modified form.

Plans for a theatre benefit and a card party were tentatively laid.

The Committee voted to subscribe two dollars to the Card Party Committee of the General Alumni Association, the money to be used for the purchase of prizes.

Miss Scarborough produced refreshments which caused the Committee to reject as ill-considered its earlier conviction that central location is the primary requisite of a suitable meeting-place.

II. *Unit Meeting:*

About thirty members of the Baltimore Alumni Unit met in the Design Room of the Maryland Institute at two o'clock on Saturday, February 12. Dr. Tall sent her regrets, but the College was represented by Miss Scarborough and Miss Van Bibber.

For the first time in the Association's brief history, the speaker of the occasion was a member of the Unit, Miss Louise Carper. Last summer she made a tour of the world, largely by airplane, and her experiences and observations furnished her with an abundance of interesting material which she enlivened by the insertion of numerous anecdotes. The hundreds of pictures and numerous art objects which she had collected in the course of her tour aided in making her recountal vivid.

After the address a short business meeting was held. The treasurer's report showed the comfortable balance of \$34.58. The membership of the Association indicated a considerable growth, almost fifty new members having joined in the interval since the last meeting.

Final approval was given to Mr. Gersuk's article on dues. The Constitution of the Unit is now complete.

Chairmen were appointed to take charge of the organization of certain groups of members having kindred interests. They are:

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Miss Isabelle Summers.....	Ice Skating Group
Mr. Edward Gersuk.....	Roller Skating Group
Miss Charlotte Harrison.....	Bowling Group
Miss Alice Zerbola.....	Bicycling Group

A discussion of the feasibility of sponsoring a theatre benefit this year was dropped in favor of a card party which will be held, probably, in April. Miss Catherine McHale, Secretary of the Unit, agreed to request certain members to serve on the committee promoting the party.

A motion to hold the next meeting of the Unit in the Glen at the State Teachers College was approved.

Refreshments were served after adjournment.

III. *Announcements:*

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Cooper of Glen Burnie are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at the University Hospital. Mrs. Cooper is the former Miss Anna Mettee Pridham of Pasadena. The baby will be named Douglas Pridham Cooper.



Chi Alpha Sigma Winter Meeting

A luncheon meeting of the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity was held on Saturday, March twelfth at the Longfellow Hotel. Five new members were initiated: Helene Davis, Sarah Strumsky, Louise Drake, Beverly Courtney, and Louise Gerhart. After the luncheon Miss Ernestine Becker, Assistant to Dr. McCollum of the School of Public Health and Hygiene of Johns Hopkins University, gave a delightful talk on "Vitamins in Relation to Nutrition and Diet".



Notes From the Glee Club

On March thirtieth the Glee Club gave a program on Station W. B. A. L. to aid the local unit of the National Red Cross in its annual roll call. We felt quite honored to be selected to support such an important and worthy cause.

Another roll call in which we are assisting effectively, we hope, is the enrollment campaign of the college. Bus loads of Glee Club members will visit high schools in various parts of the state in the interest of S. T. C.

On May seventeenth there will be another important performance for our one hundred men and women, when we shall sing for the Quota Club.

Ye Orchestra

SIDNEY BAKER

AS busy as can be, yet not preparing for any immediate program. Keeping fit, yes, that's what an orchestra has to do in order to merit praise. And ours does.

The Men's Revue as ever before knocked at the orchestra's door. It told us that it needed a few soloists, a jazz band and musical persons in charge of the general musical activities. In response to the requests the orchestra men detached themselves from the orchestra to form smaller musical groups and help shape up the revue.

It must be remembered that this is a Sophomore Issue and that neglect of the Sophomores is an unpardonable sin: the brass ensemble proudly boasts of an all-Sophomore membership which is something worth speaking of.

The forthcoming programs that have been contemplated are the programs for the Red Cross, the date still pending, and another of the ultra, ultra programs (all orchestra program) sometime during the latter nine weeks. For the orchestra program we will probably play Victor Herbert selections which are favorites with the students.

Instead of practicing in the orchestra room we have moved to the elementary school auditorium for reasons pertinent to the perfection of tone volume.

At the request of the orchestra members Miss Prickett is allowing them to work out their own arrangement of one composition.

The violin ensemble is preparing a number with a new arrangement of players at each desk. This gives every one an opportunity to have practice in hearing parts.

P. S. We didn't agree on the date!



Youth's Pilgrimage

RUTH R. ROSEN

ON March 10, 11, and 12 the annual Youth Pilgrimage assembled in Washington, D. C. for the third consecutive year to demand the heritage of youth: the right to work, and educational opportunities. Sponsored by the American Youth Congress, thousands of young people journeyed from all over the country to Washington.

Among the highlights of the program were: hearings before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor on the American Youth Act; public meeting at Howard University; and reports of delegates who met with President Roosevelt. Two plays were presented, the first

dealing with relief conditions and the second, the American Students' Union's musical hit, "Academic Epidemic". On Saturday a parade was held. Young men and women representing all states marched through the streets of Washington singing and bearing banners declaring a variety of slogans. One banner, borne by a lanky, shaggy youth, stated: "My Gal Won't Marry Me Until I Get A Job!" The majority read: "We're the Youth of the Nation; we want jobs and education." Students of Swarthmore, dignified in their caps and gowns, marched shoulder to shoulder with delegates of Southern Negro Youth.

These young Americans joined together to support legislation such as the following: the Schwellenback-Allen Resolution, which would guarantee that all unemployed unable to find work in private industry be given jobs under the Works Progress Administration; the American Youth Act, which would broaden the N. Y. A. to give more jobs, education and vocational training to young people; the Harrison-Fletcher-Black Bill, which provides for the appropriation of funds to assist the States and Territories in providing more effective programs of public education; and the Nye-Kvale Bill, which would make it impossible for any educational institution to receive federal funds for support if it includes compulsory R. O. T. C. in its curriculum. They enlisted their efforts in the war against venereal diseases, and advocated a stand for world peace. Opposition was taken to the Sheppard-Hill Bill which provides for a war-time dictatorship of industry, education, unions, and press.



Many Happy Returns

Mid corsaged Senior judges, guests and friends the girls demonstrated! The Freshmen started the ball rolling by stunting Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs". The Sophomores, disguised as Colonials and Indians, evolved the American circle. The Juniors, with the hope of a future Broadway career, lilted around. Competitive spirit reached a "new high" as each respective class danced, tumbled, raced, and dodged. This contagion was evident in the boys' cheering squad.

There was a lull as each class sang its class song. Then all united and effectively sang their praises to Alma Mater.

A hushed silence enveloped the audience as Dr. Tall announced the inevitable—Freshmen and Sophomores share the cup!

Sign on a Scotch golf course:

Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling.

Rural Club

MARTHA SCHNEBLY

The Rural Club has spent this year in consideration of certain problems that concern our counties. The most outstanding of these were: "Library Conveniences" by Miss Johnson, "Rural Recreation" by Mrs. Coppage, "Youth's Place in Life" by Miss Emerson and "County Government" by Miss Risteau.

Two meetings were given to travel talks by Miss Van Bibber about New England and Canada, and by Miss Bersch about Mexico.

The Christmas meeting was a social gathering with poems, stories and songs presented by various members of the club. Our guests of the evening were Miss Scarborough and her sister.

Already plans are under consideration for an even more active program with the main topics centering around the historical and social interests of our state.



Snoop Box

Does it seem possible that one Junior has gone this far in college without knowing that *seeds* are *not* planted to raise *potatoes*!

The Sophomores deserve "A" in music after their evidence of unusual ability in creative work before Demonstration Night. How about it, Juniors?

Why were two faculty members so interested in inspecting dorm rooms last week?

Have the two Juniors recovered from the embarrassment of not being able to pay their bills at Towson's most outstanding restaurant?

We hope the new 9:55 bell on Sunday night won't create any serious difficulties in handling dates!

What would the Supervisor of Practice say if she knew that two student teachers have thought that "learn by doing" was "learn by 'Deweying' "?

Are red socks the only attraction in the freshmen health class now?

It seems as if one Junior we spoke of last month is giving Miss Dief a little competition in house-planning.

Dormitory Dance

A. K.

April showers may bring flowers in May
But to the Dormitory Dance,
Came girls in bright array.
Making a garden of spring colors,
Blossoming on April Fools' Day.

Dancing merrily to the music of Billy Isaac's Commanders the "flowers" drifted from dining hall to foyer. Those who did not wish to trip the light fantastic flaunted their skill at games from Jack straws to bridge. Every one had a grand time. "No fooling", we may have another one next year.



Time Flies!

This is the time to write about the baseball team. What baseball team? Do you call that a team? Yes, at last you may take pride in speaking of your ball club. As the Normal School was undergoing its metamorphosis into a college the schedule of our swatsmiths was also advancing itself from that of a high school to college level. As we look in retrospect we cannot but notice the one man who was instrumental in bringing about this change. We must take our hats off to Coach Minnegan; he really has done a fine job. With a student body of less than a hundred men and the difficulties of student teaching, he has been able to compete with major colleges, many of which subsidize their athletes. State Teachers thrilled you with a fine basketball squad and will continue to excite you with a formidable group of batters and fielders. Let us support him and his team. Thanks for sparing a few minutes of your time with me.

P.S. Did you see the Hopkins game? Try not to miss our next game.

"How did you happen to oversleep this A. M.?"

"There are eight of us in the house and the alarm was set for only seven."

"My son's home from college."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."

Assemblies

FEBRUARY 28, 1838

Miss Bersch spoke to the assembly about a weird experience that she had on her trip last summer in Mexico. The officials in a Mexican city had for many years been looking for a garden plot which they knew from surveying records to be in the city, and which they had located from the air, but which they had been unable to find from the ground. After a long search they came upon the clues to the vanishing plot of land.

Miss Bersch was a member of a party of tourists who visited the secret convent which the officials found. Cleverly concealed push buttons opened sides of walls into long corridors of nuns' cells. From one of these rooms was discovered the garden plot in which the nuns took their exercise. In another room was an awe-inspiring realistic representation of Da Vinci's "The Last Supper". In the chapel, which had remained a mystery until recently, were the terrible implements of punishment by which the nuns did penance, and in a glass jar on the altar was the heart of the man who had built the convent. The nuns who entered this convent forsook all contact with the outside world, and only for Mass were they permitted to look through holes in tiles at the congregation which could not see them. Bodies and skulls of the nuns who had died were found in the crypt in the grotto.

After going through another secret contraption, Miss Bersch's party found themselves once more outside the building, only a few feet from the police station. The authorities had been looking for twenty-five years for a thing which was literally under their noses.

MARCH 3, 1938

Dr. John French, the librarian at the Johns Hopkins University, spoke to the assembly on the "Lyric Tradition of Maryland". He was for ten years head of the Department of English at the University, and was therefore well equipped to speak of the literary history of Baltimore as representative of Maryland. Dr. French spoke of the poetry as being not memorable, but having an endearing quality all its own. He read from the works of five poets, after having spoken briefly about the life and career of each: Edward Pinckney, Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier, John Bannister Tabb, and Lizette W. Reese. The first four were not born in Maryland, but they all echoed their love for this state in their poetry. Dr. French concluded his talk with the statement that all cities

have some quality in common. It is the literary lyric tradition which distinguishes them one from the other.

MARCH 4, 1938

Mr. Gardner Jencks, a concert pianist, favored us again this year as last with a piano recital. The selections he played were in three groups. Two short sonatas—the first light and simple, the second fantastic, made up the group of early Italian music. The Debussy compositions were "Evening in Granada", a weird yet soothing sort of melody, and "Joyous Isle", a gay, fast moving selection. The final group by Brahms included two Intermezzi and his "Rhapsody", the latter a special request.



Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

When the monkey went to the tea party, a little boy reached over, picked him up, and called him Mike.

Mike's half closed eye prevented his seeing everything in the room. His other eye was wide open but the half-closed one interfered with his usual activities. The man at the toy shop, who painted Mike's eyelids, had looked up from his work and because of that little carelessness the monkey had only half an eye in the left part of his head. After his eyes had been painted, the man next to the "Eye Man" bent Mike's feet and hands, so that he could be placed on the edges of furniture. His life was made up of hanging on radios, chairs, or bookcases. He wished people would remember to keep his head turned so that he could see everything that passed by. Someone reached up and took Mike off the mantelpiece. The telephone bell rang and the same someone set Mike on the edge of the rug. Mike couldn't hear anything being said—in fact he was thinking of himself. There he was in a most un-monkey like attitude—sitting on the edge of a rug! His feet and hands were stuck out straight in front of him, his long tail lay lazily on the floor. He heard scampering dog feet come down the hall—there was a sudden impulse to draw in his feet and hands—he couldn't do it. Boag and Patsy both turned the corner, fell over Mike's legs and walked slowly over to the monkey. They looked at him.

"Why did you stick your legs out, Monkey?" they screamed.

Mike smiled a little. He assumed no responsibility for his legs and arms. But suppose he had been silly enough to stick out his neck. Some people *were* that silly. The writer of this column for instance! Boag and Patsy asked the monkey why he was smiling and when he told them they all laughed. A long discussion—then a decision. "Anyone who is crazy enough to write doings of 'faculty babies' (last month's TOWER LIGHT), deserves the very worst."

THE TOWER LIGHT

Boag interrupted the decision—"But the worst wasn't so bad—consider some of the good sports."

Sports—Concrete evidence of a *very good sport*—"To the TOWER LIGHT: Had Patsy done more research concerning life one hundred years ago, she would have found that parental discipline was such that I might, with great pleasure, smash a window . . . well . . . only one."

LOUESA J. KEYS.

There were other evidences of good sportsmanship—too numerous to mention. (We have a grand faculty—please do not include me in the list—but fill in the blanks ———— etc., etc.)

Not so good sports—They were too difficult to find.—

Note to faculty—Thank you!

Note to students—When I consider this faculty in relation to you—then you in relation to this faculty—it prompts me to say—you are fortunate and so are we.

Hopes—That Miss Scott feels much better.

That Miss Cook give a talk in assembly.

That some organization give a play—outdoors—in the glen.

That classes be held in the glen whenever possible.

That the New York "trippers" have a grand time.

That Miss Tansil stop finding so many things to check and double check (especially during spring).

That the faculty finally realize the importance of either returning books in a reasonable time or paying a fine—(The students pay fines). I have some books from last term and consider myself on the black list, or shall I say, the list of "those who should know better"? I suggest through this column that some method be devised to fine us when we are delinquent in such matters.

That it be realized:

that the above suggestion does not come from librarian or library workers (just a thought from me when such thoughts drift toward a democratic society).

that the students be prepared to catch my dead body.

that Mr. Walther win his bicycle and baseball bat for suggesting the *Saturday Evening Post*.

that Miss Neunsinger realize it is unprofessional to wave to students.

that May Day pass without a feud.

that Miss Blood arrange for a fire drill.

that Dr. West keep such things as telescope paint, planet clay, and star effects on his work table.

that we remember to say "thank you" for all courtesies.

that Miss Bader arrange an exhibit concerning her Chinese art objects.

that Dr. Lynch and her section give a party and invite me.

THE TOWER LIGHT

that Miss Woodward give a talk in assembly on horoscopes, handwriting analysis, and the *Fortune* magazine.

that Mrs. Brouwer have another exhibit as good as the WPA one.

that Miss Birdsong tell us about her hobbies.

that we have more section assemblies—plays in the auditorium.

that Santa Claus leave us a gymnasium.

that Boag, Patsy, and Mike, the monkey, please leave the room soon so that I can end this.

They left!



So What?

By W. NORRIS WEIS

As an honorary editor of this Sophomore Issue of the TOWER LIGHT I felt it quite beneath the dignity of my position to write as a lowly columnist.* So, in accord with my policy of absolute diplomacy, universal suffrage, and equal rights, etc., I take pleasure in introducing the guest columnist of the month. She is none other than that sizzling, sophisticated, spontaneous, slap-sticking Sophomore, Miss Marjorie Cohen. Take it away, Margey!

* Editors' note: Oh well, it won't last.

So What?

By M. C.

Forthright Apologies

Inasmuch as Mr. Weis is taking a well-timed rest (in view of student teaching), it fell to our humble lot to continue his attempts to amuse you. With your permission, we carry on.

On the Rack

Apropos of nothing at all have you ever noticed that certain magazines are closely related in name or content to members of the Sophomore Class?

For instance:

Country Gentleman—N. Wilde.

Harpers Bazaar—P. Kuhn.

College Humor—W. N. Weis.

The New Masses—C. Leef.

The Log—Y. Belt, G. Sadler, A. Quintero, E. Weems.

Woman's Home Companion—S. Cohen.

Current History—R. O'Connell, W. N. Weis.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Tower Light—E. Fiedler.
Readers Digest—F. Kieval.
Design—D. Snoops.
Etude—T. Goedeke.
Forum—S. Cogswell.
The School Musician—S. Baker.
Good Housekeeping—B. Smiley.
Life—Sophomore Class.

And in Assembly

Two Glee Club members (Sophomores, too) who seem more interested in each other's conversation than in the general program. . . . A row of Soph. sopranos who are the same way. . . . Must be contagious. . . .

One dark-haired, dark-eyed Sophomore male who chronically lapses into slumber during the half-hour period. . . .

Ferdinand the Bull, a best seller, sending the Soph. altos into gales of suppressed giggles. . . . Really, girls, you could read the book in the library—call number is J. 973.

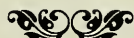
The First "Stein" of Spring

Sophomore Bard Kuhn offers this brief piece of poetic endeavor:

Day by day
In every each
I grow more as if
Don't it awful.

And What Has Become of

The gay times in 223?
The elegant picnic lunches in the glen?
The paper cups at the fountain near Miss Joslin's room?
The ink in the filler outside the Reference Room?
The morning "Student Serenade" on the street cars?
The tremendous lunches one Sophomore girl used to eat?
The stories about Texas by Miss Fiedler?
The slam books started by Sections 3 and 4 last year?



Can You Tell Us . . .

If you can answer all of these questions about Demonstration Night, you know a lot more than the rest of the college does!

Whose theme song is "Where, Oh, Where Is My Little Dwarf Gone?"

How the lower classman saw the Junior stunt *before* Demonstration Night? (No, Juniors, she was not in the balcony or behind the curtain. Guess again!)

Which blushing Sophomore rescued the ball from Dr. Tall's lap in the middle of Field Dodge?

What a certain Senior meant when she said to two Sophs, "Are you going to get fooled!" (Sophs' reply: "If the result of Demonstration Night is being fooled, we *love* it!")

Which well-known Sophomore (male), when breathlessly and triumphantly told, "WE WON!" by an equally well-known Sophomore girl, calmly inquired, "Won what?" (Now doesn't that "a-paul" you?)

Which faculty member went around college two days before the demonstration with a green paper shamrock and a red paper apple tucked under her belt?

Whether S. W. was for the Freshmen or the Sophomores? (I'll bet B. S. could help us with this one.)

Whether the Junior boys felt as bad as they sounded in assembly Friday?

Why everyone laughed when Dr. Tall exclaimed, "I'll never forget the dancing last night!" (I'll wager a certain blond Arkansas Traveler could tell you.)

Which table at the dorm had two sets of dessert plates for supper—and why?

Which faculty member was reported to have said, "I'd go without my dinner to see Demonstration Night!" (We don't know whether she went that far, but we did see her on the first row in the balcony.)

Why no one told Miss Birdsong that there was going to be a demonstration? (The "morning after" she asked a class of hilarious Sophomores, "Was something going on here last night?")

Who was the composer of the Junior men's original cheers?

Where you've ever seen better losers than the Juniors?



Under the Weather Vane

AS the March wind caught the weather vane in his arms and whirled it around and around it seemed to be trying to compete with the activities taking place under it. Just look inside the elementary school building and you will soon understand what a task it has set for itself.

The first grade took a trip to the Fire Department and are now able to tell just what is done in case a fire starts in our city. They also know how our city is protected against such hazards.

We no longer have a second grade for it has become a post office.

THE TOWER LIGHT

The postmaster and his clerks are right on the job sending mail to all parts of our country. They are also receiving mail and properly distributing it.

We find the third grade pupils as clean as they can be, for, you see, they have turned their room into a soap factory. But, indeed, that isn't all. They are also making quilts. How domestic our little third grade friends are, and just as busy as little bees.

Do you want to know what the weather will be for the morrow? Just ask any member of grade six. Because of their scientific study of the weather they now are able to forecast the weather for several days to come.

The seventh grade is in the throes of preparing a play based on their recent study of the life and work of Stephen Collins Foster. The setting is in Kentucky at the home in which Foster spent much time, and where he got inspiration for composing many of his songs.

The school orchestra had charge of a most enjoyable instrumental program, which was given before the assembly Friday, March 11. We were proud of the talent displayed by these gifted people of our school.

On and on will whirl our ever faithful weather vane, and with it will pass many more activities.



A Sunset

Have you ever seen a sunset from a mountain on a summer day? If you haven't you've missed one of nature's wonders. At first a great ball of flame seems to appear from nowhere. Then the sky turns a gorgeous purple; as the purple starts to fade you see a combination of many colors which ordinarily would clash but when painted by Mother Nature blend perfectly. As the birds sing their last good night song the valley is bathed in a radiant gold. The sun sinks beyond the hills, then all is still; the world has gone to sleep.

LUCILLE GORFINE.



The Policeman

Night comes stealthily on as a full golden moon looms over the tallest buildings of New York. In a distant section of the city a lonely policeman paces his beat whistling a sad tune interrupted only by the distant howl of a hungry dog. As the hours crawl by all becomes quiet and the policeman trudges home in the chilly night. Years later the same policeman is no longer seen, but is replaced by a new policeman who may tramp the same route for years.

BILLY MIDDENDORF.

A Busy Corner

With a glance at the tower clock you see it is five o'clock and out of the stores come the working people happy to be on the way home. As we stand and watch the surging crowd, we hear many different sounds. Up the street news boys are selling late editions and yelling at the top of their lungs, "Extra, Extra, Extra, read all about it!" Then comes the peanut vender yelling, "Peanuts, nice fresh peanuts", and the shrieking whistle on his cart adds to the turmoil. Street cars packed almost beyond capacity rumble by. The traffic is terrible, just one continuous stream of cars bumping fenders and blowing horns for all they are worth. A shrill whistle sounds, the cars stop, and the people pour into the street each headed for a different place. Almost as soon as they come, they go, and soon everything is back to normal once again.

DOROTHY EMERY.



Market on Friday

Although it was only nine o'clock the market was swarming with people whose motto, no doubt, was, "The early bird catches the worm". I looked sadly at first at my long shopping list, which had only two articles crossed off, and then at the enormous lady in front of me whose width was almost her height, and who completely blocked my view of the counter. She was arguing over the price of fish, which might have seemed large to me at any other time, but then I felt I would pay almost any price if I could only get some. I finally gave up in despair and bought sausage instead. As I was heading for the vegetable counter, I almost knocked over a small child who was being dragged along by a stern old nurse. The poor child disappeared among the crowd of shoppers, and I continued to plunge toward the vegetable counter. I was nearly there when a fresh young boy came barging by and upset my basket, which only contained sausage, upon the dirty floor. Before I could pick it up somebody rushed by and stepped square upon the sausage. It was squashed as flat as a pancake, and there was nothing to do but to go back and get some more, which took me hours. Finally, I found myself pushing again toward the vegetable counter. When at last I reached it, to my great disgust, I found the counter crowded with customers. One look was enough to convince me that it was no use trying to buy my weekly supplies at the market on Friday morning. Now I patronize a quiet grocery store where I can get what I want without noise or confusion.

JANE HUGHES

A Glimpse of An Oil Well

One of the most interesting things of the Southwest are the great oil fields. As our train pulls into Oklahoma City we are amazed by the great number of derricks which seem to be everywhere. We know that each one of these derricks means that there has at one time been an oil well there. We also see many storage tanks in which they store the crude oil. Near the railroad we see storage tanks and refineries. As our train leaves the city we pass a long freight train with its tank cars filled with crude oil. The train is taking oil to the Gulf Coast or to some city in the United States. When we get home we will probably be using some of the oil from this state.

ANNE NEWTON.



The Forty Niners

Reported by CHARLES GROSS

The Ethical Culture School of Brooklyn, New York has just this month been credited with the rebirth of their monthly publication. Their last school paper for some reason or other died out in 1935 after nine years' existence. Though probably stimulated by some adult in the school, the desire of the pupils to create, to experiment, and to display their ability had apparently lain too long dormant; the time was ripe. Just how much stimulation was necessary is not known, but if we are to judge by this initial issue it certainly indicates that the entire student body has entered into this project whole-heartedly, and enthusiastically. An amazing burst of energy has been released taking the form of poetry of all types, narration, current school news, various reports, and even short bits of original expression by the younger contributors. Although the editing is left solely in the hands of the seventh grade the whole school from pre-kindergarten to the eighth grade are participating generously in making their publication, *The Forty-Niner*, a lasting success. Their paper is justly comparable to our *Tower Light*, for what they lack at present in the way of fine paper, attractive covers and prominent advertisements is decidedly overbalanced by their evident sincerity, initiative, and the rare ability of some of the young authors. Naturally, the students will receive valuable experience, training, and no end of enjoyment from this group activity. We may safely say that if such enthusiasm and conscientious work persists *The Forty-Niner* will undoubtedly live on and attain a place of esteemed prominence among the successful ventures of the school.

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Baltimore, Md.

Rice Institute males battled for red-headed women before a recent dance for economic reasons.

Different prices were set on the heads of women, depending on color, and on the night of the shuffle "hue-determiners" posted at the doors judged the hair color of each incoming female. Fellows who escorted "sorrel-topped Susies" got two bits knocked off their admission price. Less fortunate men took brunettes, got a fifteen-cent reduction; and the least lucky, who brought blondes, got a ten cent down.

If she mentions a boy friend, try to say something in his favor or keep still.

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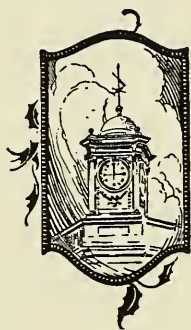
THE TOWER LIGHT

MAY
1938



JUNIOR ISSUE

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

MAY, 1938

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JANE DANIELS, *Junior Class Adviser*

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

MAY, 1938

No. 8

Junior Class Song

Music by

ESTHER BULL

Words by

SARAH HATTON *and* ESTHER BULL

We'll be loyal to our colors, blue and silver, bold and true,
Ever mindful of the friendships we have formed through you.
Our devotion will be lasting, even though we soon must part,
And our class will always linger in our hearts.

In our praises, Teachers College, we will also sing of you,
You have been our loyal guide in all the long years through.
We will never lose the memory of our college student days
May our hearts forever echo with thy praise.

Letters From France

JANE DANIELS

This winter I have been learning something about France and more about what one particular American college girl does in France. She is studying, and also teaching in a public school, Ecole Primaire Supereure (de jeune filles), in a small town in the south-eastern part of France very near the Swiss border. Her letters are long and full of enthusiasm, and very hard to read as she evidently writes in great haste. She skis in every letter and on practically every page. There is no school on Thursday, instead of Saturday as here, and they go up into the mountains every Thursday and Sunday. Between notes on skiing there have been bits about the schools and other general news which I have copied from her letters. I have included some of the skiing because it is so definitely a part of life in this section in the foothills of the Alps.

When I arrived last night they took me to Madame La Directrice—and she can't speak any English! She found some students who could speak a little English, and they brought me tea—tea in thick heavy white bowls—and then took me to my room, a fair sized one with grey and blue striped wall paper, a huge dormer window, a bed, two chairs, a desk, a wash basin (with running water), and a mirror; and there is central heating here so I won't have to have a little stove in my room!

The school is a very old building—it used to be a convent—and the halls have huge high white stone arches. The girls all wear smocks and felt slippers. Classes are very disorganized now because they're having examinations. Yesterday there were several girls sitting in the alcoves of the corridors crying because they had failed. The girls sleep in big dormitories—fifty in one room—separated from each other by little wooden partitions on two sides and curtains on the others. There are five hundred students in the whole school and about a hundred of them live here. The whole atmosphere makes me think of "Maedchen in Uniform"—the building, the girls. They aren't allowed to go out of the yard which is enclosed by a high stone fence and they spend their free hours walking back and forth in groups of six—three walking forward and three walking backward.

The wooden shoes here are covered with leather, so they look black and I didn't notice at first that people wore them. The little street that goes past my window is shut in on one side by the school, and on the other by high stone houses, so that every footstep and every bicycle bell echoes and re-echoes. I couldn't imagine at first why the footsteps that I heard at night sounded so heavy and so definite—not a shuffle but a real plop. But a great many of the shoes, even though they have leather uppers, are wooden soled. People can't do much Indian walking, I guess, with that kind of footwear.

THE TOWER LIGHT

I heard that there would be another American girl assistant at the Lycee here and the other day I set out to find her. I looked it up on the map and came to a high walled enclosure with a building inside that looked to me just like a French school. I rang the bell at the gate and a man stuck his head out of a tiny window at the top of the wall and asked what I wanted. I repeated my carefully rehearsed speech asking for the "jeune fille Americaine". He yelled "bah" and some other words I couldn't understand, and slammed down the window. Later, when I came upon the real Lycee, I discovered that the gate at which I had first knocked was the entrance to the district prison!

I have begun to have regular classes this week. I have nine. They are all huge, and nobody understands English. They smile and I smile and then we laugh—and I draw pictures on the blackboard to show what I mean. I carry a little notebook around with me all the time so that when I don't know the word I can draw it.

Books are so cheap here, I've spent most of the money I allowed myself for the month for books. —I am reading Rousseau. It makes it so much more interesting when you can walk around the places he walked, and see the houses where he lived.

Everyone goes to bed at 8:30 here, so I do too. I can go out in the evenings, but it is quite a process. I have to ask Madame La Directrice for the key, and she asks Madame l'Econom (I thought that was her name until yesterday, but it means the economist or domestic secretary). Then I have to go at 6 o'clock to get the key. By that time everyone knows that *I'm going to be out late*. All the girls "oh and ah", and wish they could go too and tell me not to drink too many cocktails. Evidently they think that's all Americans do in the evenings. I'm glad I brought my flash light because coming into the building after the lights are out is like exploring the catacombs.

We have lots of potatoes—and chestnuts and all sorts of wonderful cheeses. We have lots of funny things too—a kind of sausage made with blood of beef, and also wild boar. I discovered the other day that I've been eating horse about three times a week. We were listing names of food on the blackboard and under meats one of the girls wrote "horse". I gasped and said, "But you don't really eat horse!" They all laughed and told me that I did too. It tastes just like beef and is a little more tender. We have wine for every meal, and they think I'm a little crazy because I drink water.

I was talking with some of the teachers about the school the other day. I guess I'm very fortunate to be in this school as Mme., the director, is considered one of the most progressive teachers in this section of France. The English professor was a student at the Ecole Normale near here when Mme. came there to teach. At that time the students were accustomed to walk the same route every day during their "airings".

THE TOWER LIGHT

Every day there was a sort of ritual enacted by the students and the professor in charge in regard to the direction of the promenade. The pupils would walk, two by two, to the gate and stand there until the professor arrived. When she appeared they would turn around to face her, and the pupil at the head of the line would march up to her and demand: "Whither today, Madame?" Madame would answer—"Rue de Chamilly". Then Mme. B. came to conduct the walk. The first girl in line walked over to her to repeat the little formality but before she could finish Mme. B. said to go anywhere they wished. Mme. is charming; she's very strict sometimes—but she has a sense of humor.

People seem to concentrate so on food here. The first things they tell you about a town are the good places to eat. It is easy to concentrate, and I have begun to feel that I could easily become a gourmet.

Friday I went to the T's again. He played his guitar very well and I played the mandolin very badly; and we sang and talked about the war. M. T. was a lieutenant in the Italian army at the front near the Austrian border. During the heavy snows in the mountains there was no fighting sometimes for months at a time. He and the Captain would cross the border with their instruments to serenade the Austrians. He said they were perfectly confident because they knew the Austrians were gentlemen and civilized too. Then the Austrians came over and played the accordion for them. On Christmas day both sides sang Christmas carols. The next day there was a fierce battle. I've heard about things like that, but I never believed them before.

During the past few weeks, for the first time since I came here, people have seemed concerned and apprehensive about what is happening in the world on the other side of the mountains. The school teachers here are as unconscious as most small town school teachers in America. During the recent cabinet crisis we had a minor panic here because some of the teachers were sure Blum was an extreme rightist, and others were equally positive that he was the leader of the Communist party. All during the three days that France was without a government people expected war at every hour, and were ready to accept Blum no matter what he was. There are crowds of people in front of the "Petit Dauphinois" bureau at 4 o'clock every day waiting for the latest news bulletins. When I come home for dinner every evening the girls clamor for news of Germany and Czechoslovakia and "Is there a war yet?" None of the girls are allowed newspapers. There was quite a scandal a few months ago when one of the girls bought a Communist paper on her way to Sunday Mass. It was discovered and the poor girl who bought the paper has spent most of her time in the infirmary in tears ever since.

Last week, all the young officers we know predicted war within two weeks. Since Hitler's more or less conciliatory speech and Lithuania's

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acceptance of the ultimatum, things have seemed less tense, at least in the opinion of most people here. But they have never seemed as concerned as I would expect, and all during the past few weeks the talk has been more of skiing than of Germany and Austria.

The attitude of French young people toward many things seems strange to me. The fact that I'm an American connotes all sorts of privileges and opportunities in their minds. Some of their ideas are justified, but the feeling of the much greater opportunity open to young people in America than in France always amazes me. In America most young people, until recently anyway, have had an idea of getting ahead—of "bettering" themselves. Here, instead, there's an attitude of general decline. Most young men don't ever hope to be as successful as their fathers. It's such a defeatist attitude. I don't explain it very well.

It's already spring here and we can find little yellow primroses in the meadows. —There's still skiing in the mountains, though we have to climb a little higher each time in order to find good snow. We bought some "pean de phogue" (seal skin strips that you buckle on the bottom of your skis to keep from sliding backward when you climb) so we've been doing some real climbing. Last Thursday we climbed up to the Col des Aravis, the farthest we've ever "clumb". The first time we went up in a bus, but the roads are so heavily snowed under now that cars won't be able to get through until the first of July. It was a long climb, but it was wonderful when we got there. It was so clear and Mt. Blanc looked so close that we could almost reach out to touch it. I can't explain the warmth in the mountain snow fields. We sat in shirt sleeves while we ate our lunch, and got very sunburned, and yet my mittens that I hung to dry on my skipoles were frozen stiff. I don't know how high the Col des Aravis is, but it feels as if it were almost to heaven, everything is so clear and white.

I went to La Clusay one day last week with the S's who live very luxuriously and have an automobile. The snow was icy and I hadn't bothered to wax my skis very well; and M.S. is a *very* practised and elegant skier. He inveigled me up to the top of the tele-traineau (a sort of ski lift) and said: "Suivez-moi—". He set off with a flourish of graceful turns and stopped to wait for me at the foot of the first slope. It was so icy that my slippery skis went too fast for me to turn, and when I got to the foot of the slope I couldn't stop either. I yelled to Monsieur to follow me this time—to pick up the pieces, because I was pretty sure I'd be pieces 'ere long. We went shooting over the second and third hills and I still couldn't turn when we reached the bottom. I almost crashed into the chalet at the foot of the traineau. Monsieur's eyes were fairly popping out of his head and my knees were so wobbly I had to sit down. When Monsieur caught his breath he lunged forth on a tirade about "les Americaines, toujours le vitesse—"



JUNIOR CLASS OF 1938

The Average Junior

THROUGHOUT this issue, you, dear reader (I hope) are afforded the unparalleled opportunity of partaking of Junior literary genius. Perhaps, as you were borne to the sublime by one of those magnificent gems of philosophy or some similar trash, you paused; and in humble awe asked, "Who art thou, oh mighty Junior, that thou art able to know and to tell of all things? Art thou a man apart from all other men, or art thou just—?"

Wonder no longer, gentle reader; I, your good genie, am come to answer your perplexing questions.

After approximately three years of somewhat regular attendance at State Teachers College (née State Normal) I feel that I am unusually well qualified to disclose a few detailed and wholly unauthentic facts about my playmates. The following is a complete summary of their habits, attitudes, skills, knowledges, capabilities, and idiosyncrasies (lovely word). The figures have been arrived at through an ingenious process known only to myself, and are presented to you in the form of mythical representative Juniors: Mr. Average Junior and Miss Average Junior. I present for your approval Mr. Average Junior.

This young gentleman is bidding our fair institution adieu at the chronological age of twenty years, four months, and at an undetermined mental age. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet, (the girls would rather he stood on the 8 car) and weighs 158 pounds. He belongs to one club, has played on one team, has performed in one play, and owes forty-five cents on his library card. He gets eight hours sleep: five at home and three in short snatches during school hours. He does not smoke (his own) cigarettes. He has a few other characteristics, but since they don't matter particularly, let's meet his female counterpart, Miss Average Junior.

She is five feet, five inches in height, two inches of her being heel (shoe). Her age and weight are her own personal affairs, although we wouldn't believe them anyhow. She spends two hours a night on her beauty treatments, one-half hour talking to her girl friends, one and one-half hours "guessing-who-this-is" on the telephone, and then proceeds to waste a valuable one-half hour in "study". She shows a definite athletic bent. She watches every home game in all sports, hops down to Dunkirk road three afternoons a week (hopping is so much more difficult than walking, too), and is apt to win her "M" any night now. More than this, the versatile Miss possesses musical and artistic talents. She can render do-mi-sol with true artistic interpretation and is able to letter reading charts that are simply divine. I could continue to

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eulogize her in this manner for eons but why continue? Such sterling worth can speak for itself, and spends most of its time doing so.

Certain characteristics are analagous to both of our subjects. For simplicity therefore, I shall refer to our composite student in terms of the masculine gender.

He has been student teaching and has also had the measles and scarlet fever. He got over the measles and scarlet fever nicely. If he comes from the city, he is anticipating the professionals. In accordance with time-honored custom, he says that he doesn't know a thing, and swears that he has not and does not intend to crack a book. Actually, he has been informed by authentic rumors that the best thing to study is—and he has been hard at it since February. A thumbnail description of a Junior is a person who does three times as much work as he says he does, knows twice as much as he professes to know, and is half as intelligent as he would like to have you think he is (and as he thinks he is).

What I like about the Junior, though, is his extreme modesty. He's certain that I've chosen him as the model for this sketch, and by the same token, he's sore. He's certain that he's far superior to the person that I've been describing.



Scrap Book Memories

DOROTHY VOGEL

A bit of straw from that ride last June
—Remember the sun-burn we got that day?
And coming home we watched the moon
Rise up through the trees to light the way.

A flower, pressed 'neath the heavy load
Of odds and ends, brings a fleeting thought—
A dance, new dress, the race down the road,
Oh how I enjoyed what each moment brought!

A program from last year's Men's Revue;
Some pictures of basketball plays;
A "popsickle" stick and postal cards, too.
Tell tales of living happy days.

As I leaf through my scrap book page by page
And look at the queer collection,
I think of the joys and the heartaches involved,
And I treasure each valuable section.



JUNIORS AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Class of 1942

HAROLD E. MOSER

AS the present school year draws to a close our thoughts naturally turn to next year and the Class of 1942. Will it be a large class? What will its members be like? Any proper estimate of the class itself must be left until next September—for the Class of 1942 as yet has no group personality. But the individuals which will make up this class exist and I have met a number of them. I liked them.

My introduction to our new members came as a part of our enrollment campaign. Visits to twelve county high schools convinced me that a generous proportion of this year's graduates are interested in some phase of teaching. Furthermore their personal appearance appealed to me and their teachers testified that the group contained some excellent material. The important question remained—were they interested in Towson?

Many were—a somewhat larger porportion than in the past few years it seemed to me. However, upon talking to them personally, one soon discovered that few want elementary classroom teaching as a career; they look at it as a stepping stone to something higher. That this "something higher" is of a rather nebulous quality is indicated by the general ignorance of the natural lines of promotion within the teaching field. The popular conception is fairly well worded in this comment from a high school senior. "Most people wish to progress. If they start in the elementary school to aim for a college position, it is almost necessary to go through the intermediate stage of high school teaching. Therefore, why not be trained to teach in a high school and save that one unnecessary step?" Thus we see that there is more honor and glory in being a fifth grade teacher than a second; a move from the sixth to the seventh grade would certainly be a promotion, while any change in the opposite direction would be exceedingly humiliating.

I found that our program of studies was highly mystifying to many and charged with misconceptions for others. To some the words "preparation for elementary school" made possible such deductions as the following:

"Elementary school work is not satisfying for it does not permit one to pursue intellectual subjects"—

"A teacher in the elementary school has no opportunity to use her wider range of knowledge."

"Elementary school work is more boring." (No intellectual challenge to the teacher.)

The fact that we are a professional school is both a help and a handicap in enrollment work. It is a help in that it offers specific promise of

employment, but, on the other hand, there are comments such as these:

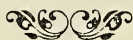
"Graduation from a teachers college equips one only for teaching in the elementary school, whereas graduation from other four-year colleges is 'Open Sesame' to professions other than teaching."

"There is no fun in a professional school."

Arguments such as these can be easily met but one is overcome with a feeling of futility and sadness as he finds here and there a highly recommended youth whose problem will run something like this: "What can you do for me? I cannot raise a hundred dollars much less three hundred." May the day speedily come when we can offer a number of all-expense scholarships toward reducing this great and needless human waste.

It is not in every school that we find likely material, but even in schools where there are no immediate prospects we like to tell our story because it does hurt a bit to be asked, "Where is this school you are talking about?" or "So you are from the Normal School?" And this in spite of the fact that there is hardly a school in the State that does not have at least one of our graduates somewhere in the vicinity.

And so it is with such recent experiences in mind with the high school graduates that I venture to predict a Freshman Class this fall of considerable ability; ambitious, and aggressively alert for the best that we have to offer them. Is it any wonder that I liked them?



May Evening

J. M. C.

Shadows darken the doorway
As I walk slowly down the street
The sun has sunk low and sinks lower
I hurry my weary feet.

It is quiet after the city—
This little suburban town—
The stillness is shattered softly
By a bird in a green tree's crown.

A light blinks up in a window
I shall soon see mine aglow
I smell a dinner cooking
And a radio playing, low.

The air hints of hastening springtime,
The wind wafts the lilac perfume
Seems my house lifts its door latch to greet me
In this sanctuary there always is room.

Science in the Elementary School

JOE YOUNG WEST

OLDER philosophies of education were based upon the idea that children were not capable of reasoning to any considerable degree. Such philosophies had great weight in determining the kinds of methods used in elementary schools. Science in particular was the victim of such erroneous beliefs: therefore the old object-lesson type of nature-study in which observation and identification of flowers, trees, birds, and other natural objects and phenomena were the goals of teaching. Such experiences gave children little opportunity for solving problems in which they were interested, had little or no relation to life situations, and rarely became functional in everyday life. Naturally, such practices have been abandoned in most schools.

A newer philosophy of elementary education is based upon the belief that children are capable of reasoning, drawing their own conclusions, and applying the results of their thinking to life situations which they meet. The extent of these mental processes, of course, is dependent upon the maturity level of the child. Visit a classroom or go on a field trip where science is being skillfully presented to children and observe the working value of this newer philosophy becoming evident.

No longer is the major emphasis being placed upon so-called "nature-study" materials. This was formerly true, particularly in the lower grades. It was thought that children in lower grades could not learn physical sciences. In most schools today a well balanced program of both biological and physical sciences is being used. Such programs are based upon experiences which find their parallels in everyday life and the approach is made from the child's interest.

For example, a first grade is interested in making a house. This is a natural procedure, for the home has been the chief environment for the young child during the early years of his life. During the process of house building, the children decide to have a doorbell for their house. The children examine an electric bell in actual use in the school or in a home. This practical approach shows that dry cells, an electric bell, some wire, and a push button are necessary for operating a bell system in their house. When the class assembles next time, these materials are placed upon a table and the group is seated about it. First, the children want to see the clapper move and hear the bell ring. The teacher makes it ring intermittently until their curiosity is satisfied. Then they are asked, "Now, who would like to see if he can make the bell ring?" Of course, all hands go up. One of the group is selected to manipulate the disassembled materials.

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During the process mistakes are made. This draws many suggestions from the group and provides a better learning situation. Finally the proper connections are made and the bell rings again, much to the delight of the group. Here the wise teacher will stop, for the process has probably gone far enough for one lesson on this level. The material is left on the table with the suggestion that "We can all make it ring when we have more time." In this way every child becomes familiar with the material. At the next meeting the children are allowed to put into practice what they have learned. They proceed to wire their own house.

- (1) Batteries (dry cells) "make" electricity.
- (2) Electricity can do work for us. It can make a light burn. It can ring a bell.
- (3) The bell won't ring when the wires are not fastened "right".
- (4) The push button keeps the bell from ringing all of the time.

These may seem very simple concepts, but they are quite an achievement for a first grade. It should be pointed out that at no single level are concepts acquired in their entirety. Thus, education becomes a growth process which begins very early and continues throughout life.

Science courses for teachers in elementary schools must first present a viewpoint upon which to base actual teaching procedures. Such a viewpoint has its beginnings in the study and understanding of children and its maturing is the actual teaching of children through successive years. Between these two extremes comes a wide acquaintance with subject matter from selected fields of science. But subject matter alone is not enough. It is merely the tool with which to build. The young teacher must know, in addition to subject matter, techniques for presenting it in such a way that it will live for children.

The activity program is one effective way of handling this double problem of acquiring subject matter and using it as a tool to pass attitudes, skills, and habits on to children. The activity program is equally applicable to elementary school science. Most modern elementary schools are providing science rooms to aid and supplement the science experiences of the classroom. One of the latest developments in science at the State Teachers College at Towson is the provision of such a room in the Campus School. Its purpose is twofold; (1) to provide opportunity for continuous science experiences throughout the elementary grades; (2) to provide a means of bringing college work into closer relationships with actual practices in elementary schools.

The development of a science room in the Campus School, although it is only in the beginning stages, should be watched with interest by college students to note its effects upon child development and to see how such a procedure can provide aid for beginning teachers.

Mars Beats It Out

BERNARD GAMERMAN

ONCE again Mars rolls his drums. Once again his call is answered. Once again the return roll call will find many missing. It's an old, old story. Why do we people who claim to be civilized still cling to the way of barbarians in settling disputes? He who can answer this question is indeed a great person. A still greater person would be the one who can make nations realize that there are other ways of ending quarrels than by physical combat.

Men still believe that might is right. Many nations insist that "we do not want war, but—!" Each year for the last five, the smiles of those who find wars profitable grow broader as they hear of the increased appropriations for armaments. Put arms in the hands of a nation and they know all the ways to bring about their use. If might is right, I want to be wrong.

Why do the drums roll? I don't know. I don't think anyone could place his finger on any one cause to produce the conditions leading to the rolling of the drums. The average layman, like myself, believes that there is not one cause or condition which leads up to a conflict, except a series of events which cause man to use his machine age fangs as would any other animal lower in the scale of evolution and development use the weapons given him by nature. These endless struggles develop because of many reasons as stated above.

In true Twentieth Century style, the economic reasons seem to be the most prominent. There is little of the honor of older wars to be found in the new variety. Today, it is fashionable to strike in the dark, or on week-ends when statesmen are enjoying a rest. Maybe your taste runs to wars of the undeclared variety. Of the latter, Japan and Italy are the leaders. For further information my readers are requested to write to the official representatives of these countries in Washington.

Where do the drums of Mars roll? Need you be reminded of the wars in Spain and China. A believer in democracy, as I am, no doubt looks upon the war in Spain as an attempt to deprive a race of people of "liberty, fraternity, and the pursuit of happiness". The legions of der Fuhrer and il Duce come surging daily into Spain upon the wheels of various forms of the now despised swastika. Here Mussolini demands hands-off aid to Loyalist Spain by France with one hand, and with the other he beckons the legions of intolerance to aid in the erection of another Fascist state in Europe. Now travel to the oldest seat of civilization, China. Here, the people of this ancient state have enjoyed a state of tranquillity for hundreds of years, with the exception of a few minor internal disturbances. Sounds like a pretty nice place in which to live.

But wait—the Japanese war lords who always seem ready to say, “The Japanese people do not want war”; (the words in the quotations should be read in short clipped manner) decided that oil runs thick in China. Troops and airplanes were sent to civilize the people of China. Queer instruments of civilization, don’t you think. Here in China, the ruthless killing of innocent by-standers has been outstanding. Another important novelty has been carried out—an undeclared war. Japan has entered China and gained control of certain portions without the formality of declaring war. “All is fair in love and war” seems to be the keynote of the militant Japanese. Certainly the activity in China isn’t love.

How can we stop the rolling of these drums? I don’t profess to know. Others have advanced their ideas. Among the ideas which have received the most attention are the economic boycott and isolation versus collective security. Both of these ideas are to be fulfilled through education of the people. Whichever course we take makes no difference to me as long as it reaches its intended end—elimination of all future wars.



The Land of Afterdeath

BERNARD HARRIS

MR. Reginald Stuart was abstracted and pensive as he sat before his cosy fireplace. Time and again he asked himself why he had been so mean to such a nice girl as Mary. She had told him finally and definitely that she no longer wanted to see him. Such a nice girl! If only he could do something to get back in Mary’s good graces; but no, she was through with him. Suddenly Mr. Stuart sprang from his chair as an idea struck him. Why not drown his troubles in drink? No sooner said than done, and in less than an hour Reggie was at the Mountain Hide-out Tavern, thoroughly soused. Mumbling and talking wisely to himself, he stumbled outdoors and clambering into his car, drove away. The road down the mountain-side was extremely dangerous, and as the car sped down the incline in the hands of this drunken driver, Death took a seat beside the wheel. With a screeching of brakes and a rasping of tires, the machine took a sharp curve and continued straight off a high cliff into a valley several hundred feet below.

Let us follow Mr. Reginald Stuart and see for ourselves how this terrible accident affected his future.

Reggie opened his eyes and shook his head like a wet dog. He was

lying under a cool tree, shaded from the hot rays of the sun, and beside him stood a pleasant faced individual wrapped in a sheet-like toga.

"Where am I," asked the bewildered Reggie, at sight of his companion.

"Sir, you were taken from the earth because of your horrible accident, and you are now in the Land of Afterdeath. His Majesty has sent me to welcome you. I am to tell you that the beautiful house you see on that far hill is to be yours. You will live there, and your every desire as to food and luxuries will be fulfilled as soon as it is voiced or felt. You live forever, here; you cannot die!" droned the companion.

"Boy! This is a real Paradise! To think I was sorry Mary left me. Why, according to you, my friend, practically everything is at my beck and call," voiced Mr. Stuart, and turning toward the stranger was dismayed to find himself alone. How was he to find his way about? But no sooner had he put forth this question than he found himself alone in a palatial mansion. At first Reggie thought it was fun to have everything done as if by magic. As soon as he felt a desire for food, he automatically seemed to get the feeling of wanting to lick his chops and pick his teeth, as perhaps had been his habit after a hearty meal. If he wished to exercise, he immediately became tired and exhausted as though from extensive recreation. When he felt tired and wished to sleep, his weariness vanished and he yawned as if he had just arisen.

Reggie began to grow fat during his easy life and became lonesome because of the absence of companions. He seemed to be alone in a deserted country and had only the companionship of the stranger, whom Reggie called Adam, as he had been the first and only man he had seen in the Land of Afterdeath. Adam was indeed a strange man. He came once a Duztag, which represented no fixed time, but merely the interval after each of Reggie's twelfth desires for sleep. In the Land of Afterdeath there was no time, no night, no seasons, no calendars; the weather was always bright and hot without. Yet Reggie could never go outside to enjoy this weather, for if he desired to walk in the sunshine, the desire departed and he felt as if he had just returned from a long hike.

Finally, upon Adam's next visit, Reggie, in desperation said, "Adam, I'm slowly going insane because I've no one to talk to who will sympathize with me, except you; and even you vanish into thin air before I can give vent to my exasperations. They are too good to me here; they're carrying a good thing too far. If only I could die! But I can't, for I've wished that often and nothing has come of it. Oh, Adam! If this is heaven, please may I be sent to hell!"

"Why, sir!" exclaimed Adam, thoroughly surprised for the first time, "What made you think this was heaven?"

The World as a Community

ISADORE STEIN

VERY recently, passenger and transport service was started from Baltimore to Bermuda by airplane. A trip that was formerly figured in days is now figured in hours. This achievement illustrates one of the later stages in the development of transport for men and goods which has been very remarkable. A message of a human voice can travel around the world in a minute. Science has made us neighbors.

What has been the result for civilization? Ought it not to have brought the nations of the world closer together and thus to have insured international peace? If all nations are neighbors, why should they not be friends? So men expected in the nineteenth century. But things have not turned out in the way those thinkers expected. Is this because they were wrong in their estimate of the blessings which it was in the power of science to bestow upon mankind? Certainly not—a century ago people were still afraid that the population of the world might outstrip the possible supply of foodstuffs. Today, the researches of scientists in agriculture and other domains have removed once and for all the fear of scarcity.

Is it then because the mentioned thinkers were wrong in their estimate of the possibilities of international co-operation? Again the answer is an emphatic NO. Now you will say, and I agree with you, that the world as a whole doesn't seem to be becoming more united. The world community to which thinkers looked forward seems more distant than ever. Barriers are being raised against trade, migration, and even travel. Some nations are actually trying to dispense altogether with products manufactured or grown outside their own borders. Most of them are busily engaged in increasing their armaments. Wars and rumors of war are our newspaper headlines. Is this world community predicted by thinkers?

Here indeed is a problem—really a paradox—which calls for explanation. What was wrong in the estimate of visionary thinkers? Why did the century which conquered distance and scarcity end in the greatest war in history?

First, improvements in transport do not necessarily bring about an increase in mutual understanding. It is a much more complicated affair to bring two minds together than to convey mailbags from a ship to an airplane or a sack of potatoes from a ship to a train. You cannot transmit personalities over a wire. Even if people meet in business transactions, how far does this relationship extend as far as mutual knowledge and sympathy are concerned? Let us take for example Cuba. Under our control it has become a great tobacco and sugar producing region. But

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has it also become an enlightened region? Do we know and understand its civilians?

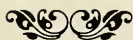
No, to conquer distance is not enough. Freedom of trade and intercourse is not enough. What is needed is not simply economic relations, but human relations in the fullest sense. We must be humanitarians. The thing to fill this need is education in its real sense.

Now we come up against another factor overlooked by thinkers. Do most of us really wish to have closer relations—face-to-face relations with the people of other countries? Would we wish it even if the language and customs' difficulty did not exist? The people who are most lyrical about the brotherhood of man are ideationally correct but from a practical viewpoint—? Remember, this world is made up of all sorts of people and no single plan can hope to satisfy all.

The cause of peace, however, is so clear that once it is put fairly and fully before people, their decision should leave no room for doubt. Peace is not a blessing, it is a vital necessity! Idealistic, practical, or selfish, theories and plans are the result of individual or group attempts to find a goal which is sometimes near attainment, but is more often receding as it is at present. Fundamentally, the peace of mankind proceeds by mutual action between exceptionally gifted individuals, masses of men, and the world community. In truth, the world would be an ideal community if an air of tranquillity betokening peace unmarred by jealousy, racial and religious hatred, greed and imperialistic dreams were diffused through the earth's atmosphere. Preserving peace for America and the world is not negative and passive in nature, but must be a constructive and acceptable plan taking into its consideration peace for the three different kinds of human life: the individual, the nation, and the world community. Honest and capable minds should not recoil from selecting the one which has the strongest claim for adjustment. It cannot, however, be denied that it seems as though civilization has as yet not progressed to the stage where questions of dispute, desires, and claims between nations should be settled in a way other than war with fiendish devices invented by what is known as civilized man. On the other hand, if we have not lost faith in the principles of goodwill and brotherhood, we should not be pessimistic as to the possibility of obtaining such agreements with other nations which will ward off war. Sacrifices for the cause of peace must be made by all nations, for a "world community" policy demands contributions and cooperation from both weak and powerful nations. (Signatories to new European pacts take note). Each nation's foreign policy must be improved by cooperation such as International League Council and assembly. Free trade and individualism are elements of peace and disarmament to be considered by the constituents of a "world community". While nations remain formal in their relationship, this cannot be true of the relationship

existing between fellow men. War cannot be removed from human relations as long as power and sovereignty are determining factors in international life.

Peace has both an international and national aspect entering into deliberations. International goodwill and its resulting national peace must first start from within and not from without. Nations must be ready for it by having internal harmony. A nation should claim no rights superior to the higher liberties of the individual, therefore, war is an injustice to the foreordained rights of man. In turn, citizens have duties toward their nation but these duties should not conflict with higher interests of mankind or moral law. It is the right of the citizen to see that his country is safe for democracy! Education must be used to eradicate the learned leanings towards war. Varied and many forms of communication which advocate personal or party hatred within a nation, or national hatred between nations must be eradicated. Industries serving purposes of war must come under strict control of the State. Statesmen must be made to realize that attempts at conquest and coercion of people inevitably lead to wars. There should be no alliances for mutual aid in war, nor any rivalry among nations striving to outdo each other in preparing for war. Broadminded statesmanship will enlist people's interests in a leading cause that demands the defending of peace, freedom, and culture. The anguished and unanswered cry of millions of mothers "my son is dead" can never be satisfied by the instigators of wars—life cannot be returned once it has departed. Under the flag of brotherhood there must be a war against war, its main weapon—reason, its battlefield—our hearts, and its victory—everlasting peace in a "world community".



Spring Morn

A bar of silver in the sky
Against the cobalt blue of night;
A star, soft lingering in the dawn
As though it gloried in the light.

Shadows, paling into gray,
Children of both night and morn;
Perfum'd beauty washed in dew,
Upon the breath of dawn, new-born.

This is how the morning came—
I gasped at such rare beauty caught;
It seemed the glimpse of Heaven's soul
Which through the ages men have sought.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

Editor

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FLORENCE KOVITZ

PATRICIA CALLAHAN

Library

KATHERINE FEASER

VIRGINIA ARNEAL

VIRGINIA SPERLEIN

Music

SIDNEY BAKER

DOROTHY VOGEL

Humor

HERBERT STERN

LEON DONNER

Social

DOROTHY ANTHONY

CHARLOTTE HURTT

Art

EVELYN ROBE

DOROTHY SNOOPS

Science

SARA HEPBURN

VIOLETTE HODDINOTT

SECRETARIAL STAFF

ANN STIDMAN

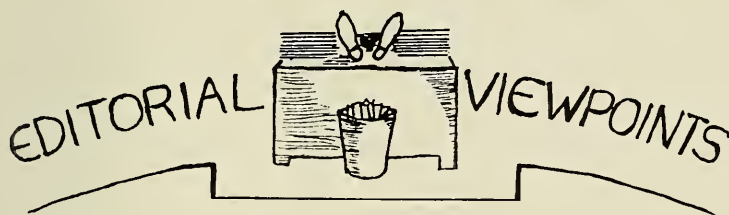
BELLE VODENOS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor



A Young World

With each new spring, we feel the world has never been so beautiful before. There is a freshness—a "glad to be alive" feeling which pervades the air and the heart. There is life—young life. Spring is the symbol of youth. It is fresh—growing—not stagnant.

Ponce de Leon searched for youth and failed. True youth cannot be found in wells or fountains. It is a treasure which can be kept forever in the mind but not in the body. It does not pass with age. Only when we stand still and cry, "It has never been done before. It cannot be done now"—then youth is lost and we are blind and cannot see tomorrow, for youth looks forward with keen eyes and open mind. It says, "It shall be done".

In education, as in no other field, there is need for young minds, for there is no bond between youth and old age. This field is growing rapidly. We are being swamped with new ideas, new theories. Are we capable of receiving them with open minds? Can we grasp sound ideas, and help them to be realized? Can we believe tomorrow will be an improvement over today?

Will we teach the children of our country to keep their youth; to look forward with eager eyes and not bemoan the past? Shall we teach them to say, "It shall be done?"

This, then, is the task before us—to strive to answer these questions in the affirmative. When this is done, then will we have found the true fountain of youth. Then will we have a young nation. Then will education be truly a living thing.



What Do We Lack?

IN going to a professional school such as a Teachers College, it is often hard to visualize or to realize what other colleges are thinking and studying. We do have friends whom we meet socially from other colleges; we engage them on the athletic field; we read their magazines,

THE TOWER LIGHT

and have various other contacts with them—but how many of us understand or care what they are doing in scholastic matters such as we have or what we may learn from them that will benefit our school? How may we really learn more about other schools—especially Teachers Colleges and Normal Schools? Through written communications of course, but better still by meeting students and faculty from these schools and talking with them on matters of common interest. The Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers which meets every year in New York is an excellent time for such meetings to take place. Here such questions as building college morals, scholarship and extra-class activities, guidance in teacher education, examinations and marking systems—questions in which all of us should be interested and which are often discussed by us—are discussed by a larger group. Opinions and ideas are formed—not necessarily final ones, for answers to such questions as these change.

But how many students that attend this conference take an active part in it? Very few from our college. This year only one student had a definite message to give to the others. The remaining students were, of course, able to express impressions and facts in the discussions, but why do not more of our student leaders have a chance to lead these discussions or make other plans to participate in them? Is it because so few know about the actual business of the conference, or is it because so little is known about the conference itself? It is true that student reports are given to the entire school body in assemblies—in fact our method of doing so was highly commended by Dr. Suhrie, former president of the association, and is to be followed by Dr. Van de Berg, retiring president of the association, at his Normal School at New Paltz, New York. Nevertheless, our students should take more principal parts and thus gain more intimate knowledge of other schools.

How is this to be accomplished? Possibly by more interest shown not only by the students but also the faculty. Many students might claim that the New York trip is a time for enjoyment and the education which a big city supplies. Two mornings from the trip spent at the conference are enjoyment and education if meeting different and engaging people, if matching ideas and experiences with others, if keeping alert for those things which are going to mean more to our college and are going to raise its standards may be classed as such. And I believe they may be.

Begin now to make plans for attending next year's conference. Begin now to think of how our college should be represented and recognized.

The Library - At Your Service

Coffin, L. P. T., *Kennebec, the Cradle of Americans*, N. Y., Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1937.

Kennebec is a river in Maine, "one of the best of all Maine cradles of manhood." The author says that here were the first settlements of the English in the new world, here the first American ship was built, and here flourished an Indian princess "who puts Pocohantas in the shade".

Kennebec weather is startling. A breeze can in a few minutes grow into a gale; icicles freeze on a man's mustache over night, and the song which he sings as he kindles the morning fire freezes in the air around him.

Not only do people who now inhabit the valley play a prominent part in the book, but also people who have lived there in the past. They have diverse interests and occupations because of constantly changing natural environment. But people are going to the cities. They no longer live where their forefathers have lived and loved. Maine, and especially the Kennebec valley, is dear to the heart of the author, and he pleads for her.

The book is history, yes, but so cleverly written! The author's wit is evident on every page. Certainly he has exaggerated some of the incidents, but it is done for the sake of the anecdote. This is an interesting description of a locality in Maine. The style of the book seems to fit in with the impression the author would like to leave—rugged, wholesome, and refreshing.

Allen, Hervey, "*Action at Aquila*", New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1938.

Don't you always enjoy a treasure hunt? You do because you know you are going to find something. Although Hervey Allen reveals his plot very slowly at first, one reads on because he is looking for something. Why did Colonel Franklin hate to burn down Mrs. Crittendon's home, and warn her to leave before he did? Why did he buy toys for her children? Why didn't he want to deliver the packet he had for her? What happened to Mrs. Crittendon, after she left her home? These are the questions that force you to go on reading until you see more light.

It is a Civil War novel. The same conflict is present . . . Colonel Franklin is a Northerner, and he helps a Confederate widow when she is in need.

After the colonel returns to his cavalry, from being on leave, the story moves on rapidly. The battle at Aquila has important results. Colonel Franklin is wounded and is treated at the widow's cabin. Paul

Crittendon and William Farrar are killed. This leaves Meg and Flossie very much distressed. Mrs. Crittendon finds the packet Colonel Franklin has had and learns her husband has been shot. The plot then centers around Coiners' Retreat, the home of the widow. Mrs. Crittendon marries the colonel and goes North.

Hervey Allen gives a fine picture of Colonel Franklin. He is the handsome soldier as he rides on his horse, Black Girl, through the northern and middle sections when he is on leave. He is often in deep reverie, as he stops his horse, and gazes on the beautiful landscape of Virginia and thinks of his past life. He has many friends and they give him a delightful welcome on his furlough. He is kind and thoughtful to the widow and her children. Throughout the novel, he is the dominant figure and all action centers around him.

Jackson, Martin, Elmer, Jr., *Annapolis*, Annapolis, Maryland, The Capital-Gazette Press, 1936.

Annapolis, our state capital, is a truly modern city in a colonial setting and may easily be called "the garden spot of Maryland". To many this phrase may mean little because their knowledge is so limited regarding its history. Why not read this fascinating story by Elmer Jackson? This account includes the development from 1649 up to the present time. A portion of the book is devoted to the United States Naval Academy, St. John's College, and to the colonial homes of Annapolis. This vivid description helps you to know your state capitol more intimately and to arouse within you a desire to plan a visit there in the near future.



"I"

DAVID PARIS

The moment I opened my eye
I began to love the capital "I",
To love the me, myself and my.
I crave to grasp the earth and sky
The deepest seas, the far and nigh.
For my misfortunes I bitterly cry.
For others I shake my head and sigh.
My fellow-man I but defy,
Him, truth and justice I deny,
To supersede him I wrong and lie.
And if you ask me: "Why?"
Here is my simply reply:
"I was born so, and so will I die."
Or, "You, too, love your 'I'."

Are You College Timber?

Have you ever stopped to think just what type of person constitutes good college material? There are certain qualities which colleges find desirable in entering students. Henry Grattan Doyle of George Washington University in an article in the *Journal of the American Education Association* of the District of Columbia has listed some of the abilities which he thinks entering college students should have and some of the chief criticisms leveled against high school graduates. The following are some of the student college entrance requirements which are desirable:

1. Ability to concentrate.
2. Ability to read easily and with understanding.
3. Ability to use the library intelligently.
4. Ability to think logically from cause to effect.
5. Readiness to do honest work, and to do it on time.
6. Accuracy and painstakingness in all work.
7. Attentiveness and cooperation.
8. Industriousness.

It has been found that High School graduates are frequently illiterate, careless, inaccurate, and sloppy in thought and expression. Many are poor spellers and poor punctuators with untrained memories and weaknesses in English.



Bet You Would Never Guess !!

VIRGINIA MORGAN

WHO, eight years ago, was "broke" and hard pressed to get something to eat; yet today he is known and loved all the more from the tea fields of Ceylon to the fishing villages of the frozen North? In the current edition of *Who's Who in Great Britain* more space was devoted to him than was given to the Prince of Wales. And all of this happened because a mouse ran across the floor of a wooden garage. You guessed it. It's Walt Disney, Mickey Mouse's "papa".

What Hollywood actress used to mix lather in a barber shop? None other than Greta Garbo. Would you paint your face with water colors, girls? No, I don't think so; but Garbo did. Maybe it's the glamorous touch.

What famous sweetheart of history committed suicide at the age of thirty-nine, after having won the love of two of the most famous men who ever lived? Her name was Cleopatra, the enchantress of the Nile. Caesar had conquered practically all the earth, but little Cleopatra conquered him.

Speaking of child brides, what famous poet married his first cousin, who was thirteen years of age? Ever hear of Edgar Allen Poe? I thought you had. He married Virginia Clem at the age of twenty-six, he being twice as old as his wife. Would you work for a dollar a year? No! Poe did; he spent ten years writing and rewriting the *Raven*, only to sell it for ten dollars—a dollar for each year's work.

Would you like to read your obituary before your death? P. T. Barnum did and loved it. When he did die, the newspapers gave more space to the story of his career than had ever been given to any man except a president of the United States. Although Barnum was known as the "biggest faker in America", he was fooled again and again. In order to get his start Barnum made as much as a thousand dollars a night, when he was "dead broke" by delivering a lecture entitled, "How to Make Money". He even delivered it to Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

Do you have a bad memory? If so, don't worry about it; Thomas A. Edison did too, for everything except scientific data. Once he even forgot his name, but this was when he was paying his taxes and maybe he thought it convenient to forget. Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most distinguished men who ever lived, couldn't remember anything unless he made a note of it—and when he did make notes, he lost them, even as you and I.

All this goes to show you can't pass judgment on a person until you know him thoroughly, and nine times out of ten you would be surprised at some of the facts contributing to his past.

NOTE: From "Little Known Facts About Well Known People", Dale Carnegie.



No Two Alike

There are different ways of doing things. Referring to individual school differences, we find diverse practices and very few doings in common. These things were evidenced when we compared our college with other colleges at the Eastern States Conference of Professional Schools for Teachers.

At the panel discussions and various meetings, representatives brought their ideas from their respective schools. They offered suggestions and solutions to the problems with which all colleges are confronted, but no definite conclusions were drawn. Each school has to cope with its problems the way in which it thinks best. Yet we are all working toward the same end: to make a teacher a pioneer, a builder, an artist, a citizen; and a friend.

Teachers College Record

Easter Celebration

The annual Easter Dinner this year was a huge success. After a dinner, delightful from the first course to the egg race, the resident students and their guests went over to the auditorium seeking entertainment. They were not the only ones there for that purpose. There were many day students, and some from the campus school. The entertainment was afforded by the "Ukranian Dancers". Those present are still marveling at their perfection and agility. With that as a stimulant, Miss Roach and Miss Daniels will probably find greater interests and abilities in their future dancing classes. The evening ended, per usual, with dancing in the foyer and with everyone in his gayest mood. Why? Because on the morrow began the Easter holidays.



New York Diary

DORIS PATTON

Thursday, April 7

- 9:00 A. M.: Mount Royal Station abustle with M. S. T. C. faculty, students, baggage, and fond parents. S. S. arrived on time. (Take notice Juniors 3 & 4).
- 9:02 A. M.: All aboard on the Teachers College Special. Settled peacefully for a two and a half hour ride. Pleasant dreams Miss W. It didn't take long for the students to find the train kitchen, which was duly inspected.
- 11:00 A. M. One Sophomore girl was corrected on her geography by the conductor. She'll probably know the Schuylkill River the next time she passes it.
- 11:40 A. M.: Arrived in Trenton, transferred to Teachers' College via busses. Trenton students vastly disappointed by the lack of "Southern accents".
- 12:30 P. M.: Luncheon (at last) in the College "Inn". Each table was presided over by charming hosts or hostesses. They were kept so busy answering questions, they had little time to eat.
- 1:00 P. M.: Began exploring the campus under the guidance of student leaders. We mainly saw and remember the SWIMMING POOL.
- 3:00 P. M.: Heard the Trenton Choir. They aren't the only ones who just got new choir gowns.
- 4:20 P. M.: Left for New York.
- 6:00 P. M.: Watched New York's skyline from the ferry.
- 6:30 P. M.: Stormed the Hotel McAlpin. Received by Mr. Flowers.

THE TOWER LIGHT

6:45 P.M.: Met in the lobby to proceed to Stauffer's Colonial Tea Room. Orchids (or shall I say violets?) to Miss Woodward's new hat.

8:30 P.M.: "Majestic Theater"—to see Kitty Carlisle and Michael Bartlett in "Three Waltzes".

12:00 M.: ? ? ? ? ?

Friday, April 8

7:00 A.M.: "Good morning. It's 7 o'clock. It's raining! ! ! !"

7:30 A.M.: Breakfast.

8:30 A.M.: Groups visited schools. We found that we must not ask to see a certain grade, but "We would like to see the six-year-old group."

We almost had heart failure when we left the school and found it was pouring. (We all had on our Easter bonnets.) Orchids to Kitty Schottler's umbrella, the only one in the crowd.

12:00 N.: Greenwich Village. We want to know what happened to Miss Brown's group. Rumor has it that they were forced to resort to hot foot baths to ward off colds. But did I hear someone say they were lost in the rain?

12:30 P.M.: Greenwich Village+Jumble Shop+that Bohemian atmosphere. The Jumble Shop was once an old barn and is now a tea room complete with fireplace, fire and plenty of luscious food. Orchids to Miss Neunsinger for taking us there.

1:30 P.M.: Had to give up our exploring trip through the Village because of heavy rain. Instead went shopping in Saks, Fifth Avenue.

4:00 P.M.: Tea in Grace Dodge Room, Columbia University. Met many interesting and well-known educators.

6:30 P.M.: Faculty-Student Banquet, Hotel Pennsylvania. We ate for an hour and a half. Heard Norman Thomas' view of some "Educational Problems" as seen by a layman.

11:00 P.M.: Dancing in the Ballroom or listening to Benny Goodman in Foyer or a midnight show and thus on into the night.

Saturday, April 9

7:30 A.M.: "Good morning. It's 7:30. It's raining! ! !"

8:00 A.M.: "Good morning. It's 8:00. It's raining! ! !"

8:30 A.M.: Staggered out of bed.

9:00 A.M.: Conferences, Hotel Pennsylvania. The next time Jack Owens will get up early enough to eat his breakfast.—It's a good thing roll wasn't taken at the conference.

11:00 A.M.: A little hasty shopping.

12:05 P.M.: On the elevated bound for Chinatown.

12:30 P.M.: Mobbed the shops full force. (Towson now swamped

with Buddha rings). Did you know you could buy *Mexican* agates in a *Chinese* shop?

2:30 P. M.: Took the elevated around Battery Park and past the Aquarium.

3:00 P. M.: Dressed in our best, bound for Rockefeller Center.

4:00 P. M.: Tea in the Rainbow Grill—65th floor. It was nice to meet our chaperones again.

6:30 P. M.: Radio City Music Hall—"Marco Polo."

10:00 P. M.: Food again, in either the Automat, Alamo (Mexican food—"hot stuff"), Cotton Club, or what have you.

12:00 M: Where were we? That's for us to know. And you to find out.

Sunday, April 10

8:00 A. M.: "Good morning, it's 8 o'clock. *The Sun is Shining! ! !*"

8:30 A. M.: Church? ? ?

10:30 A. M.: Toured N. B. C. Studios.

12:00 N.: Food—Automat or Rockefeller Plaza Restaurant.

1:00 P. M.: Hall of Motion in R. C. A. Building.

****Screen tests for Towson Students.

(Did you know Olivia de Haviland was once a school teacher?)

5:00 P. M.: Left Hotel McAlpin. Said goodbye to Miss Pauline Rutledge and Mr. Bill Podlich.

6:30 P. M.: Dinner in the dining car.

8:00 P. M.: Such harmony! Maybe we would have sounded better if we had had more sleep.

9:35 P. M.: Alma Mater echoed through the Towson Special as we pulled into the station.

Orchids to Miss Brundick, who gave us a splendid trip!



Don't Let Anyone Know I Told You !!!

SUZIE Q. PUBLIC

*Don't let anyone know, *BUT*

Four sweet young things found a New York drugstore a haven of refuge from Broadway's excitement, didn't you, Miss L. F.?

A "capitalistic" Sophomore checked her millions with the hotel cashier during her stay. How trusting of you, Miss H. F.!

One curly-haired Junior miss wanted dreadfully to bring home an elevator boy as a souvenir. What about Henry, Miss G. T.?

One "Tripper", entering into the spirit of the Automat, put a nickel into the beverage slot, turned the handle, and waited for the coffee, cup and all, to pour out of the spigot.

A Senior boy (J. W.) was very much surprised when he called up Miss E. P. and a member of our faculty answered the phone.

A Sophomore girl asked the waiting elevator boy on the top story of Rockefeller Center, "Going down?"

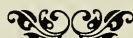
Several young ladies made considerable progress at the Columbia Tea. They learned how to say "I love you" in Chinese.

A Senior and a Sophomore called the desk at the hotel at 10:30 P. M. to find where a pair of evening slippers could be borrowed. They were referred to the assistant manager.

The Sophomore delegates were rather stunned when they awoke simultaneously at 9:50 in the morning on which they were due at a 9:00 o'clock conference.

Forty-six people had a grand time on the New York Trip. Don't miss it next year if you failed to go this time.

**With apologies to "Three Waltzes"*



Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

Observations of Boag, the dog with the lost toes; Patsy; and Mike, the Monkey—

Boag, Patsy and Mike were sitting in the movies. They had managed to find three very comfortable seats in the balcony. On the screen the "News of the Day" was scampering along—sports, fires, races,—Mike was a bit cold.

"A drafty place", he whispered. Boag helped him adjust his red cape. Patsy complained she couldn't see and after thinking over many times just what she would say to the lady who was wearing the hat with violets, she leaned over, tapped the woman on the shoulder and asked, "Will you remove your hat?" into the ear below the hat. The hat slid off. "Thank you," said Patsy. (Patsy is a polite dog.)

The three observers finally settled down. They looked at the picture. Over the screen they saw something they had never seen before:

Marching men, marching men, men, men, men—

Guns; long ones, short ones, loud ones, silent ones—

Horses tugging, wagons, men, march, march, run, run

Fleeing crowds, silent children,

Gay youths marching, banners flying,

A woman's face wise with sorrow

Her sons in line,

Their legs, their arms, their heads, still attached

To their bodies—

Before all, there rode

A general.

Applause from the audience, so deafening that Patsy jumped. Hiss

hiss, hiss, came an answering sound to the applause—more applause, more hiss, hiss.

"What's all this noise about?" asked Boag.

Patsy leaned toward him, "I don't know but I certainly will find out." Mike stood up in his seat and attempted to stir up interest in a bit of betting—who would win, the hand clappers or the other noise-makers? Somebody called, "Sit down in front". The monkey slid back into his seat and drew his cape around his shoulders.

Boag asked Patsy to read the printed words on the screen. She adjusted her spectacles and proceeded to show her companions the effect of her occasional visits to Dr. Crabtree's reading course.

"Now let me see," she said, "That first word—Spain—the General's army gaining" (she was interrupted by applause from the audience), "Women and children flee—." Patsy's little voice was covered up by more handclapping. The applause was gaining strength—suddenly it stopped—

Mike, who had been turning his head around to see the noise makers, looked at the screen:

People were lying flat in streets and gutters,
Some were holding guns in their hands,
Others were so still
A dead man's fingers lay in a pool—
His own blood.
A frightened child screamed—
The mother at its feet—
The mother's arm torn from the shoulder.
Silence—
No applause.

"They do not applaud now", observed Boag.

"They have seen Death", said Patsy.

Didn't they see it before? It was written on the general's chest and on the flags the army carried," said the monkey, "I saw it."

Boag looked at him, "But you are an animal—a low form they call it."

"And they are human beings", Patsy added.

Deep in thought, Mike, Patsy, and Boag left the movies. The human beings were left inside to hurry—with cheers and applause—to their destination.

Easter and The Passover have passed for another year. Our three small friends might not have opportunity to experience such observations again—they might vanish into the air—but if they do they want you to know that this past religious season has given them much to think about. They gave you a bit of their own thoughts—they too hope for a better understanding,—as do humans.

Assemblies

MONDAY, March 21, 1938

Dr. Waite, Professor of Psychology at the State Teachers College in Greeley, Colorado, brought greetings from his institution to the Towson Teachers College. Dr. Waite has been away from Greeley since September, 1937. He spoke briefly about the nature of the institution and its student body.

FRIDAY, March 25, 1938

In celebration of Maryland Day, Dr. Morgan, profesor of law at Washington University, and tax expert of that city, spoke to the assembly about the life of George Calvert, First Lord Baltimore, and about the settlement of Maryland. Dr. Morgan spoke of George Calvert's birth, his education, and his rise from a commoner to a favored noble of England. George Calvert's first colony in the New World was settled at Newfoundland; it was the first to offer religious toleration to all peoples. Because of the attacks of the French and Indians, this colony did not prosper. Calvert received a grant for a colony in Virginia, but because he would not accept the "Oath of Supremacy", the plan failed. While he was in Virginia, he wandered up the Chesapeake Bay into what is now Maryland. George Calvert asked for and received a grant of land in this area. Plans for settlement went ahead. but before he could settle the colony, Calvert died. In 1634 Leonard Calvert, the second son of George, with a small band of colonists, sailed up the Chesapeake in the "Ark" and the "Dove" and landed at what is now St. Mary's City. This was the first permanently settled colony to offer its people religious freedom, civil liberties, and separation of church and state.

In conclusion, Dr. Morgan stated that while there is no authentic picture or statue of George Calvert to command our remembrance and respect, we must never forget how great and noble a man he was.

TUESDAY, March 29, 1938

Mr. Schlessinger addressed the Open Forum on the topic "Science and Society". After defining briefly his terms so that there would be no misunderstandings he stated that progress is the result of a struggle between men and nature and between men themselves. In this connection the speaker outlined the beginnings of various sciences: geometry, astronomy, chemistry, medicine.

In the past the relations between science and society were different from those today. Advances were made but were used by a small group to keep in ignorance a larger group. Although science today is more used by the majority of the people, Mr. Schlessinger feels that numerous

necessities are being withheld from general use due to a desire for profit.

The situation in Europe, in which science is being subjugated to war use, seems even more depraving to the speaker.

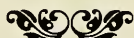
The discussion which followed the address brought out the recent advances in the U.S.S.R. in science as compared with the decrease in scientific thinking in other countries.

FRIDAY, April 1, 1938

Dr. R. C. Thompson of the State Department of Education told us how the state cares for our physically and mentally retarded children.

For the mentally retarded child there are 26 classes in 8 counties of the state. The physically handicapped are visited by a traveling teacher, twice a week at home.

Dr. Thompson is not fully in sympathy with specialized institutions in which only retarded children are educated because he believes that it hinders, in many respects, the adjustment to normal society they must make when they mature.



Alumni News

Here is a communication of unusual interest which Miss Tansil recently received. It is a letter from Miss Regina Brady, who is an alumna from "way back". Miss Brady attended the college from 1897 to 1900 and is now living in Hawaii. It would be intriguing to see Miss Brady's reaction to the changes which have taken place at Towson in the thirty-eight years since her departure.

Kealia P. O., Kauai, T. H.

April 3, 1938.

Miss Rebecca C. Tansil
State Teachers College
Towson, Maryland.

Dear Miss Tansil:

Thank you for genial and generous response to my request for a transcript of my record.

How I enjoyed the booklets of the State Teachers College which you sent later. The material advancement of the school is marvelous—I do hope that your students appreciate what they have and that they desire with all their hearts to honor their school the rest of their lives by living up to its highest inspirations.

Thank you again for sending me what I asked for and for blowing on the hot coals of my love for the "Maryland State Normal" now "State Teachers College".

Yours sincerely,
Regina M. Brady.

Marriages

Charlotte May Orem, '36 was married to Earl Elwood Beam on April 9, at the Christian Temple. Mr. Beam received his degree here in 1937.

Ida Mae Gibbons, another alumna, was married to Charles O. Monk, of Granite, Maryland, on April 19.



As I See It —

HENRY STECKLER

WELL! Well! the baseball team finally played a game. The teachers looked impressive as they beat the Elizabethtown tossers by a 6-4 count.

The team started without Goedeke, Sokolow, Austerlitz, and Cook who are out student teaching, but positions were well taken care of by other members of the squad.

The veteran Elizabethtown aggregation opened up displaying much strength as they promptly shoved two runs across the home plate. However, Coach Minnegan's boys were not to be outdone and in their half of the second inning the fireworks began. John Wheeler led off with a slashing triple to center but was nabbed at the plate. "Twinkle-toes" Bennett then stepped up and lined a double to left. Before the rally could be quelled, "Flash" Gordon and "Strong Arm" Stottlemeyer also hit safely. A total of three runs had been scored. For the rest of the way Towson was never headed.

The second game of the season found the teachers pitted against the strong Johns Hopkins University nine. The result of this hard fought game found Towson on the short end of a 5-2 count. A failure to hit the slants of Miller, Hopkins Ace, was responsible for the defeat.

Lou Cox, with his dipsy doodle ball, turned in a fine effort.

It's a shame Elizabethtown didn't have a pitcher by the name of Knight. It would have been appropriate for Knight to follow Day to the mound.

"Butterball" Cernik brought many a smile as he made a few catches which were a bit of all right.

Lauenstein was a cracker-jack behind the bat. Wonder if he will make any put outs on York Road?

Do baseball players in North Carolina imitate birds when drinking water?

Big surprise to see Dunbar take over the first base job. Played a nice game of ball.

Thanks to the crowd of students and the faculty members who turned out at playing time to witness the opening games.

Time to Tune Up

The return from Easter vacation found the orchestra members "tuned up" and ready for the final rehearsals for commencement.

With the orchestra assembly program as history, most of the time is being devoted to baccalaureate and commencement preparation. However some time is still found in which to study sight reading. Attention has been turned toward "Campus Memories" which, when it reaches the stage near perfection, may be presented in assembly.

In addition to "Campus Memories", Victor Herbert's selections will be played in assembly in response to popular demands by students.

And now it's time for you to "tune-up" to listen to the orchestra which, for the first time in its history, is not suffering from loss of members because of student teaching!



Under the Weather Vane

As Mother Nature waved her magic wand of spring, the earth with all her beauties responded to the call. Just so have the children of the Campus School responded to that call by adding to the loveliness of nature.

On Arbor Day, flowering shrubs were planted at the south entrance of the elementary building (with appropriate ceremony).

The history of Arbor Day and the need of conservation were discussed by several members of the seventh grade. One interesting feature of the program was the pilgrimage taken by the entire school to view the trees planted in previous years by the Campus School children.

It seems that every pupil was sensitive to the signs of spring, and welcomed the return of the birds and the flowers. How happy the lovely things of nature make us! The third grade has been inspired to make an intensive study of the flowers and birds of Maryland.

Miss Grogan's first grade has a rabbit in their room, and they have named it "In-and-Out". Can you guess why? It's because it stays in school from Monday until Friday and then some one may take him home as a week-end guest.

What a treat we have in store! Do you know that Miss Owens' children are going to present "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" in the assembly, April 29th?

You should see the lovely book the second grade wrote. It is all about animals—beavers, bears, deer, goats, and elephants.

Thus we leave you in the whirl of activities. On and on spins the weather vane, and on and on we travel through the school year of 1937-1938.

This sentence was taken from Ruth's story written about her dog, Tiny:—"I said, 'He must go. He chewed up your father's slipper, and then chose my brand new Sunday hat to play hide and seek with, and that was the last straw'."



The Fate of the Blueberry Pie

Planning to go for a picnic somewhere along the coast, my friend and I parted to invade our kitchens and bring back every possible delicacy that would make our feast a pleasant one. With great difficulty I managed to wrangle from the cook (who declared she supplied dinner for those who ate in the dining room, but not for those who ate on picnics) a jar of warm milk, some soft butter, a head of wilted lettuce, and a hunk of stale bread. This certainly would have made a very poor feast, so I decided that if I couldn't get the cook to give me good food I would get it myself. I deliberately went to the pantry window and, to my great joy, I spied a blueberry pie, all juicy and delicious. I reached in, took it, and feeling very victorious, I marched to the appointed spot where my friend and I were to meet. She had had very little luck for all she had gotten was about two square inches of stale mouse cheese, two cold, fried fish (left over from yesterday's dinner), and two small, green apples. Poking our fingers in and then licking them we found the pie as good as it looked, so, pleased with our dessert, we went down to the village wharf and untied a row boat in which we were going to row to a suitable picnic spot. My friend stepped in and I followed proudly holding the pie. But, alas! I landed safely in the boat, but not the pie. We watched it sink slowly to the bottom of the sea, our mouths watering. If you have ever tasted blueberry pie soaked in salt water you will know you felt better without it, so there was no use diving to rescue our lost prize, except to rescue the pie pan. We rowed away with heavy hearts and empty stomachs.



From "College of Matrimony" School for Husbands

Husband's College Song—"Everything I have is yours . . . What's mine is Thine."

What do they mean by the better half, Professor?

Marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition. Every time your wife spends fifty dollars for a dress you can spend fifty cents for a pair of socks.

I can see by your remarks that matrimony is a serious word, Professor.

It's not a word, it's a sentence.

Vision

C. M. H.

She stood, my mother, slim and strong;
Some hand had smoothed away the care.
She wore a gown of morning skies,
A crown of dewdrops in her hair.

She smiled at me, then turned and passed
Through heaven's rosy gate of dawn;
I rose to find still twinkling there
Her crown of dewdrops on the lawn.

Only a dream—'twas here—now flown,
But such bright hope was left behind,
An angel must have hovered near
To paint her picture on my mind.



Dots and Dashes

LEON DONNER

(Written in the interest of those who are student teaching at present, to show them possible sentences for spelling words.)

cologne—a body of people transplanted from their mother country to inhabit some distant place; as, The cologne of Virginia was one of the thirteen original colognes.

discreet—not to agree; as, The two men discreet with each other.

either—general anaesthetic; as, The either put him to sleep.

expanse—cost; charge; as, The new car was an extra expanse to the family.

facile—pertaining to the face; as, The woman went to the beauty parlor to get a facile.

faction—story not actually true; as, Robinson Crusoe is a book of faction read by young and old.

famish—renowned, distinguished; as, Herbart is a famish educator.

fiscal—pertaining to the body; as, The girl was a specimen of fiscal fitness.

gallic—a plant allied to the onion, with a pungent taste and strong odor; as, After the man ate the gallic, he easily got a seat alone in the movies.

league—a hole; as, The roof had a league in it.

ghoul—a bound to which players on a team must strive; as, The soccer team made at least one ghou in every game.

augment—a dispute between individuals; as, The two girls had an augment.

grammar—maternal ancestor, as Her grammar has not been well lately.

Thoughts on Things

(with apologetic glances toward *Esquire*)

HERBERT STERN

<i>A Freshman Thinks</i>	<i>A Sophomore Thinks</i>	<i>A Junior Thinks</i>	<i>A Senior Thinks</i>
Student teaching is something a Soph. gets	Student teaching is sort of like the Ides of March	Student teaching is H—	What's student teaching?
A future teacher needs brains	A future teacher needs marks	A future teacher needs "pull"	A future teacher needs a B. S.
A demonstration has something to do with a class of children	A demonstration is when you can't sleep on Wednesday	A demonstration is what should be written on the right hand column under "suggestions for improvement"	A demonstration is what you copy from that fella who's getting an "A" in this course
The library is where you talk.	The library is where you talk	The library is where you talk	The library is where you talk
A stooge is a friend of Ted Healy	A stooge makes an "A"	A stooge takes part in publicity stunts	Stooge is a vulgar term meaning Senior.
You have to be smart to pass this course	You have to have an old notebook to pass this course	You have to "spot" the right books to pass this course.	You have to be friends with the right teacher to pass this course
Marks are what you need	Marks help, but it's really student teaching	They don't mean a thing if you ain't got the "pull"	You still need a B. S.

The Thousandth Person

BUT why should he have done it, Nels? It doesn't make sense. He had everything that should have made life worthwhile: health, brains, money, Aren. How many men as young as he was hold positions as important as he did? How many men as young as he was are able to retire for a year and tour the world? And he was only starting. His plans were beautiful, Nels, and they were coming true. He had so much to live for and he wanted to live. Why did he do it? Why? Why?"

The smoke continued to drift up from Nels's cigarette while he stared at its smouldering tip. My queries might just as well have been voiced in a tomb. Neither of us spoke. The butt dropped from Nels's hand to join the others strewn about his feet. Slowly he straightened in his chair. Then he began to speak in a tired voice. He had been the last person to see Paul.

"Yes, he wanted to live. He wanted to live the dreams for which he had slaved since childhood. Dreams which were now beginning to come true."

"Then why—"

"But his dreams had not divine consent. A year ago—"

From here on Nels lived the story. I was no longer in the room. Paul had entered and Nels was speaking to him.

"Paul, ah, Paul, it's good to see you. Sit down boy. Name your drink, and I'll have it for you in a jiffy."

"Thanks, Nels, anything."

"Why the long face, fellow?"

"I've just been over to see Dr. Lyden."

"Oh, ho, now I understand. First of the month, and your bill was a bit steep. Regrettable."

"I'm going to take a trip, Nels. Maybe I'll be gone a year. Maybe longer."

"Fine, my boy, fine. It's really great of the company to do this for you, but you deserve it. No one deserves it —"

"The company isn't sending me, Nels."

"No? Then how come the sudden burst of splendor?"

"Nels, Dr. Lyden completed the tests this morning. I have a year to live."

"Paul!"

"He said that the odds are a thousand to one. A person might live; no one ever has."

THE TOWER LIGHT

"It can't be. You're kidding. Here, sit down. I'll have the drinks in half a jiffy."

"What I came to ask you, Nels, is that you not tell Aren. I saw her last night. The tests had almost been completed then and I knew what to expect. I tried to tell her, but I couldn't. She seemed so happy. I know that it was rotten of me, Nels, but I couldn't, I don't want her to worry about it. It wouldn't serve any purpose. Please, Nels, don't tell her. Promise that you won't tell her."

"I promised, He sailed two days later. At regular intervals I received cards: Paris, Seville, Cairo, Calcutta, Yokohama, Budapest. Never a word about himself. A few words about the people, the conditions of the country, and no more, not even a forwarding address. Towards the end of the year, the path of his cards began to etch its way towards home: the salmon, swimming its way upstream. For his sake, I wished that it might happen before he reached home. At least, he wouldn't have had to know then that a week after he had sailed Aren had married Carl."

"His dreams had never been for himself, Jan, you know that. Everything he had done had been for Aren. Without her, his life was aimless."

"He landed yesterday and went to see Dr. Lyden immediately."

"From there he came to see me. He was so excited he could hardly talk. He was the thousandth person! He would live! What difference did it make if his job was gone and he had spent all his money on the tour? He still had Aren. He could do it again, for her. He would."

"Forgive me, Paul, for being a coward. I wanted to tell you. I tried I couldn't. Please, Paul forgive me."

His voice choked, and stopped. While he had been speaking, the westward sun had quit the room. It was now in darkness except for the faint reflection from the street lights, far below. The sultry evening air poured in the lone window. The noise of people returning home could be heard outside, but none of the sound seemed to penetrate into the room. Nels was sitting, now, as he had been when I first entered: back bowed, elbows into his knees, head dropped into his hands. I rose then and walked out into the night.



Do They Call You A Handshaker ?

By JANE KIMBLE

PART I

Characters—"Just-a-considerate-student"

"Fast traveling whispers"

Time— 8:50 Monday morning

Oh me! the inevitable Monday morning—and a wet one at that. Ye Tower Clock, I hear you. Oh, there's Miss ——; I'll hurry up the steps and open the door for her. She certainly has a number of packages. . . . Whispers, "Handshaker, handshaker" . . .

"Morning, nice day if it doesn't rain."

Miss —— thanked me for my thoughtfulness even though her forced smile said, "How original". (What, you don't like sarcasm?)

Once within the clutch of another college day's activity I dashed for my first class—'twas later than I had thought. Just made it! What's Miss —— saying, a volunteer to help with a bit of work this afternoon? My unit's in, so here goes, "Why, yes, I'd be glad to come in, Miss ——." . . . Whisper, "Handshaker, handshaker."

PART II

Characters—"Just-a-considerate-student"

"An understanding teacher"

Time— 4:00 Monday afternoon

"I don't understand some people, Miss ——. After class this morning six of my well-meaning classmates said, "Teacher's little helper, or should it be handshaker?" All this was because I offered to help you. Why are helpfulness and considerateness labeled handshaking?"

"It's not easy to answer that question, Just-a-considerate-student. Possibly a general reason is that some students can't realize that in an every-man-for-himself world there are still *some* who think of the other person. In our college halls I often hear whisperers chattering away, "Handshaker, that's all — just another handshaker". Those remarks are so unnecessary. Why don't open-minded college students see that? Then too, why can't they realize how these unkind remarks hurt others? Incidentally, have you thought of any solution for this?"

"No, understanding teacher, I haven't; that is, nothing definite. However, if every student could be called a handshaker once, perhaps these whispers would be smothered."

"Who knows but what you are right. And, just-a-considerate-student, do you think this article will enable the students to become aware of the fact that handshaker is a non-essential part of one's vocabulary?"

"Maybe I'll never know the answer to *that* question, considerate teacher, but here's hoping for the best!"

How about it reader?



Fragment

HAVEN KOLB, '36

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
Waves of water bowl along.
Tolling, tolling, tolling, tolling,
Mournf'ly moans the buoy's gong.

Shattered ships rest just below.
Though screaming sea-mews breast the blow;
Though sun-struck sheens on wave crests glow,
Yet somber, swept by undertow,
Dark hulks sleep in the gloom below.

Beyond the buoy lie the shoals,
And farther on, like gamboling foals,
The broken breakers unleashed dash
Across the bar, then sounding, crash
And seethe among the creviced rocks.

Rolling, rolling, rolling, rolling,
Waves of water bowl along.
Tolling, tolling, tolling, tolling,
Mournf'ly moans the buoy's gong.

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I wish you'd talk to my wife, Professor. She kisses me only when
she needs money.

Heavens, isn't that often enough?"

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Graziella Parraga, the Havana socialite composer-singer, reveals Paris fashionists have thumbed down the "Big Apple" and have keyed their newest fashions with an eye to the Waltz and Rhumba. The dresses will be willowy and flouncy. It seems, says Miss Parraga, that stylists frown on the "Big Apple" because its disciples, especially the Kollege Kids, lean to the sweater and skirt!



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pure cigarette paper... the best
ingredients a cigarette can have

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in Chesterfield's milder better taste

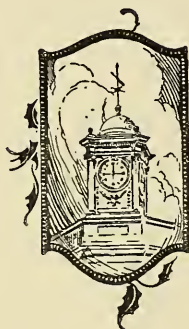
They Satisfy



TOWER LIGHT

JUNE 1938

THE TOWER LIGHT



Published by the Students of the
State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

JUNE, 1938

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LIDA LEE TALL, *President*

THE TOWER LIGHT

VOL. XI

JUNE, 1937

No. 9

The Earth, the Student, and Wisdom

LIDA LEE TALL

"What is that you hold in your hand, my friend? The Earth?—
A dangerous possession! How came you with it?"

"Your birthright, you say? Suppose you should drop it?"

"I must be careful not to do so."

"But then you cannot always hold it, lest it clog your way."

"So I begin to see. Shall I dash it to the ground?"

"Yes, then examine it closely and see of what it is made, how its
waters and its continents are patterned, how the people are scattered upon
it, and determine what part is finally to be yours."

I sometimes think the four years of college life can be compared to
the earth as a possession in one's hands. To get a perspective on it one
must get away from it, and then after taking stock one can discover the
treasures he has touched. Possession comes when once riches are recog-
nized and valued, and when one is strong enough to hold them and guard
them.

During these four college years as a student at Towson you have
drunk deeply of knowledge and of the vision that lies in knowledge if you
have truly been a student. You have learned to love books as a method
of communication from mind to mind. You have found the dynamics
of the psychology of experience. *Or else*, you have gained little wisdom
from your experiences. You have dealt in human understandings through
your personal growth and development. Are you conscious of great
depths? Great yearnings? Great accomplishments? Or will you be
numbered with a host of other college students throughout the land who
flippantly ask, "What did college ever do for me? I owe my college
nothing!" What a pity! Yet such students held the world in their
hands for a little while but they were never conscious that it was theirs
to explore, to be disturbed by, to be challenged by, and to contemplate.

The Class of '38 marks a step in our developing standard as a college
for it is the four year group which entered in 1934, and for it the four
year curriculum was planned and built. We know that other builders
will come after them but they can say feelingly, "Tell them we too have
known and that their greatest search must be for wisdom. They will
hold the earth in their hands for a little while. What will they do with it?"



MARIE M. NEUNSINGER, *Senior Class Adviser*

To the Senior Class

or

Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk

There was a woman known as Lot's wife. She gave a backward glance—the end of a spirit.

When it is time for you to leave, *leave*—you can do no more. There will be reunions, meetings, and returnings, of a sort, but you know now that new things are beginning for you. Depend upon the past to help form the future. Do not depend upon the past to continue into the future. Hoping that today will be like yesterday is a vain hope. It is a hope that will make you old. From now on, there will be other times in your life when you will experience moving on into other spheres. You will be the only one to know when it is time to move on—and as suddenly as you realize it—*move*. The business of going from one thing to another may take many forms—a change of ideas, of relationships to other people, of objectives, of location, of the type of work, and perhaps your own evaluation of yourself. It is easy to lift your spirit from your body, place it in a box and write on the side of the box—“For future use.” If you do this your body will forget the box and the spirit will be covered with dust, so much dust that you will not be able to recognize your own ideas when you take the lid off the box. Your body will go on in its existence; there will be daily tasks to keep you busy but there will be no living in your soul. Age will then begin. You will not see it because your eyes have become blind with your own “courageous fight” to save something you no longer possess. Your own shadow will laugh at you. Should you keep your spirit young regardless of the age of your body you will not experience all this.

There is no turning back. As you go along, drink in all of life. Take it with both hands. Your skin will burn—the bones that are left will fall to pieces—the black charred bits will dry up and blow away—you will be left standing; *you* and your singing spirit.



SENIOR CLASS OF 1938

Waves and Tides

CHARLES A. HASLUP

IT was in the fall of 1934 that we, the prospective professors from Podunk, Pawsocket, and points west, entered Teachers College. Most of us came early so as not to avoid the usual rush on Registration Day.

We, who had just graduated from high school, were extremely positive that there was nothing that we could not do. We had learned just about everything there was to know. But everyone was rudely awakened by a series of entrance examinations called "A Battery of Tests".

Within a few days we were keenly aware of the fact that we knew practically nothing. Some of us wondered if we had an I. Q. Two or three students were reported as unable to do Third Grade arithmetic. Brushing all these astounding realities aside, we decided to awaken our slumbering brains (if there were such things), and start from scratch.

Soon, believe it or not, we began to learn. Yes, it *was* difficult at first, but we managed somehow. We learned to take out no more than two books each night. We learned to get to school by 8:59 A. M. We learned to look intelligent, though asleep. We learned when the bell was expected to ring, when to eat our lunches, when to cross the street, and also, the exact location of a place called Towson. We learned how to borrow car checks and we learned how to run for street cars. We also learned not to spend over one and one-half hours a night for each class period. We learned how useless it is to study for a test.

Then, directly out of a clear sky, came our first experience at student teaching. We learned how to make units, how to plan lessons, how to organize materials, and other valuable information. We struggled through nine weeks, and returned finding our class smaller, but stronger.

September came and we returned once more—all tired out and ready for work. All of a sudden it dawned upon us that we were Seniors! Our thoughts turned to the Benefit Dance, the Medieval Christmas Dinner, Student Teaching, May Day, the Prom, Class Day and Commencement!

And now four years have passed—four years filled with interesting experiences and glorious good times. We extend sincere thanks to those who have helped us succeed and we hope that we shall continue to develop in our new situations.

For Value Received, I —

REBECCA C. TANSIL

JUNE might well be called the month of commencements. Each year during this month thousands of young people pour out of the doors of our American colleges, capped and gowned and holding in their hands the sheepskins which represent their achievements for the past four years. Many of these young people receiving the undergraduate degrees of B. S. or A. B. are using these degrees for entrance requirements to professional or graduate schools where they will receive further training for the professions of their choice. But the largest number of these young graduates consider their education complete for the present, and look forward to taking their places in the world. On their lips is the ever-present question—after college graduation, what next? There is a certain sadness mixed with all the festivities of the commencement season for many of the graduates. Some of these students have prepared for work in which there are no opportunities in this time of uncertainty; others have not thought seriously about the choice of vocations and find themselves at sea about the next step. These young people are suddenly transferred from the security of college life to the uncertainty of life after college.

How different is the outlook for graduates of professional colleges such as our own here at Towson. There is no question before our graduates of "what they are going to do." This graduation is the goal toward which they have been striving for the past four years, and the choice of vocation was made at the time of entrance to college. These graduates, too, have little worry about where they will secure positions. By graduation day many of the students will have in their possession contracts for the coming school year; certainly when the superintendents of the State complete their appointments in the early part of the summer all of the 1938 graduates will be placed. The regret of the college is that the class is not larger so that the needs of the State could be more adequately met.

So in contrast to graduates of other colleges our own graduates at Towson do not ask the question—"College graduation, what next?" but should consider the question, "How well shall I do the job?" Certainly ten years from now should see many of the 1938 graduates in positions of responsibility. One has only to look at the names of persons throughout the State holding supervisory and administrative positions to find many of the Towson graduates. If these advancements have come to the graduates of the college when the course was only two years in length how much greater contributions to the state the graduates of the present four-year curriculum should make.

The Paths Into the Future

E. M. ROBE

In pausing on the threshold of a widening, glowing future,—
In looking backward o'er the road we've come through toil and joy
and strife,—
In turning so we face the paths which disappear into the haze of years
to be,—
There comes unbidden to the mind a question of the goals and standards
Which shall guide and steady us as through the world we make our way.
Shall power, wealth, and fame be held the final destination?—
And on the grim advance hoard selfishly the ideas, finds and gains as
would a miser
That each becomes a lever kept secluded till it may wedge a little further
open doors leading to success?
Shall friendship be considered just a stepping stone to life's success,
So that one cultivates a cold inhuman granite base of calculating self-
advancement?
Shall, in a word, Self be the one, the paramount consideration?
Or shall one seek a longer, humbler path which goes another way—
Which stops along the road to lend a hand to mortals lacking hope or faith
Or just a trust in human kindness which will tide one through a stormy
spell?
This may not be the path along whose way is strewn gold.
This may not lead to laurels, fame, or even what the world would call
success.
But when one counts the harvest gathered on this road one feels that
this is best.
To share a crust of bread, of knowledge, hope or even courtesy,
Gives to the giver and the given a priceless sense of brotherhood.
To lift a failing friend and start him on the upward climb
May start an endless chain of humans up an onward to the vision of
accomplishment.
For hope which spreads like golden light of day
All too soon is shadowed by the dark despair of night unless one brings
a candle to the gloom.
Which pathway will you take? The choice is yours and yours alone.
Where one gives riches, power, fame and glory it is found a lonely road
beset by care and subject to the fickle hand of Fate.
The other road may not be paved with bricks of gold nor is it found to be
the smoothest going.

There must be honest effort, labor, love and patience to travel down its way.

But ah, when once one sees the harvest there can be but little choice.

For he who passes here may face his conscience squarely, having gained naught through the use of guile.

He may hold his friendships sacred, and may say of deeds and tasks,

"To the best that I have in me I've been true and done my best."



We Are Here

PATRICIA CALLAHAN

AS we seniors donned our caps and gowns for the first time, I looked at my classmates. Into my mind flashed the immortal words of a famous American general on his arrival in France with a consignment of American troops. They were: "Lafayette, we are here!"

Just as he uttered this significant phrase with great fervor and feeling, so do we as seniors re-echo it just as fervently.

Graduation day looms as a bright light at the end of our four year search for knowledge. It definitely shows that we are here—that we have arrived. But may I add, we are here not only in relation to ourselves, but we are here, and will always be here to our friends in the faculty and student body whom we shall soon leave behind us.

It is true that we are proud—very proud that we have reached another milestone in our educational journey. However, such success would not have been possible without the guidance and assistance of our loyal instructors. It was they who helped us over the bumps, encouraged and assisted us when we became stuck in an unexpected rut and extended a torch when a fog of uncertainty seemed to envelop us.

In still another way we are here—that is, we have finally arrived at the beginning of our educational, social, and mental maturity. During the process of our four year stay in the college we have gradually shed our cloak of adolescence, and have donned one of a more stable fabric. As we go into the teaching profession we have every intention of continuing in this attitude.

And finally, may I add, we shall always be here as far as cooperation with our colleagues and teachers is concerned. Although physically it will be impossible for us to remain, we will continue to perpetuate the ideals and standards impressed upon us at State Teachers College long after we have left.

Main-Travelled Roads

E. CISSEL

It seems only a short time since I greeted the Freshmen with the wish that they would travel many "happy new roads" while at State Teachers College. As I reminisce it seems that we Seniors have indeed journeyed far since we began our college course in 1934. Today, the roads of comradeship, sportsmanship, and friendship lead on. Of the three I would choose friendship first. Why? Because I value nothing so highly as this rare gift. It paves the way for complete understanding. Sportsmanship is another desirable course because in the word itself lies the implication that one is big enough to put aside his own treasured plans when they are not suited to the general welfare of the group. Friendship and sportsmanship must run parallel.

Comradeship holds its own place; it means helping another cheerfully when the need arises. We realize that each cannot be a great scientist and discover such wonders as electricity nor can one be a great financier and give sums of money for public or individual welfare, but we can help in a spiritual way. When the opportunity arises be a comrade, lend a helping hand, give an encouraging smile, or grasp a hand, to say, "I'm here to help you in every way I can". We cannot all be leaders but we can be cheerful and helpful followers thus aiding both the leaders and the group concerned.

As we say *au revoir* may we say it with the honest wish that we may follow these previously traveled roads and that those who come after us will see the beauty and the wisdom of the same courses.



After the Rain

V. V. H.

A yellow streak across the sky,
The first bright break today.
The humid air blows softly by;
Warm sun drives clouds away.

The grass new lit shines yellow-green,
Insistent birds sing out.
A welcome light reveals the spring,
And joy expels all doubt.



THE MAY COURT

The Feast of Flora

FRANCES JONES

THE loveliness of spring was heralded on the fourth of May with festivities which vied with those of our English ancestors. Just as the sixteenth century villagers held open house on May Day, so also did our college hold visitors' day. Representatives from many of the nearby high schools came to spend the day with us. For all who witnessed the changing scenes, pictures not soon to be forgotten were painted in memories.

The day was begun by a morning meeting wherein our guests were familiarized with the standards and customs of this institution. Members of the faculty who were graduates of this college and student officers very forcefully told the story of teacher preparation in all of its aspects. The souls of the musical, and even the non-musical, were stirred by the violin solo of Reverend Hackman who was also a graduate of our college in 1929. Two members of the glee club assisted in the musical entertainment with their melodies.

To the seniors, May Day connoted a serious step in their careers, for on this day they were inducted into their academic gowns. Solemn were their faces as they marched into the assembly. The spirit of the college was as it should be at this period in the celebration. Loyalty and honesty shone in the countenances of the new officers as they were installed. Happiness and beauty were reflected in every voice as the students sang their class songs. To the visitors, this spot of seriousness in a day of frivolity must have made a deep impression.

Wearied by the activities of the morning our guests were led to Newell Hall dining-room where they feasted and rested.

But the lull was not for long, because the climax of a perfect day was near at hand. Hundreds of spectators were enraptured by the beauty of the Queen of May and her court who rivaled even the loveliness of the goddess Flora. Hundreds of spectators were delighted by the dancing on the green, and around the Maypole, and by rollicking songs. Hundreds of spectators were diverted by Bossy the cow, by the balloon men, and by the bag race.

As this spectacle drew to a close, murmurs of—tea dance, orchestra, popsicles, hot-dogs, went around the crowd. Those whose feet allowed, wended their way to the foyer where a most excellent band supplied ball-room rhythms. Those who were hungry, were satisfied by the thoughtful Y.W.C.A. who had arranged food for all appetites.

Revellers reluctant to depart from so gay a scene began to drift toward home at five-thirty. Many a heart was lightened—many a worry was banished in the joyous festival wherein Towson Teachers College welcomed the beautiful spring.

Junior President's Speech at May Day Crowning

From time immemorial it has been customary to celebrate May Day by bringing in flowers and dancing around the Maypole, and crowning a maiden who personifies spring.

Youth and beauty are synonymous; it is therefore most appropriate to select one to reign over the festivities who embodies those qualities.

The selection of the Senior Class is Miss Doris Eldridge.

Doris Eldridge, I bestow upon you all the rights and privileges of your high estate and hereby crown you Queen of the May.



Even as We

E. M. FISHEL

THE strokes of the big electric clock caused the pens to rattle on Mr. Preston's desk. Five o'clock, time to finish and lock the building. He glanced out the window to see if his wife was there yet, then looked farther down the valley where the unused White Oak school lay protected at the side and rear by its century old trees. A small clapboarded single-room, once a red painted building, seemed to be lying in peaceful slumber under the warm late spring sunlight. So it had looked to a fresh young traveler one autumn forty years ago. That first class of his—.

School terms were shorter in those days and it was just this time in May four decades past that he led his first tiny class of eight in the "exercises". First there had been "America" then the valedictory address by Willy Alton—.

Poor Willy, his nimble fingers and brilliant mind had led him two years ago to running a lathe, turning out beautifully wrought iron work, in the state penitentiary. Last autumn the riot gun of a keeper had cut short his notorious career. If only Willy's father had not died, or his mother had been firm enough to see that he kept steadily at work—.

Willy's opposite, big, slow-witted hard-working dependable Jake Sweitzer, had gone to work the day after school ended to repay his mother and aid in putting his brothers and sisters through the eighth grade. His work as a teamster had brought him to trucking. Today the Valley's chief claim to prosperity is based on Jake's interstate trucking. Would there were more honest, straightforward workers like Jake in the world—.

The beauty of the class, golden-haired Lucy Williams, proud and vain, today is the town gossip and busybody, with too much to do to care for her spoiled, snivel-nosed little Reginald. It had looked like a good sign last week when Reginald had whipped one of the boys who were picking on him, but subsequent trouble at home made such conduct unlikely in the future.

Anna Kirshner—her hair was mouse colored and she was “just the one to marry a minister”. He had died in China leaving her only a mortgaged home and a small son. Today the son is a prosperous doctor, the home is debt-free and Anna is one of the best paid short story writers in the land. Mr. Preston prided himself on encouraging such a “foolish” pastime in a young girl.

China—that was where George Sellers had begun. How he had wasted time that last year with his drawing. Was that old desk still back in the corner where George had stood with his wild red hair making a perfect aureole in the sun? Today he draws skyscrapers and dams or bridges rather than Victorian houses. The gift of a drawing set against the father’s objection had been the right thing for George.

The others in that first class:

Tiny athletic Russell O’Neill, today the best farmer and most caustic wit of the county. Daniel Bleaufus, over-talkative, smooth, slippery, up for sheriff this year. From his seat in the legislature he counted himself a tower of wise and vapid sayings designed only to catch the fancy of his voters. Stanley Compman—his interest in geology aroused by his young instructor had resulted in the opening of the town’s stone quarry. That first class had been rich in both good and bad qualities.

A shrill blast drew the principal’s gaze. Mr. Preston smiled at the last of his “eight”—quiet, industrious, cheerful little Virginia Seitz who after three years of courtship had finally married her former teacher. The principal waved, gathered up his satchel and slipped out of the cluttered office.

Across the valley the old schoolhouse lay, peaceful and dry and warm in the last long level red rays of the sun.



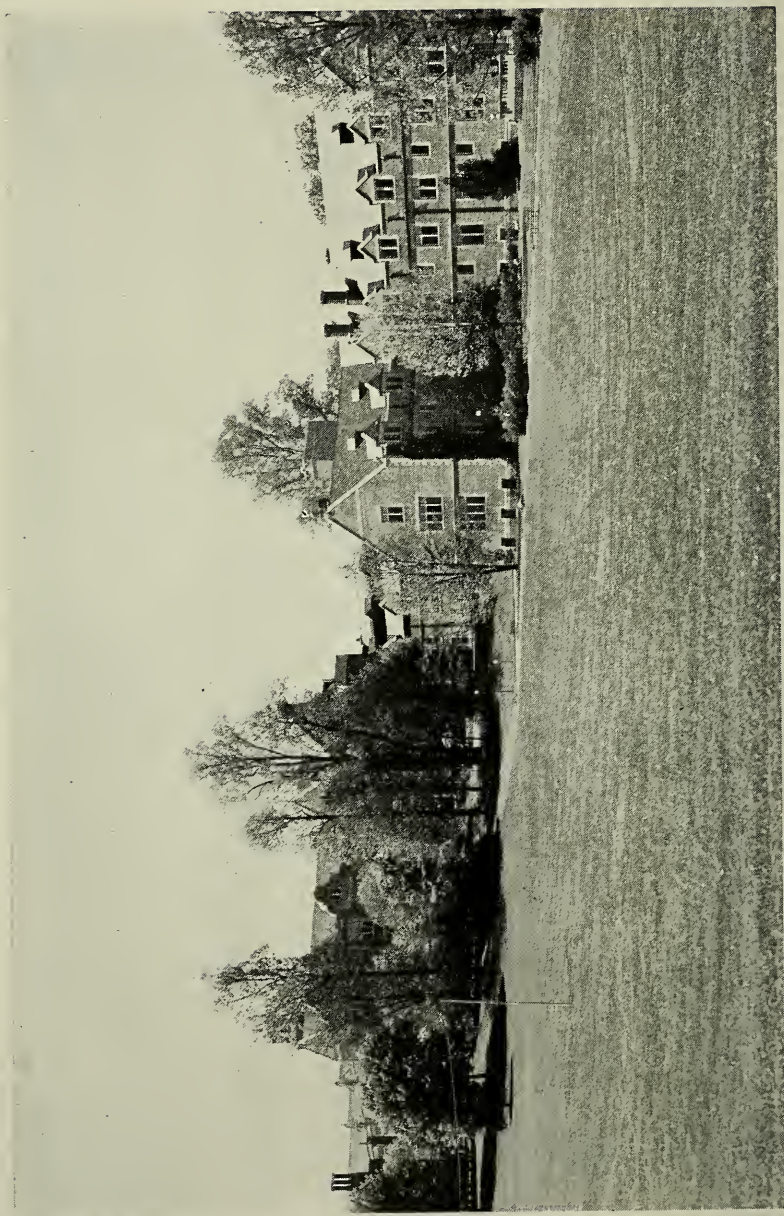
Spring Rain

J. OVER

Silver rain drops dot my window pane,
They cling to bush and tree,
They leave no sign of dirt or stain
As quickly they vanish in glee.

Through the gray foggy haze,
The clock in the tower I hear,
As it sings the day’s praise
In notes that are lilting and clear.

Soon the fog’s shadow haunches will blear,
And rain drops no longer will fall,
But the earth will be cleansed and clear.
In its velvet green beauty the world to enthrall.



A VIEW ON THE CAMPUS

The World Today

R. Z. WILLIAMS

ONE has heard others say many times that this or that is wrong with the world. I must confess that I have thought about this question and although I do not profess to know all that is wrong with the whole world I have come to these conclusions.

There is nothing wrong with the world itself, but as my mother always reminds me, "It's the people in it." Certainly the physical features of the world have changed. Mountains have been moved, streams have been deepened, land that was not under water is now submerged. Whose fault is this? It is true that nature might have done these things but although man is delving into the actions of nature it is beyond man's conception to explain the power behind nature. Why has man changed the physical features of the earth? To improve his living conditions. Does man think ahead? Yes, evidently he does. But it is true that man carries these changes too far. Just to mention one incident: there are the dust storms in our Great Plains Region. We were warned that something like this might happen. We had scientific knowledge at this time which told us that the dust storms would eventually come. What is the real factor behind all this? I believe that this is due to two traits of human nature, man's ego and man's greed.

Hitler had enough ego to think that he could rule a nation. His greed took him into Austria and it is rumored that he is going to expand farther. Mussolini also has the same ego and greed. These men have heard of Rome and Napoleon. Why do we have racial prejudices? Racial prejudices are the sum total of the ego of each individual of the race. Most people and all business men are acquainted with the law of diminishing returns. Yet business men allow their business to expand until it gets too large to handle. What happens? The business fails and there is a market crash. When young couples marry in this day and age they naturally expect to start where their mother and father left off. Why? Because they have ego enough to think they can and their greed keeps them from wanting to begin simply.

Please do not misunderstand me. I do not think that we should go back to the primitive stages of life, but let us keep in mind the laws of nature and the law of human nature that tells us greed is an undesirable quality.

The "Rum" Patrol

R. Z. W.

IT was in the year nineteen hundred thirty-two that I was a member of the crew of the United States Coast Guard Destroyer Semmes. I had just completed my first year in the service. Prohibition had reached its climax in the history of the United States and the so-called racketeers or smugglers were harvesting huge profits from their illegitimate business. The "Rum War" was on in full swing. Coast Guard Revenue Cutters were patrolling the coast day and night. Adversaries were building small and fast ships powered by four and sometimes as many as six airplane engines in order to obtain the maximum speed in the water. The personnel of the Coast Guard were given constant practice with rifles, pistols, machine-guns, and the larger three to six inch guns.

I was interested in the actual navigation of the ship and after much effort I was made a member of the "quartermaster gang," whose duties are to keep the bridge of the ship and navigation equipment in order, and to assist the officers in navigation. The visual signaling with flags and blinker light was also in the hands of the quartermasters. I therefore became interested in signaling of all kinds, and began to practice with the sending practice key in the radio shack.

It was Arthur Dillon, a first class radioman, who seemed to be most interested in my efforts and through him I managed to pass the tests which made me eligible for the radio school. Dillon was a native of Colorado and had been for a number of years a mining electrician. Many interesting stories passed between us. Besides the stories of the happenings in the mine, there were the tales of the cold winter days and nights, spent in the mountains of Colorado inspecting and repairing the lines which carried power to the mines. Another thing which attracted me to Dillon was his vast library of books of all kinds. As all of his class, he had a queer way but his was of the quiet and conservative variety instead of the boisterous type usually associated with radiomen. His constant companions were his pipe, his books, his radios, and his automobile. He was of medium build, of dark complexion, and had slanty eyes which caused one at first glance to judge him as a native of the Orient.

As you have already surmised, I was a frequent visitor to the radio shack in my leisure hours. One night while we were engaged in one of our confabs and listening to some soft mellow music on the radio, there came the usual interruption of some operator beating out the Morse code in the middle of our favorite program. We had been discussing the

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possibilities of my achieving the necessary speed required to become a radioman. I started to try to catch the message; Dillon took it down also. Of course my efforts were futile but my companion took down the whole message and while doing so called out the letters to me. The conglomeration of letters looked like this:

VAE, IWWL, RRAEIV, ENT, ILMSE, NEE, RFMO, MBAEROS, IGTHL, ECD, IFFHTEENTH, IDNMTIGH, NOE, UNHDDRE, ASCÈS, ANACNDIA, LCBU.

I asked Dillon, "What do you make of that?"

"Nothing," he answered, "But I didn't get the call letters of the station. I don't remember hearing them."

"But there was some answer of recognition?" I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, "there was."

"Must have been some amateur practicing, who had turned on his transmitter by mistake."

With that the conversation of the message was dropped. But Dillon kept glancing at the message and seemed to become more and more interested in it. The conversation became less interesting and as it was near time for me to "turn in", I made the excuse that I was tired and left the radio "shack" and Dillon.

The next morning I greeted Dillon with a cheery, "Good morning", and jokingly asked, "Did you get those letters figured out last night?"

"I believe I did," he answered.

"Don't tell me you figured them out all by yourself."

With that remark I disappeared from view on my journey leading into the fo'castle.

That afternoon there were rumors going around among the crew that we were going to sail that night. Sure enough an order was given that all shore leave was canceled. The sailors were made busy preparing the ship for sea. At 10.30 P. M. all hands were ordered to stand by the mooring lines and soon the Semmes slipped away from her dock out into the channel. The ship came about and pointed her nose to the open sea. Everyone was curious to know where we were headed and what our mission was. The consensus of opinion was that we were going to surprise a smuggler. As we neared Ambrose Light orders were given to man the guns and a double lookout was posted. Machine guns were placed in position on the mounts, and after the lightship was cleared orders were given to darken ship. The speed of the Semmes was slackened, till she reminded one of a gray ghost sneaking cautiously along toward her prey. Suddenly the lookout called out, "Ship ahoy! one point on the port bow. She's close aboard." There was not a light to be seen, but after close observation, one could make out the form of a small schooner against the black shadow of the night. The speed of the Semmes was immediately quickened and her prow swung to the port until the dark

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form was nearly "dead ahead". The powerful search-lights and guns were trained on the little ship, the engines of the Semmes were stopped, and the boarding party was already in the whaleboat which had been made ready to lower-away into the water. The search-lights revealed a schooner with two smaller boats lying on the side of her. Men were busy about their decks and began to scurry and scream like trapped rats when the search-lights were played on them. The whaleboat containing the boarding party was lowered into the water and proceeded toward the prize. The vessels were found to be transferring whiskey within the twelve mile limit. After putting the necessary crew on each vessel, the Semmes and her captives steamed toward the Coast Guard base from which she had departed just a few hours before.

The next morning when I met Dillon he passed the remark, "Yes, Willie, I figured it all out by myself."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Come up to the 'shack' sometime today and I'll explain it to you."

I wondered about the statement he made and finally it dawned on me—the message. But what was so important about that?

At lunchtime I went to the "shack" for my explanation.

"Do you remember that mess of letters we received over the air the other night?" Dillon began.

"Sure," I replied, "but what of it?"

"Well, here's what I made them add up to." With this, he handed me a piece of paper with the following words on it.

EVA, WILL, ARRIVE, TEN, MILES, ENE, FROM, AMBROSE, LIGHT, DEC, FIFTEENTH, MIDNIGHT, ONE, HUNDRED, CASES CANADIAN, CLUB.

"But how did you figure this out." I asked.

He replied, "Well it was simple. In the first place, the operator who sent this message was no amateur. He was too good with sending key. The next thing that aroused my suspicion was the fact that the message was sent over a strange wave-length. Count the 'e's' in that message."

I did. "Thirteen 'e's' in the message, but what does that have to do with the price of eggs?"

"Did it ever occur to you that the 'e' was the most frequently used letter in an English sentence with the 'o', 'i', 'd', and 'h' next in that order?"

"No, I never thought about it."

It so happens that they were the most frequently used letters in the code message. Therefore I began to think that the flash was in English and by juggling its letters I extracted the meaning.

"So you were the brains behind our little adventure?" I asked.

"If you wish to put it that way? Yes."

Two weeks later at general muster, which is a time when the ship's

company is assembled and general orders are read, a letter from headquarters commended Arthur Dillon for his great work in making possible the capture of the Eva. After the order was read Dillon looked down the line of men, caught my eye, and winked, and then stiffened up again into the position of attention.



The "Ifs", the "Becauses" and Terrible "Buts"

(One rainy October afternoon in the year 1877 a young man by the name of Thaddeus B. Bradford wrote the following and sent it to the lady of his heart. Not long thereafter he proposed to her. P.S. She said yes.)

Oh the "ifs", the "becauses" and terrible "buts"

That are piled up high as a steeple,
Ever giving to hearts the unkindest of cuts
And breaking up friendships of people.

They hinder the busy and sadden the gay.
They choke up the well-spring of pleasure.
They veil the bright sun from the rosiest day,
And rob life of joy without measure

The "ifs" are as thick as the dropping of rain,
The "becauses" are ever in motion.
While a "but" has sent many a downhearted swain
Far over the pitiless ocean.

"I will 'if' I can, 'but' "—, ah, this little word
May change the whole matter completely:
As many and many a time we have heard
It might check love's stream flowing sweetly.

Then why not move on in this pathway below
Straight forward as well as we're able?
Decided one way or the other to go,
Nor render our living a fable.

Plain "yes" and plain "no" are good honest old words,
Clad true with an old fashioned beauty,
Quite rare like the September song of the birds
That brightens our pathway of duty.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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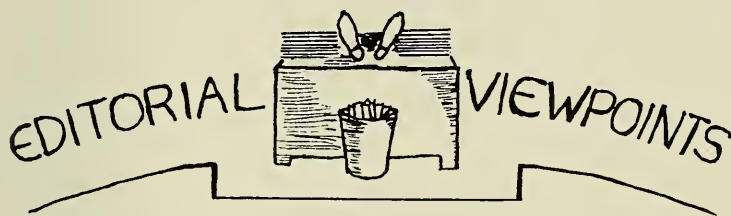
BELLE VODENOS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor



Balances

THE September sun rose, full of new ideas and hopes, confident and radiant at the thought that this was a new day and that there was so much ahead. In his slow journey across the sky he paused ever so often to reflect upon his travels and to wonder if this trip was really any different from the others. At noon, or the half-way mark, the Sun stopped and rested. He became very serious, and his mind went carefully back over the trip. He remembered his preparation for the journey, how well he had rested before starting out, how eager he was to enjoy the trip, how full his mind was of new ideas and resolutions. Yet, although his preparation had been so careful, he wondered if he had gotten all he could out of this much of the travel, if he had remembered to help others as much as he had planned. The Sun lay down and slept, his mind turning over all the incidents since his departure from home.

He woke up, again fresh and radiant, full of determination that the second half of the way was to be the best he had ever had. He set out, and all along the way he repeated to himself, "This is the last part of this journey. It must be the finest I have ever had. It will be if I do my best, and help others to do what is right." He carefully performed each of his tasks as he journeyed along the road; his cheery smiling countenance seemed to pass on encouragement to all who needed it. Yes, he made mistakes, but each error seemed to teach him a new lesson. Worries did not embitter him or make him cynical, because he could still say to himself, "If I do my best and help others to do what is right . . ." Dark storms continually loomed up before him, but the warmth and sincerity of the Sun could pierce the gloom and carry him through safely. Suddenly, like a beacon in a dense fog, he could see the goal toward which the whole trip had been directed. At first it was dim; it flickered and seemed to disappear. But as he grew closer the light steadied and the Sun knew he was going to reach his end successfully. At the edge of a roaring cataract, a hand took his and guided him across the slippery rocks to the other side. A light, by far brighter than his own, dazzled his eyes so that he was forced to close them and place all his trust in the hand that was helping him through the most difficult part of his entire

journey. Through the air seemed to float these words, "As you have helped others, so they will help you". The hand disappeared; the Sun opened his eyes. There before him stood the Creator. Then the Sun knew that this kind of journey was over, that his next would be harder because he had proved himself worthy of real trials and hardships. There was no fear in his heart, because he could remember that fear breaks down the will. He could see the faces of those he had passed along the way, and he knew that in his new work he would meet more whom he could guide.

The Sun was tired; he felt older and so much wiser. As he lay down to rest, he wondered about his new work. Again his mind formulated new hopes and ideals. But before long he fell asleep. Those who passed by noticed the radiant smile of success and youthful determination on his face and passed on quietly.



Prelude to Life

"They think they own the world" remarked one of my friends on observing a group of high school students. It took me back four years to the time that I, too, was in the class who thought that the world was ours. But what happened to us then? The world could not be owned by so many individuals. So we came to college and met people of like ideas—some with more abilities and some with less. And as we met these other students and a college faculty we began to wonder, "Were we correct?" Some began to fear that we were not and as we broadened in interests and studies we found that the world owned us—that its laws and customs must be obeyed in order to provide the best advantages to all. Others of us went along blissfully—neither caring nor heeding the demands made by the community, school, and the social and civic conditions which make up the world. We lived only for what could be received and not for what could be given. A few of the first group changed and once more the confidence in themselves as being preeminent rose. As we come to the end of four years and are now outgoing college seniors rather than high school ones there are two groups—the ones who are still living for the leading star in their lives—themselves—and the others who have found that happiness is not obtained by living for their self-centered selves but in group contacts for understandings and friendship.

Your Student Government

ROGER WILLIAMS

I WISH to thank all the members of the student body and faculty for their cooperation throughout the school year. But as retiring president of the Student Government may I leave a few thoughts with you for the coming college year.

First, remember that your student government is your means of expression, your means of self-control. Your leaders do not know your desires and wishes unless you express them. The executive meetings and the student council meeting itself are your opportunity for expression. There seems to be a certain fear of self-expression in governmental affairs. Why? I really do not know. Is it fear or is it just listlessness? That "Oh! what's the use?" attitude. In real governmental life a person who takes active part is called a politician. Due to the modern meaning of the word many people fear being called such. In college one sometimes hears the word "handshaker". Do you want the modern politician or handshaker controlling your government? They will, unless you use your privileges as a means to express your opinions. Why is it that there are in governmental affairs today people who are not the proper persons to be there? It is simply because *you*, the government itself, refuse to go to the polls or fear to express yourself in the proper channels. Remember next year that the true meaning of the word politician is one who acts solely for the interests of others and humanity. Do not lose your self control by your lack of expression.

Secondly, remember that your student officers, no matter how capable they may be, need your help. They are only one being with one mind and do not have the power of reading others' minds. They need your help not only in laborious tasks but in mental and spiritual ways. Transmit your helpful thoughts to them through the proper channels. Give them your fullest cooperation.

Some of the truest words ever spoken are "One gets out of life what one puts into it." This not only applies to life as a whole but all phases of life. Remember then, that you get out of your student government only what *you* put into it. This is really your opportunity. It is the only organization in your college life that each one of you can *really put something into*. I feel that if every student comes back to college next year determined not to lose his self-control, determined to cooperate physically and mentally to his fullest extent with the officers of the student government, and determined that he is really going to get all out of his life that he possibly can, each student's outlook will be happier and the harvest of improvements both for the individual and his profession will be plentiful.



VISTA THROUGH AN ARCHWAY

The Library - At Your Service

ELLEN PRATT

ZWEIG, STEPHAN; *Mary Queen of Scotland and The Isles*; Viking Press; N. Y., 1935.

For many years, the intriguing, yet mysterious life of Mary Stuart has been a theme of numerous historians, essayists and poets. Although the case of Mary has been diagnosed in many different ways, no one has given a better analysis of it than Stephan Zweig. He has unraveled his story not from the standpoint of creating a new character or setting, but rather has presented us with a figure which has been carefully scrutinized. He could have easily colored and elaborated Mary's life so as to make the character more interesting and have included details to make the picture more colorful. Instead, he wrote her biography without omitting any of the meaningful detail which helps to illuminate the mysteries centering about her life and death.

Many books, especially biographies, have been written to show how the character may serve as a perfect example for the world to follow. To a very slight degree this too, was the purpose of Zweig but his went much farther. Hers was a case so prevalent in kingdoms where the children of kings and queens are born to serve the state! As soon as Mary was born, she was an instrument for the state to use as it saw fit. For many years Mary was faithful to the state, being transported from Scotland to England, then to France to marry the sickly, infantile King of France. Not until she finally broke away from these ever tightening bonds do we see the real, living character of Mary.

In order to reveal the dazzling character of the queen, for indeed she must have been a truly glamorous person, Mr. Zweig had to explain the customs, ideals, and happenings of the time. In the early part of Mary's life she was a part, or a victim of the glamorous French court. Here she was divorced from the crude Scottish ways and was introduced into the fineries and culture which France had to offer. There is an excellent comparison between the French splendor and the Scottish simplicity—those simple ways, which were in themselves, the foundation of a strong and substantial type of people.

No other figure in history has had so much mystery concerning her life. Was she an instigator in the murder of her second husband? Was she was an organizer in the attempt to murder Queen Elizabeth? These two questions have been investigated; theories have been forwarded and books written but no one can definitely give an answer to them. Mr. Zweig, too, was confronted with these problems but although he stated that he had no absolute proof except the "Casket Letters", he had forwarded every possible evidence to show that she had undoubtedly been implicated in the two murders.

In writing the biography the author had to use all available material in order to present a real picture of Mary and to do it with as much authenticity as possible. To show her physical make up, Zweig has used actual portraits and descriptions. I believe it is the general opinion of the world that Mary was a beautiful person, but after Mr. Zweig explained that she was a pleasant theme for the poets of that period, who magnified her beauty, I surmise that she possessed ordinary features.

Was she a scholar, a poet as well as an intriguer? This part of Mary's biography is a cause for much controversy and critics have different points of view. Read, in *Yale Review*, says that Zweig used material which was not altogether convincing and true. Clara Stillman, of "*The Nation*", states that his sources were authentic and had been carefully diagnosed. Mr. Zweig, whenever he laid out any evidence, appended the source of the idea; for example, from the "Casket Letter", mere public opinion, or diaries and poems of Mary's. Perhaps he did this to protect himself but certainly it helped the reader to understand the intricate life of Mary.

In writing the life of any person, the author must be consistent in all his thinking and each event or detail should have a direct bearing on the life pictured. To me, this was one of Mr. Zweig's strongest points. All events related had a direct bearing on the fateful outcome of Mary. From his experiences of travel and wide reading from many sources, he has revealed the life of Mary in a really powerful style. He has made use of excellent word comparisons, similies and has many dramatic scenes. Perhaps to a certain extent Zweig has been a little too dramatic, especially at the beheading of Mary. Instead of thinking of the passing of her spirit, he told of her head rolling off the block. At this time, I do not think that he should have played on his dramatic skill even though it did make fascinating reading.

In spite of this, Mr. Zweig has been most successful in revealing the character of Mary of Scotland and it is my belief that it is one of the finest biographies of modern times.



Mistake

MAY LOVE

Every eye was upon me. It was a tense moment. I could feel the glare and disapproval of the stiff audience in the circle. That large white expanse between us seemed miles and miles, yet they were directly upon me. I could feel my face flush, my heart pound; every nerve in my body was numb. My hands shook—I was helpless. My eyes saw only a blur of people, the great, white expanse—and there—there on the tablecloth—my piece of sirloin steak!

Teachers College Record

Dinner for Miss Diefenderfer

RUTH HELD

The faculty wished to pay tribute to Miss Diefenderfer, who has served the College for nine years as dietitian and for the past three years also as resident director, and who is leaving to be married. She accepted without question the invitation to visit the Hopkins Faculty Club "to look around", and was astounded as she entered to be greeted with applause from a roomful of the faculty. A delicious dinner was then served in the dining room. Spokesmen from the different tables gave Miss Diefenderfer words of advice and admonition, as well as wishes for a very happy married life. Dr. Tall presented her with the gift from the faculty with the wish that she would be as happy as she has made others while here at the college. Miss Diefenderfer was delighted with the lovely silver set for cream and sugar and a serving tray, and responded with thanks for the gift and for the wishes and "advice". After all the scheming and telling of "tall stories" with straight faces, the faculty felt their efforts were rewarded in trying to surprise Miss Diefenderfer.

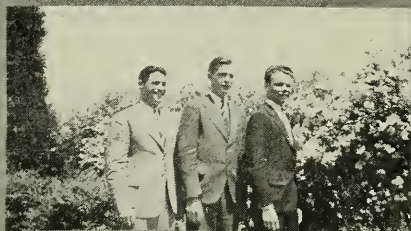


The Bride Wore Red !

Here comes the bride
All dressed in red
Wearing a tennis net
On her head.

To the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March came Virgil Barnes clinging to the arm of her respective father, Mr. Touch. She was met at the altar by none other than Mr. May Queen herself. Standing next to the groom was Mr. Blanche Dorsey, the best man, attired in green overalls and top hat. The bride was preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Dotty Brandt and the four bridesmaids—Misses Weems, Heck, Owings, and Belt, all gowned in black. The procession was brought to a close by the two little boys, Perk and Andy, trainbearer and ring bearer respectively. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dorothy Healy, resplendent in black gown and spectacles.

This was the mock wedding held last month for "Miss Dief", our *surprised* guest of honor. Besides the ceremony there were songs, poems, and a skit dedicated to her. We presented her with several pieces of silver as a token of our love and appreciation for the innumerable things she has done for us in the years we have been here. We wanted Miss Dief to know that we are happy because we know that she is happy, yet sad because we cannot keep her with us.



ALL IN A DAY

Senior Dances

R. HOWARD AND H. DAVIS

The Senior Tea Dance was a success financially and socially. Bob Beam and his orchestra furnished the music for the swing session.

The usual couples were present plus some surprises. Did you see Y. B. and B. C.; L. W. and J. S.? (Milady was campused!!)

The Senior Class held its last dance on May 27. Not only was the "prom" the last under-graduate dance of the year, but it was the last time when the entire Class of 1938 enjoyed an evening together. All agree that it was the finest occasion in the class history.



Soph Spring Dance

Although Ferdinand wasn't there, nothing was lacking to make the Sophomore Dance on April 29 a perfect springtime affair. The flowers on the walls, the flowers in the wheelbarrows, and the spring dancer on the backdrop seemed almost to sway in the rhythmic blasts from Charlie Vincent's orchestra. But there was no doubt about the ninety couple present — they executed some real "spring dances." For wasn't it just the right situation?



A Gypsy Party

Y. BELT

Seated around the campfire a small band of gayly clad gypsies partook of the evening meal. After the meal, games were played and, to make the evening complete, fortunes that had been written in invisible writing were read.

As the sky grew darker, the group drew nearer the fire to sing familiar songs before wandering off to bed.



SENIOR SIDELIGHTS

Play Day - - May Day - - Elsewhere

VIRGINIA KING

Saturday morning, May 14, twenty-five girls accompanied by Miss Daniels and Miss Roach left the dorm a little after eight o'clock in a bus bound for Western Maryland College. They were very happy when they started but before they had gone half-way, some one noticed a few drops of rain on the wind-shield. That was only the beginning—there was plenty of rain all day.

They arrived on the college campus at nine o'clock. At the girls' gym in Blanche Ward dormitory they registered; here Miss Parker and some of the Western Maryland students welcomed them.

The games began at ten o'clock: volley ball and table tennis were played first. The Towson senior volley team played Western Maryland but was defeated. The Junior team played Notre Dame and won but lost the second game to Western Maryland. Others took part in badminton which was played in the boys' gym. Due to the weather the other games could not be played. After the games lunch was served to the guests in the gym.

In the afternoon the May Day program was held in Alumni Hall. The May Court procession was the first event. The queen was crowned by Dr. Holloway, president of the college. This was followed by a play, "Cinderella", given to entertain the queen and her court.

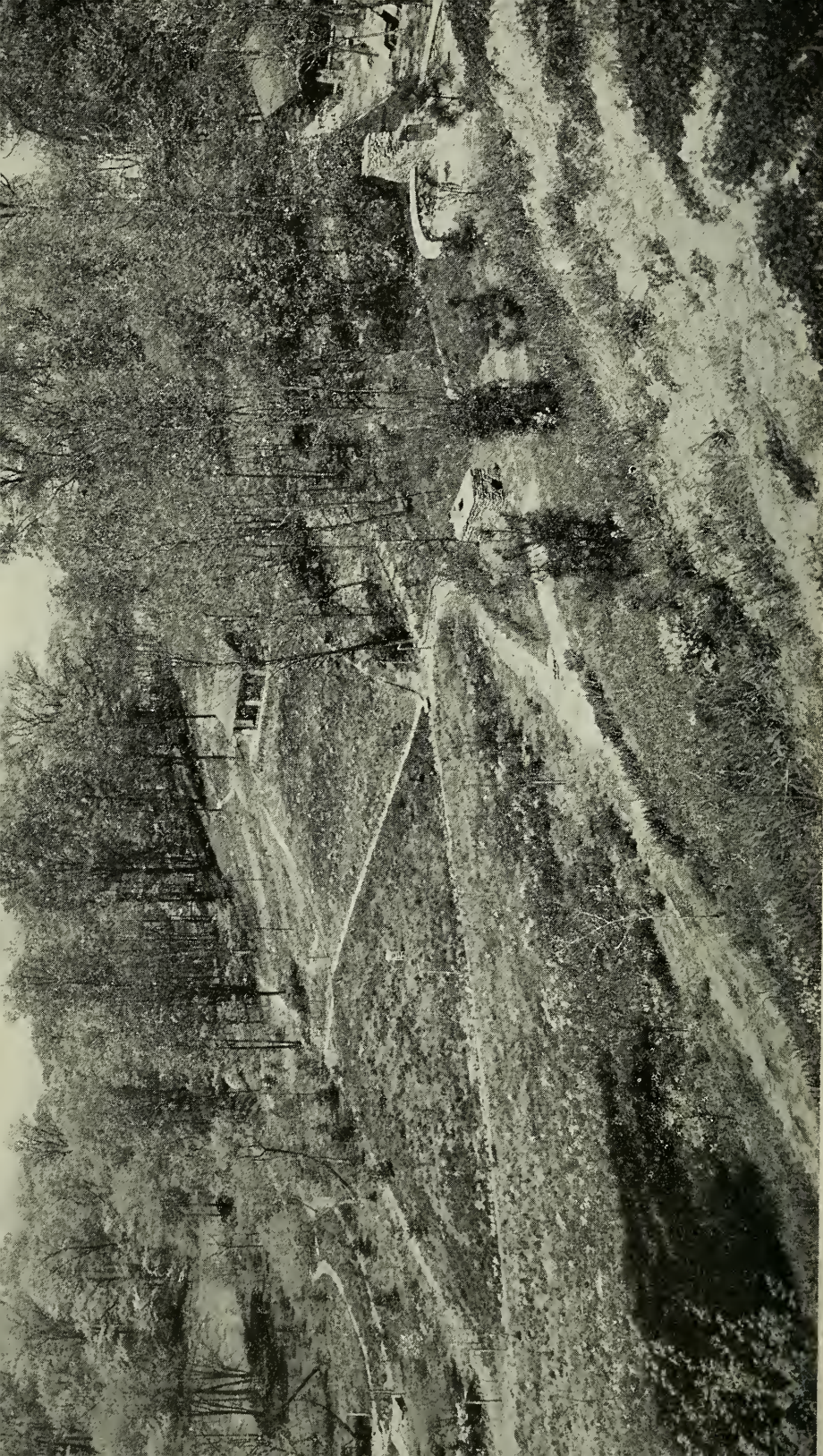
Following the afternoon festivities the Towson teams, physically dampened but mentally happy, returned to their Alma Mater.



Town Meeting

JEANNE KRAVETZ

We were in China, Turkey and Cuba and yet never left Baltimore that night at the Town Meeting sponsored by the League of Young Voters at the College Club on Charles Street. So enjoyable and worthwhile was this meeting that many feel it should become an annual affair. Miss Hahn from China played on Chinese instruments, one of which was three thousand years old. Mr. Olcar of Turkey told of present day conditions in his homeland. We heard of education in Havana, Cuba from Mr. Deford. Afterward, there was an informal discussion during which refreshments were served. This was indeed an eventful evening for all those present.



THE GLEN

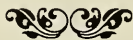
Fantasy

BEVERLY COURTNEY

A basketful of sky I have,
All fluffy like the milkweeds silk.
And I'll weave it with a bit of cloud,
Fresh spun, and white as milk.

And as I weave, then I shall sing
A song that was woven too,
From the magic notes of a skylark
And the whisper of sparkling dew.

And the pattern I weave shall be Beauty;
White, like a star in the night.
So then is my tapestry finished,
But it fades with the morning light.



Thoughts in Glancing Back Over Four Years

It might take all kinds of people to make a world but some people
make a world of difference.

Take time by the forelock and you'll never be late.

Since opportunity knocks but once it must be woodpeckers we
hear here.

We sing of all the things we're taught but why isn't "mercy"
ever mentioned?

Honesty may be the best policy but it isn't always the pal of tact.

A penny was a penny earned before the tax on cosmetics.

Little pitchers have big ears but it's their mouths which cause the
trouble.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched or there may
be more than one goose.

The early bird catches the worm but who wants a worm?

The hand is quicker than the eye but each can make the daggers
fly.

Silence is golden but we've gone off that standard.

All's Well that Ends Well

ELAINE WARD

ONCE more spring has proved to a busy season for the orchestra. Certainly the May and June activities have set a pace for everyone. May Day found the orchestra occupied almost every minute. It played on four occasions: the processional for the Juniors and Seniors at assembly, a special number on the assembly program, the processional and recession for the May Court, and a selection for the waltzing on the campus during the May Day program.

The following week we played "Phaon" by Johnson at the dinner of the Quota Club. On this occasion Mr. Baker played Vieuxtemps' "Romance" Opus 40 as a solo. After this program began the last round of rehearsals for Baccalaureate and Commencement.

It is generally known that the orchestra has a weekly rehearsal. However, I doubt if it is known what takes place at these weekly meetings. We don't always practice with a specific program in view. To be sure, a group of selections are always rehearsed in case we are asked to play on short notice. Nevertheless, we also play for our own enjoyment. Victor Herbert's "Favorites" have never been played in public, but they are played quite often for our own pleasure.

During the past few weeks the orchestra has undertaken something new; that is, the orchestration of "In a Persian Market". Each member of the orchestra orchestrated his own part. Only time will tell how this sort of thing will work out. If it is successful, then there will be an enrichment of musical experience for everyone concerned. As it is now, the music has to be adapted to the available instruments. Because of the lack of instruments, the parts have to be arranged so there will be a pleasing balance.

One June 1, the orchestra presented a radio program. Choice selections from the past year were played, after which Dr. Tall gave a short talk.

At the close of this year, five members of the organization will graduate. I think that each one can say that the group has had a pleasurable experience that has lasted four years. Not only has it been pleasurable, but profitable as a background in music.

May the incoming freshman class have many contributions for the orchestra and may the whole organization show the interest and enthusiasm that it takes to accomplish the things that make for success.

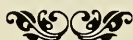
Glee Club Notes

RUTH SPICER

The college's largest extra-curricular organization, embracing over one-fourth of the student body, is completing another eventful year.

The Glee Club's first concert was given within a month after school began, necessitating arduous practice and a few "extra rehearsals." Since that time twenty other performances have been given, including radio broadcasts and small group performances in neighboring counties. About one third of the Club members have participated in these quartettes or slightly larger groups.

On Commencement Day, the Glee Club will give its final concert for this year. It is hoped that all of the (one hundred six) undergraduates will return in September to form the foundation for an ever-improving Glee Club.



Did You Know That

V. V. H.

The binder twine used in tying cereal shocks in the wheat belt comes from henequen fiber grown in the Yucatan?

Sportsmen from all over the world go to southern Africa to try their skill against fighting fish?

Giant Boabab or "Cream of Tartar" trees grow in southern Africa and furnish bark for rope and cloth, leaves and bark for medicinal elements, and a gourdlike fruit which yields a pulp used in beverages or food?

Some kangaroos can cover thirty feet in a single bound?

The giant Karri tree, a species of the eucalyptus tree, is so hard that it is often used for paving streets in Australia?

Natives of Samoa wrap the arms of an octopus in taro leaves, roast them over hot stones and eat them with relish?

In New Mexico there is a National Playground consisting of miles of white gypsum beds? Tobogganists take advantage of these natural slides formed by the upward seepage of water which brings gypsum from beds within the earth.

Two centuries ago in France an experiment using spider silk for textile purposes was performed? Some gloves and stockings were made but the difficulty of raising the spiders made the process unprofitable.

In Central Asia eaglets are trained to falconry?

Teakwood is used extensively for building purposes in Siam because it does not attract termites or "white ants?"

From *National Geographic Magazines*.

Assemblies

APRIL 29—*Dr. Weglein*

As an annual visitor to the college who has something to say, Dr. Weglein was most welcome to us, as he spoke on the teaching profession as a career. Dr. Weglein is distressed that there are so many more positional opportunities in the teaching field than qualified applicants. He then outlined what he believes should be the pre-service and in-service training of teachers. The prospective teachers, according to Dr. Weglein, should begin training by an appropriate selection of subjects in high school. This should include English and a specialized subject selected by the student. The student should strive to train himself extensively in every great field. Then when he enters Teachers College he should endeavour to saturate himself with information on the social studies and natural sciences, which Dr. Weglein believes are keystones to teachers' knowledge.

Then when teachers are placed they should continue to enlarge their background by taking in-service courses. In conclusion our speaker discouraged shifting from the elementary to the secondary field by young teachers unless it is absolutely necessary.

MAY 5—*Miss Engle*

Miss Engle spoke on the topic of "Social Security". Some of the main ideas brought out by Miss Engle were: "Social Security for the individual and the group has been the chief aim of civilization . . . We now face insecurity due to the urbanization of our country and due to the change of our population, and our protective method . . . People expect too much of the social act; it cannot do away with existing conditions—it can only help them . . . Education in the near future will, I believe, drive for that security which is the Holy Grail of civilization."

MAY 9—*Dr. Tall*

Dr. Tall brought to us a message from the "American Council of Education" which had met in Washington. Some of the speakers at the meeting were Dr. Dodd, ex-ambassador to Germany; Dr. Valentine, President of Rochester University; and Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

A few of the ideas expressed at this "Teacher Education Survey" which Dr. Tall shared with us were as follows: "We *should* be an educated nation, since we are spending so much money on education . . . Every college should have a philosophy . . . We should strive for public service, not for a desire to serve ourselves . . . Knowledge is not virtue; it is power."

MAY 12—*Dr. Bamberger*

We were glad to have with us again Dr. Florence Bamberger, Director of the School of Higher Studies in the Johns Hopkins University. Dr.

Bamberger challenged the student body by asking, "What is the purpose of education? How can we justify to our community the money it is spending on education?"

Dr. Bamberger believes that there are two purposes of educators: (1) "To make changes in people so that they will have higher and better wants"; (2) "To prepare them so that they can obtain these desired wants."



The Gentle Art of Losing Friends in One Easy Lesson or Refund Guaranteed by the Two Rays of Sunshine and Company

When you have decided that you are important enough to get along by yourself it is time to dispose of those leeches politely spoken of as friends. There may be some few who are worthy of friendship, but be brave, just remember he who travels fastest travels alone. In the pre-break stages show a gradual cooling enthusiasm for any suggestions made. Never let an opportunity slip in which you could correct their speech or manners—especially when other people are around. Take a "for you own good" attitude and tell them how terrible hair, dress, suit, or shoes look. Advise them to try your favorite dentifrice because it makes teeth nice and white—"Just see how mine look".

In even the slightest affair violently take the opposite side and stress the fact that your superior experience and background naturally makes you right. Get very red in the face and beat the air with your fists—it can't fail. Never keep appointments and when "they" say something just lightly pass it off with "I have more important things to do".

By all means take advantage of every chance to slur the poor soul's family—such as "Wasn't there some talk of your brother trying to steal a car?"—such little niceties really do their trick in a mighty subtle way. Another jolly technique is to borrow the neighbors' children and take them to call. Let them tear, spill, smear, and chase to their little hearts' content.

P.S. Having tried our plan you may want to take our course to regain friends. Just see your local news dealer for prices.



CORRECTION: The article on page 42 of the Junior issue was brought in by Mr. Stern as a member of the editorial staff but was not written by him. We wish in this manner to correct the matter of authorship.



DEMONSTRATION NIGHT

Adieu to Sports for 1937-38

ARTHUR BENNETT

THE sport season at State Teachers College is rapidly coming to a close. At this time I shall try to give you a resume of our accomplishments since September, 1937.

Although we did not win the Maryland Collegiate Championship in soccer this year the team had a very successful season. The schedule consisted of games with such colleges as Western Maryland, Frostburg, Blue Ridge, Hopkins, Salisbury, and University of Maryland. For next year these colleges have organized a Maryland Collegiate league. Eight players will be lost from the squad for next year but Coach Minnegan hopes to develop a winning team from the remaining players and the incoming Freshmen. Those lost for next year are: Goal—Edward Hamilton; Half-backs—J. Wheeler, W. Cox and A. Bennet; Forward line—B. Gamerman, H. Stern, W. Gordon, and R. Williams. Aside from the regular league schedule the team will also play the strong University of Virginia team and Elizabethtown Teachers.

The Basketball season this year has been one of the best in the history of college. Only one game was lost in the small college class. Teachers College's victories this year consisted of:

Two over Wilson Teachers, two over Salisbury, two over Blue Ridge, two over Gallaudet, three over Western Maryland Theological, one over Frostburg and one over Elizabethtown.

Baseball at the present time is in full swing. Few wins have been recorded; however, the team has played several good games. Due to the loss of Austerlitz and Cook who are student teaching the team has been greatly handicapped. As a whole the team has been hitting very well.

The batting averages for six college games are as follows:

<i>Players</i>	<i>A.B.</i>	<i>Hits</i>	<i>Per Cent</i>
1. Austerlitz	3	2	667
2. Bennett	26	10	384
3. Gordon	8	3	375
4. Lauenstein	23	6	261
5. Shock	12	3	250
6. Wheeler	25	6	240
7. Cernik	22	5	227

Alumni With Us

A Tonic for Milady

BERNICE HUFF

YOU feel nervous, at odds with the world; you begin to acquire a cynical outlook on life. A morbid note creeps into your conversation. You have reached the last stages of that desperate state for which there is only one cure—you must buy something new, preferably a hat. Of course you've just worn the toe out of your last good pair of hose, you need some pajamas, and your umbrella leaks, but you don't receive half the mental satisfaction in purchasing these articles that you do from buying a hat.

So you hie yourself downtown, blissfully thinking enroute of the hat, or rather, the creation you are going to buy. You picture the envious glances of your family, and the extravagant (through certainly deserved) compliments of the One and Only (the darling).

You scornfully ignore the crowded little shops which are your usual haunts and seek the rather unfamiliar fashionable and expensive locations. Assuming what you fondly believe to be an air of assurance you enter a spacious salon where at each step you have to pull your foot out of the luxurious velvet carpet. You are addressed as "Madame" and you are invited to have a seat in a marvelous modernistic chair of chrome and leather. An attractive salesgirl with an astounding coiffure and a slightly "French" accent gravely studies your type and produces several novelties which are not classified as hats at all. No, indeed. This one is "La Belle Dame", that one "La Primavera", and an astonishing creation equally as astonishingly labeled, "L'Après Midi d'un Faun". You facetiously wonder what caused the faun to put in such a bad afternoon.

A silvery skull-fitting "little number" with wistful spring flowers peering here and there attracts many enthusiastic comments from the salesgirl, the floorwalker, the assistant floorwalker and various unidentified members of the personnel, so you decide to take it. You revert to type long enough to glance somewhat regretfully at the large bill you remove from your purse, but not for long as you remind yourself of the envious glances, the admiring cries, etc.

As a special treat you decide to give the family a pre-view of your purchase, but your rosy dreams collapse as the expected admiring cries turn out to be caustic comments and several very unflattering comparisons to hornets' nests and flower pots. The extravagant compliments are not forthcoming from the O. and O., so you ask point blank for an opinion on the hat. "Oh, is that what it is," he replies flippantly.

With a sigh you replace your erstwhile pride and joy in its tissue paper wrappings and rearrange your schedule to include a trip downtown.

An Alumna's Tribute

My dear Mrs. Carroll,

How nice of you to take the time to write me, and tell me the result of the different activities in your endeavor to raise money. Indeed, I know how much time and effort it takes, and with your family on your mind, (and hands) it is no easy task.

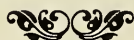
You ask my class. I belong to ancient history, my class 1893, and I still retain very happy memories of the old school on Lafayette Square. I only know of Dr. Tall, and while I knew a number of Scarboroughs in Harford County where I taught, I do not know Miss Scarborough in connection with the State Teachers College. You see, the most of my happy memories center around Miss Richmond; nobody else has ever had such influence on my life, and her ideals are just as vivid today as they were then. I am often amused when ideas of teaching and of discipline which she tried to impress upon us are brought forth today as something new and wonderful.

My trips to Baltimore are always such hurried affairs, my time is taken up by my relatives, but I do hope at some time to visit the school. I have never been in it.

Thank you so much for your letter,—and don't work so hard.

Cordially yours,

Elizabeth French Morrison.



Remembrance

FRANCES FANTOM

HAVING been compelled to remain abed for a week, I began one of my frequent carousals through my scrap book. The cards, the pictures, the Valentines, the ribbons—these all told stories. However, those treasures which claimed my undivided attention were the scores of letters. How strange some of those childhood ones seemed! How awesome those written by admonishing teachers! How enjoyable those by friends!

Here in this group, I found the gold which I have been hoarding for three years—one of my greatest treasures—a letter from Miss Medwedeff. I read slowly, stopping frequently to visualize those images which clamored for recognition. I recalled her graceful, vigorous walk, the twinkle of her now gay—now serious brown eyes. We had adventures—we two. We went frog hunting—she and I. We returned frogless but munching vanilla cones. Together we walked in the Glen and

THE TOWER LIGHT

Miss Medwedeff administered a mental spanking (may I borrow the phrase?) because I was so lackadaisical. On a chore I met with a mishap and my finger swelled. I recalled her hands so gentle, yet so commanding as they pulled my finger into place and bound it tightly. I still carry a crooked finger but I'm glad. I wish I could paste it in my scrap book for maybe that book will live when I no longer remain.

I remember her trip around the world; what a glorious memory it must have been in those days in illness. I read of her accident—that ride so happily begun, so seriously ended. I know of countless days of suffering and of splendid recovery. I remember her passing.

To you I offer her last letter to a friend. Guard it carefully. It's a cherished possession. May it give to you some of Minnie V. Medwedeff's unconquerable spirit.

Dear Frances,

This is rather a late date to be answering your interesting and sweet letters and cards. I can't tell you how I enjoyed and appreciated getting them from you. The inclosures for your memory book will help to make this letter respectably fat.

I really had a good time in the hospital, after my aches and pains let up. The nurses were young and attractive and interested in making their patients comfortable, and I had lots of flowers and mail and visitors. It wasn't a bad experience at all.

Since I have been home I've spent quite a lot of time on the porch on sunny days, all wrapped up in blankets in my wonderfully comfortable Chinese deck or lounge chair. With the foot rest pulled out, it is the acme of luxury to sit in.

Before my eyes, interesting things went on. Flocks of pigeons wheeled and circled in perfect time, the squirrels came and ran up and down the big ash tree and flirted their busy tails at me. A gorgeous cardinal made a patch like a great red blossom when it rests on a branch. The busy little juncos flit about and I even had two fairly rare visitors—a brown creeper climbed around and up the tree trunk in a spiral one day and a pretty downy woodpecker ran expertly straight up the tree trunk another day.

Then on Hallowe'en afternoon, the children went to school all dressed up in their party clothes. One big boy—not in costume ran after a smaller one, in costume, walking sedately ahead all conscious of his splendor of green leather coat and knee pants and costume hat, calling, "Who are you? Are you Romeo? Where is your Juliet?"

Do you have a senior teaching term? If so, when? I hope to see you shortly.

With love,

Minnie V. Medwedeff.

Under the Weather Vane

The last term of the year nears its end and the call of vacation can be heard from the great out-of-doors. The time has come when the boys and girls of the Campus School mark the close of another year. They go steadily on, passing to more and more difficult activities. It has been a year of real work for the teachers and pupils, but it has meant many joys and many accomplishments.

Thirty boys and girls will leave our school and a group of little folks will soon enter for the first time. We shall welcome these newcomers, but we want the seventh grade pupils to remember that their place in our minds and hearts is here to stay. We shall always be glad of their advancement, and any joy that may come to them will be our joy.

We want them to feel that there is a large place in this beautiful world and also many pleasures for those who use their opportunity for securing knowledge, and who are willing to use it to make others happy.

Each one has a special work in this world, a work no other person can do. Our parting challenge to each is this, "Strive to be the noblest person possible and remember the words of the great poet Lowell,

'Be Noble! And the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping
But never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.'"



Campus School News

The Campus School had the privilege of helping to honor the lovely May Queen and her court with singing and dancing at the May Day Festivity.

Later in May the Campus School joined with the college in a gathering in the Glen to dedicate this place of beauty.

If you want to see a work of art, visit Miss Carlton's room to see the large painted curtain made by the children for the front of their room. The children can tell you the many uses they will have for it.

Will the production of "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs" by Miss Owen's second grade ever be forgotten? They had so much fun getting ready for it, but that can't compare to the pleasure they afforded the entire student body, the faculty, and many visitors.

The third grade will soon be ready to present their play "The Dutch Twins". They think they have a real problem. Where can they find a dog to pull the milk cart across the stage? Why not borrow Patsy?

The seventh grade is all excited over the forthcoming closing exercises. A number of periods have been devoted to arrangements. It has been decided that on June 10, 1938, at 10:00 o'clock in the morning the exercises will be held in the assembly room.

In work and play the seventh grade has been trying to make the best of the time that is left to be spent at the Campus School. With a sadness in the hearts of the pupils of this class—for most of them have been companions for seven years—they say, "Goodbye and God bless you" to those who will continue to work under the weather vane.



The Call of Vacation

DOROTHY EMERY, Grade 7

Vacation time has rolled around once again and I feel the urge to shout "Hurrah"! I hear the call of vacation: swimming, tennis, badminton and all other enjoyable sports vacation brings. Vacation calls me, and I must answer that call. It urges me and calls me loud and long. It is life in the open for me: wandering in the woods smelling the lovely flowers and the pleasant aroma of the deep green woods. I can't help going; it's in my blood. I must go into the open for the call of vacation is too strong to resist.



The Call of Vacation

BETTY WADE, Grade 7

Vacation hails us, and bids us come and play,
Vacation mocks us, when we try to stay away.
At last we yield, and follow her call,
Not to return until the fall.

Away we go, over hill and lea
Or play in the sand, by the bright blue sea.
Our time is spent in happy hours,
And stories are told in rose decked bowers.

We know not why we act this way,
Or why we feel so very gay,
But vacation calls us stronger and stronger,
And we follow her gladly—waiting no longer.



How to Help a Burglar

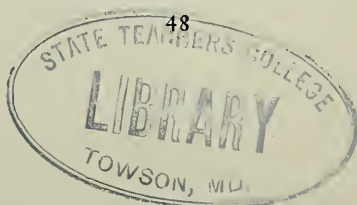
Leave your rings in the washroom.

When going out in the daytime draw all the shades.

When going out at night never leave a light burning in any part of the house.

Leave notes in the letter boxes, milk bottles and under the doors telling when you will be home and where the key is.

(Continued on page 49)



CONNIE'S DRESS SHOP

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(Continued from page 48)

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For many years this College wanted to make the Glen a place where out-of-door science work could be done, where plant and animal life could be studied in its natural setting, and where the conservation of bird life, flowers, and trees could be promoted. But it was not until 1936 that the Federal Government, under the WPA Program, was able to provide an opportunity for "cultivating" the Glen. On May 25, several hundred people from all over the State gathered in the Glen to observe the formal dedication ceremony. After the guests had travelled over the newly-named trails, Dr. Tall explained briefly the circumstances which led to the "building up" of the Glen, and Major Williar of the Works Progress Administration spoke in behalf of the work done by his program. On the "Shelter" was hung a bronze plaque signifying the gratitude of the college to Miss Brown for her work in directing the Glen project. After the dedication, supper was served in the shelter for the guests; students and parents mingled together for a supper in various parts of the Glen. As night approached, a huge bonfire was lighted and everyone gathered around to sing. As the crowd wended its way from smouldering fires, all felt a deeper appreciation of the work done by the Glen workers, and a new realization of the value of our "outdoor science laboratory".

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